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THE BOOKMAN

A JESTER WITH GENIUS

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

OSCAR WILDE was a prodigious entertainer. The whole pageant of his pages is decorative, and passes swiftly; blood streams harmlessly across stages where a sphinx sits, with and without a secret, repeating clanging verse and mysterious prose, and where Sicilian shepherds and young girls on English lawns pass and return, and everywhere paradox-puppets turn somersaults like agile acrobats to the sound of a faint music which sometimes rises to a wild clamor. Verse and prose are spoken by carefully directed marionettes; songs, dialogues, and dramas are presented, with changing scenery and bewildering lights. At times the showman comes before the curtain, and, cutting a caper, argues, expostulates, and calls the attention of the audience to the perfection of the mechanism by which his effects are produced, and his own skill in the handling of the wires. Scene follows scene, without rest or interval, until suddenly the lights go out, and the play is over.

Such an artificial world Wilde created, and it is only now beginning to settle down into any sort of known order. In Germany he is the writer of "Salome", in France a poet and critic, in England the writer of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" or perhaps of "De Profundis". Nowhere is there any agreement as to the question of relative merit; in fact, nowhere is there any due acknowledgment of what that merit really is. There is, indeed, so much variety in Wilde's work, he has made so many experiments in so many directions, that it is only now that we can trace the curious movement, forward and backward, of a mind never fully certain of its direction. It was a long time before Wilde discovered that he was above all a wit, and that it was through the medium of the comic stage that he could best express his essential talent. His desire was to write tragedies, above all romantic tragedies in verse. His failure in the attempt was hopeless, because he had got hold of the wrong material and the wrong manner.

Wilde's last attempt at romantic

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drama is, if not successful, filled with a strange fascination, not easy to define. "Salome", which in Germany is regarded as great work, is difficult for us to dissociate from Beardsley's illustrations, in which what is icily perverse in the dialogue (it cannot be designated drama) becomes in the ironical designs pictorial, a series of poses. On the stage these poses are less decorative than on the page, though they have an effect of their own, not fine, but languid, and horrible, and frozen. To Wilde passion was a thing to talk about with elaborate and colored words. Salome is a doll, as many have imagined her, soulless, set in motion by some pitiless destiny, personified momentarily by her mother; Herod is a nodding mandarin in a Chinese grotesque. So "The Sphinx" offers no subtlety, no heat of an Egyptian desert, no thrill in anything but the words and cadences; the poem, like "Salome", is a sort of celebration of dark rites.

Wilde was not in the highest sense a poet, though his verse has occasionally a technical singularity, as in "The Sphinx", which can delude the mind through the ears to listen, when the lines are read out, to a flow of loud and bright words which are as meaningless as the monotonous eastern music of drum and gong is to the western ear.

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol" is written in that ballad stanza of six lines which Hood used for "The Dream of Eugene Aram"; and the accident of two poems about a murderer having been written in the same metre has suggested comparisons which are only interesting by way of contrast. "Eugene Aram" is a purely romantic poem: "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" aims at a realistic poem. It may more properly be compared with Henley's "In Hospital", where a personal experience, and personally observed surroundings, are put into verse as directly, and with as much precise detail, as possible. Taken merely as sensation recorded, this poem is as convincing, holds you as tightly, as Henley's; and it has, in places, touches at least as finely imaginative; this, for instance:

> We have little care of prison fare,
> For what chills and kills outright
> Is that every stone one lifts by day
> Becomes one's heart by night.

But, unlike Henley's, it has not found a new form for the record of these sensations, so new to poetry; it has not entirely escaped "poetic diction" in its language, and it has accepted what has now become the artificial structure of the ballad, without making any particular effort to use the special advantages of that structure. But then this is just because a romantic artist is working on realistic material; and the curious interest of the poem comes from the struggle between form and utterance, between personal and dramatic feeling, between a genuine human emotion and a style formed on other lines, and startled at finding itself used for such new purposes.

We see a great spectacular intellect, to which, at last, pity and terror have come in their own person, and no longer as puppets in a play. In its sight, human life has always been something acted on the stage; a comedy in which it is the wise man's part to sit aside and laugh, but in which he may also disdainfully take part, as in a carnival, under any mask. The unbiased, scornful intellect, to which humanity has never been a burden, comes now to be unable to sit aside and laugh, and it has worn and looked behind so many masks that

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there is nothing left desirable in illusion. Having seen, as the artist sees, further than morality, but with so partial an eyesight as to have overlooked it on the way, it has come at length to discover morality, in the only way left possible for itself. And, like most of those who, having "thought themselves weary", have made the adventure of putting thought into action, it has had to discover it sorrowfully, at its own incalculable expense. And now, having so newly become acquainted with what is pitiful, and what seems most unjust, in the arrangement of mortal affairs, it has gone, not unnaturally, to an extreme, and taken, on the one hand, humanitarianism, on the other realism, at more than their just valuation in matters of art. It is that old instinct of the intellect; the necessity to carry things to their furthest point of development, to be more logical than either life or art—two very wayward and illogical things, in which conclusions do not always follow from premises.

This poem, then, is partly a plea on behalf of prison reform; and, so far as it is written with that aim, it is not art. It is also to some extent an endeavor to do in poetry what can only be done in prose; and thus such intensely impressive touches as the quicklime which the prisoners see on the boots of the warders who have been digging the hanged man's grave, the "gardener's gloves" of the hangman, and his "little bag", are, strictly speaking, fine prose, not poetry. But, it must not be forgotten, all these things go to the making of a piece of work, in which, beyond its purely literary quality, there is a real value of a personal kind—the value of almost raw fact, the value of the document. And here too begins to come in, in an odd, twisted way, the literary quality. For the poem is not really a ballad at all, but a sombre, angry, interrupted reverie; and it is the sub-current of meditation, it is the asides which count—not the story, as a story, of the drunken soldier who was hanged for killing a woman. The real drama is the drama of that one of "the souls in pain" who tramps round the prison-yard, to whom the hanging of a man meant most:

> For he who lives more lives than one,
> More deaths than one must die.

It is because they are seen through his at once grieved and self-pitying consciousness that all those sorry details become significant:

> We tore the tarry rope to shreds
> With blunt and bleeding nails;
> We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,
> And cleaned the shining rails;
> And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,
> And clattered with the pails.

And the glimmerings of romance which come into these pages, like the flowers which may not grow out of the dead man's body as he lies under the asphalt of the prison-yard, are significant because they show us the persistence with which temperament will assert itself:

> It is sweet to dance to violins
> When Love and Life are fair;
> To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes,
> Is delicate and rare;
> But it is not sweet with nimble feet
> To dance upon the air!

Beauty, one sees, claiming its own in a story meant to be so sordid, so veracious, so prosaically close to fact; and having, indeed, so many of the qualities at which it aims.

And there is also something else in the poem: a central idea, half, but not more than half, a paradox:

> And all men kill the thing they love,
> By all let this be heard,
> Some do it with a bitter look,
> Some with a flattering word,

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The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

This symbol of the obscure deaths of the heart, the unseen violence upon souls, the martyrdom of hope, trust and all the more helpless among the virtues, is what gives its unity, in a certain philosophic purpose, to a poem not otherwise quite homogeneous. Ideas were never what the writer of the poem was lacking in; but an idea so simple and so human, developed out of circumstances so actual, so close to the earth, is singularly novel. And whatever we may think of the positive value of this very powerful piece of writing, there can be no doubt as to its relative value in a career which might be at a turning-point.

Literature, to be of the finest quality, must come from the heart as well as the head, must be emotionally human as well as a brilliant thinking about human problems. And for this writer such a return or so startling a first acquaintance with real things, was precisely what was required to bring into relation, both with life and art, an extraordinary talent, so little in relation with matters of common experience, so fantastically alone in a region of intellectual abstractions.

In an enumeration of his gifts ("the gods have given me almost everything"), Wilde said with confidence: "Whatever I touched I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty." His expression of what he conceived by beauty is developed from many models, and has no new ideas in it; one can trace it, almost verbally, to Pater, Flaubert, Gautier, Baudelaire, and other writers from whom he drew sustenance. Throughout a large part of his work he is seen deliberately imitating the effects that these and other writers have achieved before him. All through the "Intentions" there is a far-off echo of Pater; in "Salome" melodrama is mixed with recollections of "Pelléas et Mélisande" and of "La Tentation de Saint Antoine". "The Picture of Dorian Gray" owes much, I think, to the work of Huysmans. Of the writers named, all but the last had their own sense of beauty, their own imaginative world where they were at home, and could speak its language naturally. Wilde's style is constantly changing, as made things do when one alters them, and it is only at intervals that it ceases to be artificial, imitative, or pretentious.

From the first, one of Wilde's limitations had been his egoism, his self-absorption, his self-admiration. This is one of the qualities which have marred the delightful genius of the Irish nation, and it can be traced in the three other Irishmen who may be said to have formed, with Wilde, a group apart in the literature of our time. It is not needful to name them: one is a dramatist, one a novelist, one a poet. All have remarkable qualities, each a completely different individuality, and the desire of each is, as Wilde admits, to "make people wonder". In each there is something not human, which is either the cause or the outcome of an ambition too continually conscious of itself. The great man is indifferent to his greatness; it is an accident if he is so much as conscious of it.

Wilde wrote much that was true, new, and valuable about art and the artist. But in everything that he wrote, he wrote from the outside. He said nothing which had not been said before him, or which was not the mere wilful contrary of what had been said before him. In his devotion to beauty he seemed to have given up the whole world, and yet what was most tragic in the tragedy was that he had never

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recognized the true face of beauty. He followed beauty, and beauty fled from him, for his devotion was that of the lover proud of many conquests. He was eager to proclaim the conquest, and too hasty to distinguish between beauty and beauty's handmaid. His praise of beauty is always a boast, never an homage. When he attempted to create beauty in words he described beautiful things.

"Intentions" is the most amusing book of criticism in England; it has nothing to say that has not been proved or disproved already, but never was such boyish disrespect for ideas, such gaiety of paradox. Its flaw is that it tries to be Paterish and pagan and Renaissance and Greek, and to be clothed in Tyrian robes, and to tread "with tired feet the purple white-starred fields of asphodel". But it is possible to forget the serious, exasperating pages in a lazy delight in so much pleasant wit. "Utterance" is the Irishman's need of talk and invariable talent for it; that is there, scattering itself casually like fireworks, but on its way to become a steady illumination.

Wilde's last and greatest discovery was when, about the year 1891, the idea came to him that the abounding wit which he had kept till then chiefly for the entertainment of his friends, could be turned quite naturally into a new kind of play. Sheridan was the best model at hand to learn from, and there were qualities of stage speech and action in which he could surpass him. Then might not Alfred de Musset show him some of the secrets of fine comedy? He had, to start with, a wit that was typically Irish in its promptness and spontaneity. His only rival in talk was Whistler, whose wit was unpleasantly bitter. The word sprang from Wilde's lips, some unsought nonsense, a flying paradox; Whistler's was a sharper shaft, but it flew less readily. And now this inventiveness of speech found itself at home in the creation of a form of play which, in "Lady Windermere's Fan", begins by being seriously and tragically comic, and ends in "The Importance of Being Earnest", which is a sort of sublime farce meaningless and delightful.

"De Profundis" (1897), the only document that really gives any explanation of Wilde's extraordinary behavior, has never been published in full. It was written in the form of a letter and was, of course, addressed to Lord Alfred Douglas. There is a passage referring to the death of his mother, which in the published English text reads thus: "No one knew how deeply I loved and honoured her. Her death was terrible to me; but I, once a lord of language, have no words in which to express my anguish and my shame." Here the "lord of language" may already seem a trifle self-conscious, but in the original manuscript the sentence continues: "Never even in the most perfect days of my development as an artist, could I have had words fit to bear so august a burden, or to move with sufficient stateliness of music through the purple pageant of my incommunicable woe."

Perhaps the most revealing passage in the whole book is a passage omitted in the English version:

> I have said that to speak the truth is a painful thing. To be forced to tell lies is much worse. I remember as I was sitting in the dock on the occasion of my last trial, listening to Lockwood's appalling denunciations of me—like a thing out of Tacitus, like a passage in Dante, like one of Savonarola's indictments of the Popes at Rome—and being sickened with horror at what I heard: suddenly it occurred to me, "How splendid it would be, if I was saying all this about myself!" I saw then at once that what is said of a man is nothing, the point is, who says it. A man's very highest

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moment is, I have no doubt at all, when he kneels in the dust and beats his breast, and tells *all* the sins of his life.

In that passage, which speaks straight, and has a fine eloquence in its simplicity, I seem to see the whole man summed up, and the secret of his life revealed. One sees that to him everything was drama, all the rest of the world and himself as well; himself indeed always at once the protagonist and the lonely king watching the play in the theatre emptied for his pleasure. After reading this passage one can understand that to him sin was a crisis in a play, and punishment another crisis, and that he was thinking all the time of the fifth act and the bow at the fall of the curtain. For he was to be the writer of the play as well as the actor and the spectator. "I treated art", he says, "as the supreme reality, and life as a mere mode of fiction." A mode of drama, he should have said.

BOOKS ON LONESOME TRAIL

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

TODAY, as in the days of Dumas or Balzac, you see them lingering along the little book-stalls on the *quais* of Paris, turning over pages of books old or new, reading undisturbed under the shade of the plane trees—reading books they are too poor to buy. Soldiers in faded uniforms, students in miraculous hats, little midinettes who cling to the arm of soldier or student and read too—read books they cannot afford to buy.

Of course a book is sold from these stalls now and then, else how would the sellers live? But on the whole the *quais* along the left bank are an open-air library, free to all who choose to stop and take up a volume. Plenty of books, but many readers without much money. It is like those anecdotes we read of in Pepys or Johnson, when impecunious young men, wishing to read and not being able to buy, would haunt the little bookshops assiduously, and perched on a ladder or a stool go through one work after another, while the owner of the shop looked on indulgently enough, or struck up an uncommercial friendship with the youngster.

Most of us Americans know so little about America that we would feel surprise if told that here too the problem of getting the reader and the book together is a difficult one. Books are not expensive, and most people who want to read can easily afford to get what they want. Then there are the libraries, established throughout the country and eager to serve the book-lacking and book-wanting public. Certainly there is no one who wants to read and knows how to read who is deprived of reading here in these United States.

So we think, in our towns and cities, in our thriving rural communities with their pretty library buildings,

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our villages where the librarian is the most popular young woman of the place. But we think wrong. There are thousands of people in our country who cannot get anything to read—probably there are hundreds of thousands—and yet who want to read.

Ponder this appeal, which comes from a camp in the state of Washington:

> Will you please inform me where I can find out how to get library and reading-room facilities for small towns, rural communities, and mining and logging camps? It is certain that there is a wonderful opportunity to promote good citizenship in hundreds of communities remote from cities where there is no entertainment and nothing to read. Glacier is a mining and logging community. After work the men congregate in a desolate pool-room or just sit on the sidewalk....

For those men, it is a world without books. Hard to realize. No books, no magazines, for there is no one to start subscribing. You have to be trained to read, and the training is the having of books, the seeing books about, the comments of others who are reading. There is nothing of all this in Glacier.

Here is another letter written by an ex-soldier who had come into contact with books while in France, and who wants the American Library Association to help him and his pals:

> A number of us are marooned in a small mining town (Dines, Wyoming) with the nearest library three hundred miles away. Have you any system of sending books through the mail? A kind of correspondence library card? If so will you kindly advise me of the terms under which books will be sent?
>
> We would be interested in good fiction by such writers as Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton-Porter, Jack London, O. Henry, and Mark Twain. Also classics such as Dickens, Poe, Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Balzac, etc.
>
> Also we would like to take up some educational work in history, sociology, economics, botany, geology and kindred sciences, and technical works covering a myriad of subjects....

Think of having all those desires and being three hundred miles from any book—even one by Mr. Wright!

Many of the letters that come to the A. L. A. asking for reading matter are badly misspelled. None the less, each represents a prospective reader—a man who, like the readers along the *quais* and in the old bookshops, pursues his desire under difficulties. Here is a brief cry for help:

"Gentlemen:—Will you please send me one of them learning books if you still have them."

This came from a small place in Pennsylvania. From Texas we have a more definite demand:

> I wish to borrow three or more books from your Libary if you have them on hand namerly Auto repair text book in arithmetic Bookeeping typewriting as I am one of the number that served overseas and I would like to have your best surport if possiable I wants to fit my self for higher Ideal in life, will you help me to?

The war world suddenly revealed the library, the book as a possible possession and source of interest and education to thousands upon thousands of men who had never conceived of it from a personal point of view before that time. And also it revealed these would-be readers in lost places to the library. And with that vision was born a new library ideal.

This new ideal is very human. It is the latest development of the library which began many years ago as a repository of books to which certain privileged persons should have access. It was intensely formal, the association between library and reader in that day. The reader was supposed to know what he wanted, and he signed registers and went through various formulas before he was allowed to get it. That was his only personal contact, the only man-to-man touch in the transaction.

Then came the circulating libraries, reaching out into the homes, and the reading-rooms open to all, with assistants to advise and help. Next the chil-

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dren's rooms, and the story hours. But still, it was the people who came to the library, which waited to be called upon.

And now comes the final step in the progress of getting books and readers together.

The library goes forth to find the reader. It hunts him out at the end of many a lonesome trail, finds him in remote and desolate spots, appeals to him through his wish to improve his chances in life, to learn more about his job, and goes on with the work until it has made a true reader of him.

Far into the southern mountains, where the feudists still arrange disputes without recourse to the law, goes the Book Wagon. At first it found the men absent from home—they had no use for strangers—and the women timid and suspicious. But it continued its trips, going twice a year. The children were friendly, and the traveling librarian was what is called a good mixer. She gradually won over the women, and her visits became events. The books were taken eagerly, those who could not read learning from those who could. On one of these routes a single young woman showed some response. Now every door is ready to open, and the husband of the young woman, once an illiterate, has learned to read and delights in the outdoor books of such writers as Zane Grey, Ralph Connor, Dr. Grenfell, Jack London and others. He has found a new world, and so have his neighbors. None of these mountain folk would have had books, none would ever have found his way to a library. But the library found its way to him.

From Wolfpit, Pike County, Kentucky, a woman writes:

"I am working in the interest of child welfare here in this mining camp. Many of these homes 'ain't got nary a book'. A library would be a wonderful advantage in this community."

It is through devoted workers in many of these tiny places, far from railroads and towns, that the first appeal comes. A young woman missionary "high up on the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina", writes to ask if a few hundred books from the camp libraries now passing out of commission might be diverted to her community:

> We have a small library of about three hundred books which are in great demand—many coming for miles over the mountains to get books and magazines. There is no fee charged and I do not require a very strict time limit, as it is not always easy to get them back and I do not want to put the slightest obstacle in the way of their having the greatest possible circulation. We are greatly isolated here, especially during the long and very cold winters, so that reading matter and social gatherings are helpful.

Here is a picture of how the library functions in Multnomah County, Oregon:

> The work of bringing the library's resources to the rural population of the county has been done not by printed advertisements in the newspapers, nor by the making of formal addresses, but by going out into the highways and greeting the people along the roads, learning their names, listening to their reports of crops and stock, and telling in friendly fashion of the books the library is so glad to supply. This getting acquainted leads the people to write to the librarian or come fearlessly to her office anytime to consult the books.

The use which the public makes of a library once it has been taught that the library wants to serve it, is shown by the quantities of letters that come from all sorts of people and all sorts of places to the librarian who has charge of the rural work in Wisconsin. One man writes asking for books on raising and marketing ducks, and wants a list of agricultural books. From a woman comes this request:

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"Will you please send any material that might be of use in preparing a paper on the subject 'Woman in the Financial World'?"

Another woman wants a play "with a good story or theme". She adds that there are about thirty people in the "social centre" and that the play would "have to include all". One wonders what the librarian chose. Simpler is the plea to send "two herb books of the different kinds of herbs and their medicinal value", and there are countless requests for garden, fruit, and stock books.

To us, trying to make time to read the latest book by Wells or Maugham or Ibáñez or Booth Tarkington or Willa Sibert Cather, the mere thought of no books at all is untenable. We can't hold it. We, who rarely have a long evening free to read in, find it difficult to realize an unending series of long evenings where there is nothing to read. Books for the Bookless. That is the new job ahead of our public libraries, and to fulfil it they must ride the long trails and make camp in many a lonely valley or small prairie town or mountain fastness. They followed our soldiers overseas, into hospitals, aboard ships. But the former soldier is now the citizen. He is us. He is no longer a soldier, and he needs books as much or more than ever. He is asking for them from all the inaccessible places on our great continent, he and his womenfolk and his children. And the books are finding their way to him.

The A. L. A. is no longer a collection of books on shelves. It has been finding out for some time it is a human thing, and that its relation with the public is that of friend to friend. Like the old bookseller in the London shops of generations back, it has begun to hobnob with those who cannot buy books and who have no way to get them save through it. Soldier and student, they look to it for the volumes that will amuse or assist them, as the students and the soldiers haunt the stalls on the crowded *quais* of Paris. Books are friendly things, and those who live with them and handle them are friendly too. Where a man cannot buy, they let him turn the pages and read as he wishes. Where he cannot get to the source and lay his hand on the book he wants, they go forth and take it to him.

The habit of reading is catching. One child getting a book through the children's service often makes readers of the whole family. One family reading books awakens the desire in the rest of the community. The men sitting on the curb and waiting for night and bed "with nary a book" are a long way from us. But the book will find them, for the book is off on the lonesome trail, where of all places in the world it is most needed.

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HAS NEW ENGLAND AN ART SENSE?

BY HELEN W. HENDERSON

NEW ENGLAND'S reaction to art. At first, offhand, one might be tempted to dismiss hastily and not without irritation the whole idea as unsubstantial and visionary—on the old grounds that art and the Puritan temperament are incompatible; that art in the New England island was strangled at its birth; that upon the hard, granite soil and within the flinty, Puritan heart art found no foothold, derived no nourishment, and so languished upon an inhospitable threshold.

There is a certain amount of truth, of course, in this exaggerated statement—as much truth, I suppose, as might be found in the history of the founding of any new country. Founders can deal only with elementary things; their work is in clearing ground, fixing boundaries, mapping out settlements, laying foundations, establishing government. We have hardly yet had time for any spontaneous, native art to germinate in this new soil.

It is not, then, surprising that the obvious facts and achievements of New England's art reaction date well within the memory of men still in their prime. Before the reclamation of the Back Bay, for instance,—when Boston town hung suspended, like a pear, from the slender stem of land which connected it with the town of Roxbury,—that vigorous artist, Robert Vonnoh, remembers vividly learning to swim in the "Baby Pond" in the Fenway, where now stands Mrs. Jack Gardner's imported Italian villa, within sight and sound of the big, forbidding structure on Huntington Avenue, now known as the Museum of Fine Arts.

The bleak mausoleum itself, even considered in its first form as the Venetian palace, which in the centennial year burst forth upon Copley Square, was not definitely projected until the year 1870; while Trinity Church, the Library, the Art Club, the Paint and Clay Club, and the Saint Botolph Club are still more recent developments of the city's artistic consciousness.

The museum, in this like most or all American art museums as to its locality, never in the least reflected anything of Boston or New England—nothing, at least, beyond the few local portraits and the superb collection of Copleys. The museum was merely a storage warehouse "for the preservation and exhibition of works of art", so reads the official booklet. And, after all, I have never much blamed the Bostonians for their lack of real, live interest in their museum—it seems, with all its gorgeousness, especially in the matter of Oriental supremacy, too singularly unrelated to

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their lives to stir real, live interest.

I recall with wicked pleasure, as more typical than any true native would admit, the attitude of a woman of whom a friend and I once asked the way in Boston. Passing through the city upon sketching trips to the coast, our first thought always as conscientious art students was to make for the museum. It had been easy enough to find in the old days when it formed the logical feature of Copley Square; but car lines in Boston are puzzling to the stranger, and finding ourselves there soon after the removal of the museum to its new location on Huntington Avenue, we were obliged to ask our way.

One of those pleasant Boston women of the provincial class detailed the directions with characteristic exactness, and then, warming to her theme, threw in the mention of a few of the salient points of the great repository of art, with particular reference to the avoidance of pay days—urging upon us the prudence of deferring our visit until the Saturday or Sunday when admission would be free. "I guess it's the finest museum in the country," said she, and she knew her subject. "They have lots of pictures and statues by the great artists; they have Stuart's best portrait of Washington, they have the best Copleys in the country, they have fine foreign collections from China and Japan, and all over the world—but", confidentially, "it ain't wuth a quarter."

And, from her point of view—the point of view of the big, preponderant mass of intellectual bourgeoisie of New England, I think she was entirely right. It "ain't wuth a quarter" to a person like her, simply because with all its magnificence, and it is magnificent, there is almost nothing in these vast halls that belongs there, nothing that relates to the New England island, nothing to stir the sense of kinship, except, as I have said, the handful of historic portraits and the collection of the native painter, Copley.

One cannot look at Stuart's portrait of Mayor Josiah Quincy—and it's a glorious Stuart—without getting a thrill. It must strike a sympathetic chord in the breast of every Bostonian, for it simply ties together in one delicious document the personality of the genial mayor, his service to Boston (in reclaiming the land upon which that fat, substantial, granite temple—the Quincy Market—stands as a monument to his energy), and a very graceful and beautiful example of the art of a contemporary, resident painter. Mayor Quincy holds the plans of the reclaimed quarter under his hand, upon the table before him, while behind him is a suggestion of the Quincy Market; and Stuart saw him as one of the builders of Boston. The canvas is exquisitely painted; its color is equal to any of Stuart's earlier portraits.

To me an infinitely more interesting museum, because intimately associated with the founders and woven into the lives and history of the people, is the Peabody Museum, at Salem. This museum founded by the sea captains of Salem who had been to the Cape of Good Hope or made the voyage to the Indies, was the first conscious effort on the part of the New Englanders to bring foreign works of art before the home-folks. Its collections have personality and interest because they represent the personal choice of Salem's merchants and bring us in touch with the bizarre contrasts of their lives; just as in the latter part of the eighteenth century they brought home to the stationary population of

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Salem some flavor of what the captains and merchants, piling up wealth in their transactions in the Orient, saw, admired and coveted during the long absences in foreign ports.

What more thrilling room in any museum may be found than the Marine Room of the Peabody Museum, where contemporary portraits of the captains look across to contemporary portraits of the ships which they commanded, while between are ranged the picturesque spoils of their adventurous voyages?

As for any true development or original outcropping of art in New England, we find it first and in its richest state in Salem. It was here that shipwrights turned the perfection of their skill upon the designing and ornamentation of beautiful homes, developing an architecture comparable, within its limited scope, to the great movement of the day in England, under the brothers Adam. It was here that was developed that sporadic genius, Samuel McIntire, who rivals Rush as the first American-born sculptor—a man whose genius the world has hardly as yet recognized.

The history of art in New England is like the history of art in any country—it was stifled during the years of struggle and poverty, it blossomed in the train of affluence and leisure. As soon as the sea captains had made their piles, their thoughts inevitably turned upon the embellishment of their homes. They brought back what they could carry from the old world—sometimes even entire houses to be set up, as the Winslow house in Plymouth; sometimes rolls of hand-made wall-paper from Alsace—lots of it is still to be seen in Salem and in Newburyport; sometimes furniture, mirrors made to order in France to fit over mantels designed here by the wood-carvers that the decline of ship building had left to work upon the captains' homes; and always they brought clocks, bronzes, chandeliers, curios of all sorts, to stand upon the "what-nots" in the corners of the drawing-rooms.

The desire for an expression of the beautiful in the home, spread from Salem up and down the New England coast; Newburyport, Portsmouth, Newport, and many minor towns still show how true to something homogeneous and honest ran the artistic taste of the men whose fortunes were made in trade with foreign countries.

The flower of the whole movement was Bulfinch—as has been said, our first and last native architect. His few original, unspoiled rooms in the original part of the State House in Boston, designed by himself, show more of New England's reaction to art than the whole of the artificial museum or the exotics which fringe the border of Copley Square. Bulfinch made a little Boston of his own; and though only a few fragments of his work have escaped demolition, the beauty of those fragments is enough to prove his genius. The fact that the architect himself was a native of Boston, born at the northern base of Beacon Hill, upon his grandfather's estate,—now Bowdoin Square, the site opposite the Revere House,—gives the related touch that makes the whole fabric of his work.

The pleasure I had in the architectural mass of the Massachusetts General Hospital,—somewhat altered from the Bulfinch design but still a glorious building,—the joy I felt in wandering about the Bulfinch rooms in the State House, it seemed to me I had almost to myself. During a year spent on Beacon Hill I took many Bostonians to

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see these works of genius—to all of them it was a first visit. It seemed to me perfectly monstrous that no splendid photographs of these rooms had been made, that I was refused on all sides the privilege of making records of the details. Should the building be destroyed by fire, nothing so far as I could discover, except a book of tiny snap-shots made by an official in the State House employ, would remain to show what Bulfinch did for this building.

All the riches that have poured into the making of the library the splendid monument it is, that have swept the Museum of Fine Arts in a half century to its present prodigious importance in various extraneous fields, do not compensate for the neglect of this adorable relic of the fruition of Bulfinch's mature period. I visited them—the old Senate Chamber with its perfect ceiling in caissons, the opulent lotus bloom spread abundantly as the unit of design; the old Representatives' Hall, where the Sacred Cod used to hang, its elaborate circular ceiling unsurpassed by anything of its style—many times. I found them always wrapt in solitary silence, immaculate, impeccable, but totally disregarded.

Through Newport, Rhode Island, came many art influences into New England. Not far from this city, in the Narraganset country, was born Gilbert Stuart, with Copley (born in Boston) our most famous portrait painter. The Redwood Library contains several priceless gems of his most youthful period. Into Newport came also from an English port, Dean Berkeley bringing Smibert, the Scottish portrait painter, and Peter Harrison, the English architect. What McIntire did for Salem and Bulfinch did for Boston, Peter Harrison accomplished for Newport. His architectural style was less individual than either of the Americans. His Redwood Library at Newport is strictly classic, and his King's Chapel in Boston follows the same general style, though being built of rough, unhewn boulders and never having received the terminating grace of its intended steeple; it has an oddity which passes for character, and its handsome interior atones for much.

Smibert, too, built the first Faneuil Hall, remodeled by Bulfinch after the painter's design. Newport's library contains many of the finest of his paintings. The wealth of the town and its strategic importance at the time of the Revolution, made Newport a centre of luxury and fashion in the old days, and its artistic reaction was in proportion to its importance. In the mere matter of grave-stones—in the cemetery surrounding Trinity, that most beautiful of New England churches—New England's sensitiveness to beauty and grace of design may be judged. And when it comes to grave-stones, not counting what have been lost through carelessness,—for many choice ones were taken from the Burial Hill at Plymouth, especially, and used to cover drains and cesspools,—a most delightful gallery of them might be imagined, might indeed some day be made a feature of some archæological museum. There are stones at Plymouth and Salem, in the old Charter Street burying-ground, that would make an exhibition of "modern" sculpture look extremely weak and foolish.

After Copley outgrew Boston and went to seek his fortune in England, where he became a famous portrait painter of the eighteenth century school; after Stuart's vogue declined and he died in poverty and was buried

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in the Potter's Field, on the Common; after Bulfinch and his ideals in architecture had passed away, there was a long blank period in the art life of New England. This blank period lasted so long that when Dr. William Rimmer, William Morris Hunt, and George Fuller appeared upon the scene about the middle of the nineteenth century as the three dominant features in the founding of anything approaching a modern movement in art in New England, they sprang from no old roots, revived no spirit of what had gone before; but they were to struggle against prejudice and in an atmosphere totally indifferent to their aims and achievements.

It is curious that both Rimmer and Hunt found their most fruitful field of influence among women students, of which both artists had a great many. Dr. Rimmer was both physician and sculptor; his classes in artistic anatomy, at the Lowell Institute, were well attended—became, in fact, the rage. That he leaned strongly to the classic may be seen in everything he did—in his statue of Alexander Hamilton, at the head of the Garden on Commonwealth Avenue; in his head of St. Stephen, cut in granite; and in the "Gladiator", "concealed" in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

If Dr. Rimmer opened the minds of those with whom he came in contact, to art, it was for William Morris Hunt to bring that gayer side of their profession into the lives of the people. Hunt, traveling and studying abroad, found Millet at Barbizon, and discovered the great French painter to Boston and to America. Hunt was Millet's pupil and friend, and it was through his interest and enthusiasm that Quincy Shaw became possessed of the fine collection of Millet's works lately presented to the Museum.

Trueman H. Bartlett, who is the only old, intimate friend of Hunt's now living, writes of him as "now about forgotten". It seemed so to me, indeed, when attending the thronged opening of the Quincy Shaw Collection in the winter of 1918, I ventured to inquire of the museum guards the directions for finding the Hunt Room, which I had once seen in the building. It was wartime and winter, but upon application an attendant was furnished to run me up in the disused lift to the little sanctuary where the Hunt Collection is installed. Evidently nobody ever goes there. The place was dusty and in disorder, pictures had been removed leaving blank spaces, and my pleasure was harried by the heavy breathing of the bored attendant who waited for me in the anteroom. There is no stairway by which this room can be reached, so that one is entirely dependent upon the lift.

I could see also that the polite management looked upon me as a sort of old-fashioned crank when I asked to be shown Rimmer's "Gladiator"; and while I was not refused my odd request, it was made plain that so much lumber would have to be moved before I could gain access to it in its basement retirement, that I had pity and gave it up.

It is rather a nice question where to draw the line between civic pride and reaction to art. I feel pretty sure that a genuine reaction to art would give more prominence to Hunt, Rimmer, and Fuller as the three dominant factors in the beginnings of modern art in New England; and I realize that a just appreciation of what is indigenous will go further in the long run than the present madness for Japanese and Chinese exploitation.

Yet civic pride has led Boston miles ahead of Philadelphia, for instance,

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whose Academy of Fine Arts antedates the Boston Museum by more than half a century. That intensely Bostonese wish to have the best, to be the best, especially upon the intellectual plane, has given Bostonians a magnificent public library with its important decorations; and accounts for the phenomenal growth and development of the museum through the action of its patrons. Trustees, directors, citizens in general have all come forward handsomely; and their attitude with respect to foundations, gifts, bequests, and annual support has been wholly admirable. No support from the city or state has ever been received, the only gift from a public source being the plot of ground on Copley Square, occupied by the first building.

Boston had been slow to awaken to the need for a museum. In 1859 the Jarves Collection of Italian primitives, now in New Haven, had been offered as a nucleus for a public museum of art in Boston, but the city failed to grasp the opportunity and the project was abandoned. It was not until ten years later—when the Boston Athenæum had received a bequest of armor with funds for its installation, when the Social Science Association had conceived the idea of a public collection of plaster reproductions of sculpture, when Harvard College sought an opportunity to make its collections of engravings accessible to the public, and the collection of architectural casts belonging to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had outgrown its quarters—that the need for a museum became acute. These organizations, backed by other interested parties, applied for a charter.

The building grew in sections. In 1871 sufficient funds were subscribed to build the first wing; and the collections of the museum, both gifts and loans, which for four years had been shown in two rooms at the Athenæum, were installed. Popular subscriptions furnished the funds with which by 1888 the building on Copley Square was finished. The enlarged building, which one remembers as an unmistakable art museum, with all its florid accessories, was opened in 1890; but within nine years it had already become evident that much more space would soon be needed, and the property on the Fenway, where the new museum now stands, had been purchased.

If the Boston Museum of Fine Arts may be taken to express New England's reaction to art, then that reaction has been sufficient to justify the best ambitions of civic pride.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR WHO CALLS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I HAVE long noted it as a curious fact that the contributor who makes it his business to call upon editors—with his manuscripts surrounding him so that often he is himself almost hidden—seldom has anything worth while to offer. I suppose the psychology is that the man who bothers you with repeated visits is lacking in that refinement of taste so necessary in the real creative artist. People of imagination let you alone—whether you happen to be an editor or just a friend. (Sometimes, miraculously, you may be both!)

Looking back over fifteen years or so of editorial work, I marvel at the small percentage of material found through the process of its being brought by hand to one's sanctum. Of course I do not refer to the call made by appointment. Practically every magazine article nowadays is talked over and gone over, from every point of view, many times before it gets into shape for the printer. Necessarily, therefore, certain contributors are frequently at one's door. I am writing of that casual guest whose main occupation in life, when he is not working assiduously at uninspired stories or poems, is to waste other people's time. A genius is generally a modest soul. I picture Chatterton as unspeakably afraid of editors and publishers—and even of their underlings; and we all know how Francis Thompson ran away from any contact with those of his craft, and slept under London Bridge. The poet starving in a garret may not be so imaginary a figure as we suppose, even in our own age. It is because we editors fear to lose the one flower out of so many weeds that call, that we try to see everyone who knocks upon the door.

I confess that visitors interest me. There is a certain magic, a mystery, in the card the office-boy brings in, on which is printed, written or engraved a name I have never heard before. Somebody has taken the pains to look me up; and there is always an element of fun in trying to hitch a name up with a face—before you have seen the face. Will "Margaret Sherraton Brown" be short or tall, dark or fair? And will "Montague Melville" live up to his romantic name?

I remember a caller once who wrote on a slip of paper, "Miss Barbara Bodley, Philadelphia", and I expected to see a funny little wisp of a person trip in. Instead, there was ushered to my desk a very stately dark woman of about forty-five, dressed in sombre black, with soulful eyes and a heavy bang—not at all the type my mind had conjured up. The first bit of information she gave me, very solemnly, was that she lived in a cellar. Why, I have

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never discovered. She wrote, it seems, under terrific pressure in this dark place, and seemed to think I would be greatly interested in the fact that she always indited her poems standing. (Of course she was a poetess. She would descend to cellars, but never to prose.) A Philadelphia cellar! Often have I pondered on the strange case of Miss Barbara Bodley in her subterranean den, and wondered if she is still living or has been transported to a higher plane through the painful inroads of rheumatism.

Then there was Miss Angelica Watts Murphy, of Virginia—of one of the oldest families, she was quick to tell me. She blew in on a golden day, her purple plumes waving from a white straw hat—a lady of some sixty summers, I should say, powdered too much, wrinkled too much—yes, and rouged too much. Her bodice—how can I ever forget it? It was of Scotch plaid, and down the centre rolled, as on a bellboy's uniform, a row of brass buttons, the central design of which was an anchor when it was not a passion-flower. Her skirt was of black and white stripes, and from beneath it peeped two dainty feet encased in what had once been white kid shoes. On one arm she carried an enormous green bag, such as they still take about with them in Boston, I believe; and from it protruded innumerable manuscripts—oh, there must have been dozens of them—so many that my tired editorial heart sank at the prospect.

Miss Murphy was a chatty individual—the kind that snuggled toward you on the publisher's lounge in the anteroom, and told you, in the first five minutes of your meeting, the most personal things about her family: how her brother Geoffrey was a gentleman if ever there was one, but he drank, and his young wife had to leave him; and how an aunt on her father's side had once taken some kind of drug but had providentially been cured through Christian Science. There were other family skeletons which I have mercifully forgotten; and then, suddenly, came the business talk. Were we needing poetry? She hoped Theodosia Garrison hadn't a monopoly on the magazine market—it was all beautiful stuff, she was kind enough to say; but then there were many other rising young poets who deserved a hearing. She began rummaging in her green bag, as she talked, remembering that there was one particular set of verses which I simply *must* see—a poem from the writer's heart. If ever a poem came out of a poet's heart, this was it. All the time I was trying to get in a cautionary word to the effect that I made it an invariable rule never to read manuscripts in the presence of the author—particularly poetry. "But it's so short!" Miss Murphy cried. "It won't take you but a few minutes, and.... Dear me!" poking her mitted hand still further into the voluminous bag, "it isn't here!"

I was beginning to praise God for this special deliverance, when she turned abruptly on me and shouted, as though I were deaf, "But don't worry! I know it by heart!" And before I could stop her, and with people passing and repassing in that little anteroom, she proceeded to recite a poem of at least seventeen stanzas, each one ending with the sad refrain, "Mah love lies buried in the dust!"

Cold type cannot give that rich Southern accent, or the melancholy tone of that line, as the middle-aged poetess rushed breathlessly on. I began to feel terribly sorry for her. Evidently it had been a most tragic

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affair. I was so embarrassed that I could not look Miss Murphy in the eye. This self-revelation of a passion long since dead yet so fresh in her memory, laid away in lavender and rosemary, touched me beyond words—I literally mean this. Suddenly I found myself counting the brass buttons on her plaid bodice—one, two, three, four, I murmured to myself, as one might count sheep going over a fence when one is wakeful at night: anything to forget the stern reality of that face before me. And the plaid in that waist—how shall I ever forget it? It is as vivid to me now as Miss Murphy's love affair was to her then. I can see it as plainly as an invalid remembers the design on the frieze of his sick-room wall months after he has recovered. The squares were not even—and I recall how that annoyed, yet interested me; and there was a tiny ink stain on one of the lighter squares, as though in the haste of composition Miss Murphy had forgotten her pen-wiper and made sudden use of her bodice.

"Don't you think that's wonderful?" I heard a voice saying, in quite another key, after the last "Mah love lies buried in the dust" had faded into nothingness.

"Beautiful," I replied, weakly; "but the fact is—"

"Oh, don' you tell me *you're* goin' to reject mah little flower too!" she exclaimed; and there were real tears in her voice.

So someone else had heard that poem, and someone else had had the courage and cold-bloodedness to decline it! I never have found out who my fellow sufferer was. If he reads this and remembers Miss Murphy—who could ever forget her?—won't he let me know, and relieve my anxious mind? Besides, I would like to shake hands with him on the experience.

There was also a quaint little man who owned a farm somewhere up along the Hudson. He used to stay on this farm about eleven months of the year, digging potatoes, milking cows, and writing verses in the evenings. He had been told once that he resembled Tennyson; and I think he purposely allowed his hair to grow as the bard of England liked to wear his; and he always wore a black cape and carried a thick cane. His hat was large and soft, his eyes the gentlest I have ever known; and one month each year, regularly, he would run down to New York and make a pilgrimage to various editorial doors, leaving the product of the previous months on your desk. He was sure to ask for a decision soon, as he would be going back to the farm almost immediately. Could he call again for your reply? He didn't know which modest hotel he could afford to stop at, and it would be far more convenient, and save him much postage, if he could drop around again. It was difficult to resist this little man; moreover, I am happy to say that many of his poems possessed genuine merit, and from time to time I bought dozens of them; and he would go away beaming. Once he told me that on a certain trip he had raked in as much as one hundred and eighty dollars on his verses—no untidy sum; and I shall never forget his smile as he broke the news to me. How little it takes to make some folks happy!

A caller I have always disliked is the type of woman who brings you a yarn with the statement that it is based on fact—a cousin's ghost story, or a great uncle's experience in Alaska, it is sure to be; and when you explain that it may be true to fact, but not true to fiction, she glares uncom-

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prehendingly at you, leaves the office in high dudgeon, and declares behind your back that all editors are born fools and she can write better than Edna Ferber and Booth Tarkington rolled into one, and she doesn't understand how half the stories one sees in the magazines get published anyhow—the authors must have a pull or something, and full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

Another is the creature who asks you, out of the kindness of your heart, to offer a frank criticism on her manuscript; her feelings won't be hurt in the least, if you tell the brutal truth. And when, in a mad moment, you do, she flares up and her eyes pierce you like daggers, and you feel like the worm you are beneath her feet. She informs you that you never did know anything about literature, and that if *her* story isn't a good one, then nobody can write; and she wishes she had money enough to buy out a periodical and edit it as it should be edited. *She'd* show the world!

So they come and go, these tragic and comic figures, like forms on a lantern-slide; only, they are terribly real, and some of them break one's heart. When you are an editor, you think that every other person in the world is trying to become an author; but if you walk along the Rialto some morning, you decide that most people want to go on the stage. The crowded professions! Yet there is always that niche at the top waiting for someone with real talent. But your casual caller will never believe that. That's why he will always be—just a casual caller.

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUDGE

BY ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

AMERICAN politicians as a class are not addicted to scholarship. Even in those branches of learning in which we must assume that they are interested—political science, jurisprudence, history, economics—few of them have made noteworthy contributions. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lodge, and Mr. Wilson are exceptions, but the list at longest is short. A comparison of it with one that could be drawn up of England's scholarly politicians would not prove gratifying to our national pride. It is, therefore, all the more pleasant to an American to greet the publication of an historical work of merit by an American politician—"The Life of John Marshall" by former Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

The last two volumes of this biography, which have recently been published, are in form of publication a continuation of the first two volumes which appeared in 1916. They may, however, properly be read and discussed as a whole and not as a fragment. They possess unity, for they cover the entire period of Marshall's

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tenure of the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and their central theme is the contribution which his judicial opinions made to the development of American nationality. Seldom if ever will a reader of these concluding volumes find himself embarrassed because he is not acquainted with the first instalment of the work.

It should be said at once that Mr. Beveridge gives us what is by all odds the best historical account to be had of Marshall's great judicial opinions. His point of view throughout is that of the historian rather than that of the legal commentator. In consequence he pays little attention to legal analysis and citation of precedents, and much to the political and social setting of the opinions and the purposes which the judge desired to accomplish.

A lengthy and illuminating account of the debate in Congress on the repeal of the Judiciary Act of 1801, which took place in 1802, fills in the background for Marshall's opinion in Marbury vs. Madison, delivered in 1803. A chapter on the Burr conspiracy serves as the setting for his opinion in the most famous of all American state trials. Another on "Financial and Moral Chaos" paves the way for an understanding of his opinions in Sturges vs. Crowninshield, the Dartmouth College case, and M'Culloch vs. Maryland. Beveridge deserves the thanks of all his readers for putting them *en rapport* with the political and social conditions under which Marshall's opinions were written, for the Chief Justice was not setting down abstract scholastic propositions but striving purposefully to weld the United States into a nation. "American Nationalism", says Mr. Beveridge, "was Marshall's one and only great conception, and the fostering of it the purpose of his life." Those who insist that the "judicial mind" operates in the empyrean, unaffected by the winds of political controversy, will find much food for reflection in these volumes.

The chapter entitled "Marbury versus Madison" shows Marshall, thoroughly alarmed by the spread of the doctrine of nullification, as propounded in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798-99, seizing upon an unimportant piece of litigation to write into American constitutional law a repudiation of that doctrine, and an assertion of the Federalist theory that the national judiciary alone possesses the power to declare acts of congress invalid on the ground that they are unconstitutional. The chapter, "Vitalizing the Constitution", shows him, in M'Culloch vs. Maryland, rebuking localism arrayed on the side of social disorder, and buttressing nationalism with the doctrine of implied powers. In the Dartmouth College case he makes America safe for business enterprise in an opinion which, as Mr. Beveridge says, "reassured investors in corporate securities and gave confidence and steadiness to the business world". In Gibbons vs. Ogden he frees commerce from the fetters of local monopoly and welds the American people into a unit "by the force of their mutual interests". Taken as a whole Marshall's constitutional opinions deserve to rank with the formation of the Constitution itself as a factor in the upbuilding of American nationality.

What was the source of Marshall's power and his influence over his colleagues on the bench? It was not intellect, Mr. Beveridge thinks, nor will power nor learning; for Marshall "had no 'learning' at all in the academic sense". He finds the answer in

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"personality", and in his exposition of the content of this vague term he tells us something of Marshall the man. The judge who was the soul of dignity on the bench was in private life, we learn, a most unassuming person of shabby attire and hail-fellow-well-met manner, addicted to pitching quoits, gifted with a lively sense of humor, fond of children and fiction and poetry, reverent toward women in general and tender to his wife in particular. Whatever the explanation of it, Marshall's influence over his fellow judges was notorious. "It will be difficult", wrote Marshall's bitter enemy, Thomas Jefferson, "to find a character of firmness enough to preserve his independence on the same bench with Marshall."

Almost half of the third volume is devoted to the conspiracy and trial of Aaron Burr. Burr is pictured as a man of winning personality, impelled to falsehood and intrigue by Hamilton's malignant enmity and Jefferson's vindictive persecution. Following in the main McCaleb's "Aaron Burr Conspiracy", Mr. Beveridge thinks that Burr's western enterprises did not aim at the separation of the West from the Union and were not of a treasonable nature. The reader will detect several similarities between the inflamed public opinion which Mr. Beveridge describes at the time of the Burr trial, and that worked up by the "anti-red" propaganda of the present. Nervous patriots should not fail to read in these pages how that unconscionable rascal, General Wilkinson, saved the Republic at New Orleans by violating every principle of liberty for which it was supposed to stand.

Justice cannot be done in a brief review to the extensive research and painstaking scholarship that have gone to produce these volumes. Not all of his readers will agree with the author in all matters of interpretation. The interpretation of Jefferson's character and career, for example, will no doubt evoke dissent. But Mr. Beveridge's work takes its place as the standard biography of America's greatest judge.

The Life of John Marshall. By Albert J. Beveridge. Volumes iii and iv. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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THE LONDONER

Exodus of authors—winner in the first-novel competition to be brought out in America—Keynes's portraits of the Big Four: our public men scapegoats, not supermen—wanted: a novelist of high politics—Ervine in America—Vachel Lindsay awaited—Daisy Ashford no longer Daisy Ashford—"The Young Visiters" on the boards—"Solomon Eagle" extinct in "The New Statesman".

LONDON, *March* 1, 1920.

AT the moment of writing, literary London seems as though it was going to be completely deserted for a long time to come, so enormous has been the recent exodus. Mackenzie, I hear, is to go to the South Seas on a voyage which is to take him at least six months. Presumably he will employ his time, apart from the necessary occupation of traveling, in writing a novel about Capri, where he has now been living for some time; and that ought to be very amusing, both for him and for his readers, but perhaps not so amusing for those who dwell upon the island. When he starts I do not know, but I expect he will gravitate to the United States, so that Americans will know all about it for themselves. Several of our young writers are in America already. Walpole and Cannan have been there for some time, and I suppose that Walpole, at any rate, will be thinking about returning to England by the date on which these lines appear. St. John Ervine and his wife left England for the States some weeks ago, amid the last—not the present—stormy weather. Sassoon is there also. D. H. Lawrence and Brett Young are both wintering in Capri. Bennett and Swinnerton have just started together for Portugal. Galsworthy is in Malaga. Shaw is living in the country. Beresford, who has been staying in a London suburb, for some months, is going back to his beautiful house in Buckinghamshire. Hosts of other writers are already disporting themselves in the South. Altogether the Peace is enabling everybody to go abroad once more, and they are all taking advantage of the two continents—I hope to the benefit of their health and happiness.

At the moment, the island of Capri must be rather amusingly congested with literary people. I cannot imagine anything more curious than the existence within so narrow a space of no fewer than three of our chief young novelists. Mackenzie, no doubt, as a regular resident, must be having most of the social variety, and therefore of the fun; but the gathering has its amusing side for everybody. One anecdote I must relate, as it seems to make the island so small. Mackenzie orders books on rather a lavish scale, for he is a great reader and cannot get material except through the post. A short time ago he ordered sets of

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three or four of the classic novelists—I mean, Scott, Dickens, and Co.—and sat down to await the arrival of the books. For a long time nothing happened; and then one day his servant came in a tremendous state of excitement to announce that a large number of parcels had arrived by the post, and the postman insisted that a couple of faquini should be hired to help bring them up! There were fifty-three parcels; and they were too much for the postal resources of the island!

* * * *

I am told that Alfred Harcourt, late of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, has recently been in England in his own interests, and that he has started in business under the style of Harcourt, Brace, and Howe. Good luck to him! Also, I hear that he has arranged for his firm to publish in America the winning novel in Andrew Melrose's recent first-novel competition. If this is so, and if I am rightly informed as to the title of the winning book, he has secured a very distinguished work with which to interest American readers in a new talent. The book, which I have read through the kindness of a friend, is entitled "Open the Door", by Catherine Carswell, and is an altogether exceptional picture of the life of a girl. It is a very original work, and could not have been written, or published, in a more squeamishly sentimental age; for while it is perfectly clean, and not even daring in its outlines, it gives this picture with unusual candor. Young women have always been shown in our fiction as saints or sinners, and justice has been meted out to them accordingly by authors unaware of (or incapable of rendering) the reality of young women. Young women, that is to say, have been drawn as though they were not human beings at all, and as though marriage was either the end of all things or the beginning of a simple process of getting another, more suitable, husband. The author of "Open the Door" has managed to draw a real young woman, who gets married, loses her husband through his violent death, has an affair with a married man, and in the end, remaining human and essentially pure, marries a second time, her new husband being the man who will safely pilot her through the rest of her days. It is really good work, and I hope it will have its proper recognition both in England and America.

Another publishing item of interest in both hemispheres is that E. V. Lucas is going to publish a book dealing with the life and work of Edwin A. Abbey. Personally, I always thought Abbey's work rather thin; but I know that many good judges admire it, and there must be many in England and America to whom the news that Lucas is doing this book will be a source of great pleasure. There could be no happier choice, for Lucas has a style exactly suited to this kind of thing. He will be urbane and delicate, and I should say that the book will be another triumph for him in a field which has been made the subject of many, many efforts, but in which few successes have been scored.

* * * *

A book which is having a most extraordinary reception here is Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace". The bookselling trade was caught badly napping over this book, only a few of the booksellers having realized before publication that they were being offered something very special indeed. The consequence of this has been a funny contrast be-

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tween the subscription orders given by some of them, and the orders which they were compelled to fire off on the day of publication. They must be kicking themselves for the loss of precious extra discounts allowed on all subscription orders. It is a short book, priced high, and the demand has been something out of the ordinary. Keynes is quite a young man still, and before the war was a lecturer at the London School of Economics. He is one of the young Cambridge men, and those who are capable of estimating the value of such work (which I am not) have always told me of his brilliance and ability in the subject which he has made his own. Non-financial and non-economic readers are finding their chief pleasure in the amazingly outspoken portraits of the so-called "Big Four", and these, if vitriolic, have a brilliance that not many men could out-do.

Few writers could have bettered the portraits of President Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau. They have all the sharpness of the brilliant sketch, and, what is more, a suggestive quality which enables even those who have not been at all behind the scenes, to visualize the men who took part in the conference. I speak here entirely as a professional writer, and not at all as a politician. Nevertheless, the account given by Mr. Keynes tallies remarkably with accounts given to me in confidence by others who were in Paris and who had exceptional opportunities of judging the progress of events and the personalities of the participants. All this business of assessing the characteristics of prominent men fascinates me. I have in my time talked to a good many people whose names are household words, and I am never tired of wondering in what it is that they differ from more ordinary people. Some of our English politicians, for example, appear to me to be almost entirely without brains when it comes to subjects outside the routine of their lives. I know one very eminent man indeed who always gravitates in his talk to the nature of God and the Christian mysteries. His ignorance of these subjects is abysmal. He is more easily discountenanced and made ridiculous than any boy of sixteen could be. Yet he insists, in spite of many defeats, verbal and factual, on coming back, time after time, to the one subject, probably, upon which he makes a fool of himself. I have asked others what they think of his brains, and nobody has ever been enthusiastic about them. But the man is perfectly well-known and respected for unusual integrity and exceptional gifts, both in England and America. It is extraordinary.

* * * *

Take the case, again, of a very able editor whom I often see. That man is a child. He asks the most infantile questions about the most obvious things. He is capable of asking, "Who is Marie Corelli?" or of saying, "I have never heard of it" about some astoundingly obvious thing which has been engaging everybody's attention for days. He is, however, far from a fool. In his own way he is one of the best editors I have encountered. His paper is a model of knowledge. He knows a good writer when he sees him, but has absolutely no critical faculty where literature is concerned. He cares more for politics than for anything else, but he can crumple up the man who talks about God and the Christian mysteries, and he can learnedly discourse upon such difficult matters as the theory of relativity. I have heard him do this; I have heard him take on a man about this man's

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speciality, and come out with all his colors flying. And he still remains incorrigibly an ignoramus upon matters which one would have thought it essential that the editor of a highly critical journal should understand.

Why is it? I know that I am ignorant; but then I don't claim either to have a world-wide reputation for intellect or a tremendous reputation as an editor. These men are the men who sway our destinies. They are those myterious beings, "public men". And they are human, and ignorant, and prejudiced, and stupid. And we expect them to be all-knowing. How ridiculous! It is one of the points of Keynes's book that it shows our leaders to be human, frail, erring; and that he really gives us reason to think that the burdens we lay upon them must be too heavy. What wonder they make mistakes! Should not we do the same, in their circumstances? There ought to be an end to the legend that our leaders are supermen. It is only a fostered legend. It continues because we must abandon the sense of responsibility to any one who will take upon himself the burden of bearing it, and only because of our inveterate need of scapegoats. I have heard many of our best politicians as it were "in undress", and they are most of them unmagnetic, ordinary people. Some of them, of course, are mad; some of them are charlatans; but the best of them are just moderately honest, hard-worked, puzzled men like ourselves, and when we shout at them and hate them or extol them we are making gods in the image of our own passions.

* * * *

It ought to be the business of the novelist to show us these true things. Who writes of high politics? Mrs. Humphry Ward. She has written almost all the political novels of the last quarter of a century, and her books have been read by all sorts of people under the impression that they depict the real life and recall the real atmosphere amid which these people live. Nothing could be more false. One has only to come in contact with the real thing to see that Mrs. Humphry Ward has never understood politics from the inside, but has all the time been trying to bolster up the conventional idea that the newspapers foster. Cabinet ministers are poor puzzled men, beset by personal antipathies and sympathies, cross when they are tired, seeking diversion, human and faulty. And there is room for a good political novel. Not the mush that is served out to us, but a real novel about politicians who are also men. I make a present of the notion to any novelist who may read these words. But he must be a novelist who knows something about politics—not in the sense of understanding programmes or intrigues or caucuses, but in the sense that he can show us the human elements underlying all these efforts to express the body of personality and aspiration. I am sure it can be done, but the man who does it will be something of a universal genius, for he will have to show a social picture that convinces, without ever losing hold of the original personal importance of his dramatis personæ. It is a great opportunity; but it will also be a great test, and I cannot think of anybody at the moment who has the power to avail himself of it, coupled with the necessary interest in the subject-matter. It is another illustration of what I have just been talking about—the colossal ignorance of the specialist.

* * * *

Mention just now of Brett Young reminds me that this young author

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has passed the proofs of a new novel, which is to be published here in the spring. It is a short book—a *conte*—entitled "The Tragic Bride". I am told that it is a departure for Brett Young, who has been experimenting with the chronicle novel and has now turned to the brief, passionate story. Mackenzie's next book is to be called "The Vanity Girl", and is in the vein of "Carnival". I suppose that this will appear during the late spring. Before leaving England, St. John Ervine finished a new novel, and his play, "John Ferguson", which has been running with so much success in New York, is to be brought out at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, within a few days. It follows at that theatre the famous "Lincoln" of John Drinkwater, which has just been withdrawn. I hope it will repeat in England the success it has enjoyed in America. I need not tell American readers anything about Ervine, as they can see for themselves what he is like. He is one of the young novelists—there are not many of them—who went on very active service in one of the Guards regiments in France. There he lost a leg; but the loss has not impaired his cheerfulness. What the new book is like I have no idea, but as his first novel was so good, and his third so successful in the States, I expect you will all by now be looking impatiently for it.

* * * *

As far as I can see, most of the other American tours planned by young English writers are unlikely to mature. Osbert Sitwell, for instance, has postponed his trip to the States, and is probably going instead with his brother to Sicily. Robert Graves, another poet, is staying on in England. Well, America's loss is England's gain, and as the only poetic visitor from your side to this is said to be Vachel Lindsay, it is perhaps hardly fair that the exchange should in this case as well as the other be so unequal. We are all looking forward very much to Lindsay's visit, because we have been told to expect something wonderful in the manner of his reading. I do not gather that English readers in general care very much for what they have seen of his work, but the enthusiasts are not few, and these are all saying, "Wait till you've heard him chant!"

The whole point of Vachel Lindsay's work seems to lie in the fact that it partakes of the nature of a religious, or at any rate collective, rite. This gets right away from the ordinary notion of poetry as something essentially for the study, and that may make it harder for Lindsay to get the ear of the English public. Certain sections of our folk will go in shoals to hear hymns and revivalist exhortation; but that is not the section that will hear about Lindsay before he arrives. The section upon which he will burst is the literary section, and I foresee a great vogue for him at literary evening parties. But I rather gathered from something I read that he was in the habit of reciting out of doors, and this I cannot imagine in England. Perhaps he will clear away all our prejudices. We are quite ready for something new, because it is high time something happened to give us the feeling that time is not standing still.

* * * *

And yet to say that is to give a wrong impression. We are all very busy, and properly discontented with ourselves over here, and those are both good signs. All that worries me is that I do not see much talent coming along of the development of which I can feel truly confident. I am inclined to think that of all the young men who

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are fluttering about here Aldous Huxley shows most signs of growing into something notable. He is very unequal, and has still a great hankering after the bizarre at all costs; but he is young, and there is at times such brilliance in his work that I pin my faith to it. At present, like so many others, he is doing too much journalism, which can never be a good thing for a young writer, but which has to be done until success in another field is assured. I wish there were some way out of this difficulty, because until one is, so to speak, "set", and so can deal with pitch without being smeared all over and losing one's native color, the dangers are incalculable. The men here under thirty are all doing journalism; and thirty is the lowest age at which it can be made a regular means of livelihood without impairing gifts much more precious.

* * * *

So Daisy Ashford is no longer Daisy Ashford! She was married on the eighth of January to a James Devlin. Although "The Young Visiters" took the world by storm only last year, the marriage was regarded by our papers as almost a national event. I chuckled on the morning of the ninth when I saw on a big contents bill the words "Famous Authoress Married". I knew what that meant. I knew that in spite of every attempt to keep the thing secret some keen fellow had got hold of the news. As a matter of fact I had rather a success on the eighth, when the whole thing was over. In a convenient pause, I said to a tableful of people with whom I was working: "Well, Daisy Ashford was married at eleven o'clock this morning!" The effect was electric. Meanwhile, preparations for the dramatic version of "The Young Visiters" are so far advanced that the play will certainly be on the boards in a fortnight. Miss Edyth Goodall, who is producing it, is one of our best young actresses, and as this is her first experiment in management everybody will have a double reason for wishing the play success. Miss Goodall herself will play Ethel Monticue. May I be there to see! It will be a jolly first night, whatever the fortune of the play may be.

The other Ashford stories are to be published in a single volume. Although this is to be called "Daisy Ashford: Her Book", room will be found in it for the novel by Angie Ashford, called "The Jellous Governess". The contributions by Daisy herself include "The Hangman's Daughter", "A Short Story of Love and Marriage", "Leslie Woodcock", and "Where Love Lies Deepest". "A Short Story of Love and Marriage", I understand, was dictated by the juvenile author to her father, so if there are any misspellings in that, they will show that bad spelling ran in the family, and not that the spelling of "The Young Visiters" was adapted. As a matter of fact, I believe that the later stories are very much better spelt, because Daisy Ashford was rather older when she wrote them. This is a pity for those who got so much delight out of the capricious versions of some words in the classic; but it cannot be helped.

* * * *

My evening paper the other day told me that J. C. Squire was going to visit America. I do not know. The last I heard was that he could not do so; but Squire's plans have been changed lately by events which could not be foreseen. A weekly paper recently said that the identity of "E. T. Raymond", the author of "Uncensored Celebrities", was "an open secret". At the same time this paper published a portrait of "E. T. Raymond". It was

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the portrait of J. C. Squire. Now as I knew that there was no truth in this guess, I took no notice of the suggestion. All the same, it has been necessary for Squire to deny the charge, which is amusing enough. In view of this interesting attribution, one reads with reserve the journalistic statement that he is to visit America. One thing is quite true. He is no longer to be literary editor of "The New Statesman", a position which he has held since the foundation of the paper in 1912 or 1913. This means that the familiar signature "Solomon Eagle" will become extinct, so far as "The New Statesman" is concerned. Squire's successor in the post of literary editor is Desmond MacCarthy, a very popular journalist whose principal work has hitherto been that of dramatic criticism. But MacCarthy has for a number of years contributed what are called "middle" articles to "The Statesman", so he will be able to adapt himself to his new post without difficulty.

No contrast could be greater than that between the two men. Squire gives the impression, which may be a false one, of being as hard as nails. MacCarthy is a great good-humored fellow with a tremendous personal charm, incorrigibly procrastinating, always late for appointments, but a welcome guest in any company, and I should say one of the best-liked men in the literary world. It will be interesting to see whether he makes many changes in the conduct of "The Statesman".

SIMON PURE

MR. HERFORD'S AWFUL ERROR

BY BERTON BRALEY

A COBBLER should stick to his last. A humorist should stick to humor. There is no better evidence of this than Oliver Herford's recent excursion into the realm of geography and science which he calls "This Giddy Globe". We have read a good deal of Mr. Herford's work in the past, and while we have somewhat deplored his frivolous treatment of many serious subjects, we have occasionally indulged in cachinnatory ejaculations over certain of his phrases, though we have deprecated our mirth. But after all, we have thought, we suppose a humorist cannot be blamed for his foolish whimsies and his illogical reactions to life. We have felt that he was wasting his time on trivial things, but we are sufficiently catholic in our views to allow him that latitude and to hope that he might turn his talents in time to something of a sterner and more important sort.

However, upon perusing "This Giddy Globe", which is evidently Mr. Herford's attempt at atonement for past nonsensicalities, we are compelled to realize that whatever talent for humor Mr. Herford possesses, he is not

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an accurate or capable or authoritative writer of text-books. He seems to have rushed into print with the present work quite unaware that books dealing with science, with facts, with history and geology, require years of careful research and correlated and collected data. Thus he has produced a volume which is the most amazing hodge podge of misinformation and misstatement it has ever been our fate to encounter.

The title itself "This Giddy Globe" is undignified and utterly unfit for a work that pretends to authority. "This Revolving Oblate Spheroid" would be much more in keeping with the cosmic subject which the author attempts to consider. But the title is the least of the book's faults. For from the very beginning the author shows haste and carelessness. He puts the "Preface" heading in the proper place and then adds a footnote that he has located the preface itself between chapters One and Two. And there he captions it "Strictly Private—for the Reader Only". Could anything be more ridiculous? For how can anything be strictly private which everybody who reads the book must see?

As for the statements of fact adduced by Mr. Herford—they are the most astounding examples of ignorance we have ever read. The merest school child would laugh at them. For example, Mr. Herford says of our planet: "She"—he insists on calling the Globe *she*—"is really quite large, not to say obese. Her waist measurement is no less than twenty-five thousand miles. In the hope of reducing it the earth takes unceasing and violent exercise; but though she spins around on one toe at the rate of a thousand miles an hour every day, and round the sun once a year, she does not succeed in taking off a single mile or keeping even comfortably warm all over."

"Spinning round on one toe", indeed! Where, pray, Mr. Herford, is this toe on which she spins? And why should the earth, even if she were a sentient being and not an agglomeration of elements, want to reduce? We are as giddy as Mr. Herford would make us think the earth is when we try to understand these statements.

Then when the author begins to particularize he is guilty of such baseless declarations as this: "From the cotton plant comes the woolen undergarment and the soldier's blanket."... "From the lowly cabbage springs the Havana Perfecto with its gold and crimson band, and from the simple turnip is distilled the golden champagne without which so many lives will now be empty." Speaking of the United States Mr. Herford says: "In large cities the sky is kept clean by means of sky-scrapers—year in and year out scraping away the germ-laden dust and refuse, and imparting a bright and cheerful gloss to the surface of the sky." Later he says: "London, the capital of England, is famous for its fogs. This is due to the absence of sky-scrapers." And Mr. Herford would put a text-book containing such ideas into the hands of those children of today who will be the adults of tomorrow. Perish the thought!

The author ends his chapter of misstatements about the United States with the wholly sane and proper conclusion that "the Inhabitants of America are the most moral and patriotic people in the world, and their army is second to none in bravery and won the world war". And from this one has hopes that his further chapters will have more relation to facts and realities. But we find that this phrase

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seems to be an obession from which Mr. Herford suffers, for it is the concluding sentence of his chapters on Canada, England, France, Spain, Persia, Holland, Liberia and every other nation he takes up save Germany. Evidently even the persistency of this idea of his was not great enough to overcome the historic fact that Germany lost the world war.

Everybody knows that Holland and Norway and Sweden did not participate in the war, nor did Patagonia; yet Mr. Herford, who dares to set himself up as authority sufficient to write a geographical text-book, is unaware of this patent fact and gives credit to these countries for winning the contest. This is but another exemplification of the appalling ignorance of a man who attempts to write about science and history without proper basic knowledge.

It is a wearisome and ungrateful task to point out the errors which crowd almost every page of this book. But we cannot in justice to the possible reader omit to quote such things as "Monaco is the center of the spinning industry of the world". The author evidently confused it with Manchester. "The principal products of Paris are Plaster of Paris, Paris Green, and Pâté de Foie Gras"—a remark whose inaccuracies it is needless to comment upon. Then there are such inane comments upon the world as,—"Its plumbing system is bad... the absence of heat in winter when there is greater need of it and the paucity of moisture in the desert places where it never rains"...,—as though one could start a popular movement to change geological and meteorological conditions which are due to strict scientific causes. Or take this: "The terrestial globe is pleasingly tinted in blue, pink, yellow, and green. The blue portion is called water—the pink, yellow, and green portions are called land". Here is an author who puts forth a text-book on geography, yet whose conception of the world is based upon the distinguishing colors used by map-makers to differentiate countries and oceans. His untraveled mind fails utterly to understand that the lands and waters are not actually the hues printed in atlases and on charts.

But enough of this—it is plain that Mr. Herford cannot be taken seriously as a commentator or a chronicler of science. His mind is too naive and his credulousness too vast. His text is what one might expect from one who has learned his data from Marco Polo and confused it with Grimm's fairy tales.

The maps and illustrations accompanying the text of "This Giddy Globe" are of a piece with it. They have no connection whatever with fact and very little even with legend. Persisting, for example, in his illusion that the Globe is a *she*, Mr. Herford appears to feel that a depiction of her in the nude, as it were, would be immodest. So with a thoughtfulness that does credit to his delicacy, though not to his erudition, he portrays the earth as a corpulent lady in a sort of corset and combination. That the result is not wholly modest does not detract from the author's excellent intentions. But of course the whole attempt is so far removed from reason or common knowledge that it only adds to the utter failure of the volume as a scientific handbook. This particular illustration is, of course, one of many that show his absolute ineptitude as a geographer. It is certainly to be hoped that Mr. Herford will hereafter confine himself to his baili-

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wick of humor, and leave science to scientists. Indeed, if this present volume were not so likely to lead the young idea who might perchance read it, astray, if it were not so filled with silly and baseless statements put forth with solemn authority,—and therefore likely to give the unscientific reader a distorted conception of the universe,—if it were not for these dangers in its use, the volume might appeal to the educated mind, able to estimate its naïveté of ignorance and credulousness at their true worth—it might, we repeat, appeal to such a mind as extremely funny.

This Giddy Globe. By Oliver Herford. George H. Doran Company.

THE CHINESE COAT

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THE finest poem I ever wrote
Was woven from a Chinese coat,
A magic coat of murrey brown,
Prize of a Cantonese godown;
An old and odd and rich brocade
Whose dragons boasted eyes of jade,
Whose dragons bubbled Indian pearls
White as the teeth of dancing-girls;
Whose bands of many-colored waves
Were gay as I-yin's happy slaves;
Whose clouds were bright as coral suns:
A coat of red-browns, cinnamons,
Blues like the birds of Si Wang Mu
And all the greens that glow in *yu*.

The finest poem I ever wrote
Was woven from this Chinese coat;
For from its colors rose a room
Which made the rainbow dull as gloom,
A room whose very colors sang
The songs of Ming and Sung and T'ang.

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GIOVANNI PAPINI AND THE FUTURISTIC LITERARY MOVEMENT IN ITALY

BY JOSEPH COLLINS

IN one of his "Appreciations"—*depreciations* would be the more fitting word—Signor Papini says he seems to have read or to have said that in every man there are at least four men: the real man, the man he would like to be, the man he thinks he is, and the man others think he is. He is sure to have read it for he has read widely. Undoubtedly he has also said it, for he has made a specialty of saying things that have been said before, even that he has said before.

As for the man he thinks he is, he has written a long autobiography with plentiful data, from which it may be deduced that he is a man with great possibilities and a great mission, to wit: to precipitate in Italy a spiritual revolution, to bring to his countrymen the gospel that it is time to be up and doing, and that intoxication with past successes will not condone present inertness. He has been chosen to teach men that the best of life is to be found in purposeful action regardless of inconsistencies, contradictions, and imperfections; that the ego should be guided peripherally not centrically; that introspection is the stepping-stone to mental involution. In reality he is but one of many who are proclaiming those tidings in Italy.

The distinction between what he would like to be and what he thinks he is, is not so marked as in more timid and less articulate souls. Substantially, it is this same calling of prophecy which is his aim. As for the man he is, time and his own accomplishments alone will show. Now, at the zenith of his creative power, he is still a man of promise, a carrier pigeon freighted with an important message who, instead of delivering it, exhausts himself beating his wings in a luminous void.

In Giovanni Papini these four aspects stand out very distinctly. Let us take them up in inverse order, since what others think of a man is soon stated and what he really is, is a vague goal to be approached only distantly, even at the end of this paper. Reginald Turner says:

> Papini is by far the most interesting and most important living writer of Italy. "L'Uomo Finito" has become a classic in Italy; it is written in the most distinguished Italian; it can be read again and again with increasing profit and interest...its Italian is impeccable and clear.

J. S. Barnes calls him the most notable personality on the stage of Italian letters today, and G. Prezzolini writes: "His mind is so vast, so human, that it will win its way into the intellectual patrimony of Europe." I cannot go all the way with these adherents of Papini. I have talked with scores of cultured Italians about his writings and I have heard it said "he has acquired an enviable mastery of the Italian language", but I have never once heard praise of his "impeccable

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and clear Italian"; nor do I hold with Mr. Barnes that he is unquestionably the most notable personality save D'Annunzio on the stage of Italian letters today. We would scarcely call Mr. Shaw the most notable personality on the stage of English letters today. Surely it would be an injustice to Mr. Kipling, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Conrad. It might be unjust to Mr. Swinnerton.

Papini is an interesting literary figure particularly as a sign of the times. During the past generation there has been in Italy a profound revolt against what may be called satisfaction with and reverence for past performances and against slavish subscription to French, German, and Russian realism. It is to a group of writers who call themselves Futurists and who see in the designation praise rather than opprobrium that this salutary, beneficial, and praiseworthy movement is due. Papini has publicly read himself out of the party, but apostasy of one kind or another is almost as necessary to him as food and most people still regard him as a Futurist; though he refuses to subscribe to the clause in the constitution of the literary Futurists of Italy bearing on love, published by their monarch Marinetti in that classic of Futuristic literature "Zang Tumb Tumb" and in "Democrazia Futurista".

It is now twenty years since there appeared unheralded in Florence a literary journal called the "Leonardo", whose purpose in the main seemed to be to overthrow certain philosophic and socialistic doctrines, Positivism, and Tolstoian ethics. The particularly noteworthy articles were signed Gian Falco. It soon became known that the writer was one Giovanni Papini, a contentious, self-confident youth of peculiarly inquisitive turn of mind, and of sensitiveness bordering on the pathological, an omnivorous reader, an aggressive debater. He was hailed by a group of youthful literary enthusiasts as a man of promise.

In the twenty years that have elapsed since then he has written more than a score of books, short stories, essays, criticisms, poetry, polemics, some of which, such as the "L'Uomo Finito" (The Played-out Man), "Venti Quattro Cervelli" (Twenty-four Minds), and "Cento Pagine di Poesia" (One hundred Pages of Poetry) have been widely read in Italy and have known several editions. Save for a few short stories he has not appeared in English, though there seems to be propaganda, directed by himself and by friends in his publishing house in Florence, to make him known to foreigners. Like other Italian propaganda it has not been very successful and this is to be regretted.

Papini is like Arnold Bennett in that they both know the reading public are personally interested in authors. From the beginning he and his friends have capitalized his poverty of pulchritude and his pulchritudinous poverty. Giuseppe Prezzolini, in a book entitled "Discorso su Giovanni Papini", has devoted several pages to his person which he writes "is like those pears, coarse to the touch but sweet to the palate"; yet I am moved to say that the eye long habituated to resting lovingly upon somatic beauty does not blink nor is it pained when it rests upon Giovanni Papini.

In one of his latest books—it is never safe to say which is really his latest unless you stand outside the door of the bindery of "La Voce"—in one of his latest books entitled "Testimonials", the third series of "Twenty-four Minds", he reverts to

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this and says that his person is "so repugnant that Mirabeau, world-famed for his ugliness, was compared with him an Apollo."

He does not get the same exquisite pleasure from deriding his qualities of soul, but as the face is the mirror of the soul no one is astonished to learn that "this same Papini is the gangster of literature, the tough of journalism, the Barabbas of art, the dwarf of philosophy, the straddler of politics, and the Apache of culture and learning." Nevertheless no prudent, sensitive man should permit himself to say this or anything approximating it in Papini's hearing; for not only has he a card index of substantives that convey derogation, but he has perhaps the fullest arsenal of adjectives in Italy and has habituated himself to the use of them, both with and without provocation.

I have been told by his schoolmates and by those whom he later essayed to teach, that as a youth he was inquisitive about the nature of things and objects susceptible to physical and chemical explanation. His writings indicate that his real seduction was conditioned by philosophic questions. Early in life he displayed a symptom which is common to many psychopaths: an uncontrollable desire to read philosophical writers beyond their comprehension. In the twenty years that he has been publishing books he has constantly returned to this practice as shown by his "Twilight of the Philosophers", "The Other Half", and "Pragmatism".

His first articles in the "Leonardo", which now make up the volume known as "Il Tragico Quotidiano e il Pilota Cieco" (The Tragedy of Every Day and the Blind Pilot), are sketches and fantasies of a personal kind—some of them fanciful and charming, some with a touch of inspired extravagance that recalls Baudelaire and Poe, and faintly echoes Oscar Wilde's "Bells and Pomegranates", Dostoyevsky's "Poor People", and Leonid Andreyev's "Little Angel". Some of the stories have a weird touch. Others are founded in obsession that form the ancillæ of psychopathy. Take, for instance, the man with a feeling of unreality who did not really exist in flesh and blood but was only a figure in the dream of someone else, and who felt that he would be vivified if only he could find the sleeper and arouse him. This idea is not of infrequent occurrence in that strange disorder, dementia præcox. Take again the man who found his life dull and who covenanted with a novelist to do his bidding in exchange for being made an interesting character; and the two men who changed souls; and the talks with the devil reinterpreting scripture. All these awaken an echo in the reader's mind of having been heard before or else they bring the hope that they never will be heard again.

Although his early writings had an arresting quality, it was not until he undertook to edit some Italian classics published under the title of "Scrittori Nostri" (Our Writers) that they began to take on the features that have since become characteristic, and that have been described by his admirers as "rugged, vigorous, virile, rich, neologistic" and everything else the antithesis of pussy-foot. This feature, if feature it can be called, showed itself first in "L'Uomo Finito", a book which is admitted to be an autobiography. It introduces us to an ugly, sensitive, introspective, mentally prehensile child of shut-in personality who is not only egocentric at seven, but who loves and exalts himself and despises and disparages others.

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This unlovable child with an insatiate appetite for information, found his way to a public library and determined to write an encyclopædia of all knowledge. His juvenile frenzy came its first cropper when he reached the letter "B" and he was submerged with the Bible and with God. The task was too big, he had to admit, but his ambition to complete some great and thorough piece of work was undaunted. He began a compendium of religion, then of literature, and at last of the romance languages.

These successive attempts at completeness are typical of Papini's far-reaching ambitions. "The Played-out Man" is a record of his plunge into one absorption after another. He discovered evil and planned not only individual suicide, but suicide of the people *en masse*. Next came the desire for love. His instincts were of a sort not to be satisfied by the conventional sweetness of "I Promessi Sposi", but from Poe, Walt Whitman, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Dostoyevsky, and Anatole France, he got a vicarious appeasement of the sentiment he craved. Then he encountered "dear Julian". "We never kissed each other and we never cried together," but he could not forgive Julian for allowing his friend to learn of his matrimony only through the "Corriere Della Sera".

The brief emotional episode past, Papini's life interest swung back to philosophy. He discovered Monism, and believed it like a religion. Then Kant became his ideal, then Berkeley, Mill, Plato, Locke, culminating in the glorified egotism of Max Stirner. After Stirner, philosophy has no more to say. Down with it all. It is necessary to liberate the world from the yoke of these mumblers, just as Papini has liberated himself. But how to do it! Ah, yes. Found a journal that will purge the world of its sins, as the Great Revolution purged France of royalty.

Thus Papini's literary work had its beginning. It takes several tempestuous chapters of the autobiography to describe the launching of the "Leonardo" by himself and a few congenial souls. Nine numbers marked the limit of its really vigorous life, but it ran, with Papini as its chief source of material, for five years. Ultimately, with the dissipation of the author's youthful energy, this child of his bosom had to be interred. But Papini still goes to its grave.

The tumultuous introspective life of the author continued. He went through a period of self-pity and neurasthenia, then one of intense hero worship directed toward all radicals, including William James whom he had once seen washing his neck. Then came an immense desire for action, hindered, however, by the fact that the author could not decide whether to found a school of philosophy, become the prophet of a religion, or go into politics. His only inherent conviction concerns the stupidity of the world and his own calling to rise above it. This long, internal history ends with a period of sweeping depression, out of which the author at last emerges with the intense conviction that he is not, after all, played out, that there is still matter in him to give the world. He feels welling up within him a stream of arrogance and self-confidence that he is not to be damned. He has not yet delivered his message, people have not yet understood him:

> They cannot grasp it, cannot bear to listen.
> The thing I have to tell, unthought before,
> Demands another language.

So he goes back to the market-place

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of Florence, shouting: "I have not finished. I am not played out. You shall see." And it is at this stage that Papini's work now stands. We wait to see.

The "L'Uomo Finito" is Papini's G. P. No. 2. It is not fiction in the ordinary use of the term but in the sense that Mr. Wells's "The Undying Fire" is fiction. In a measure it is fiction like "The Way of All Flesh" of Samuel Butler. But in point of interest and workmanship it is far inferior to the former; and in purposefulness, character delineation, orientation, resurrection, and reform it is not to be compared with the latter.

Although it is the book by which Papini is best known, it is not his love-child. "The Twilight of the Philosophers" is. He is proud to call it his intellectual biography, but it would be much truer to call it an index of his emotional equation. "This is not a book of good faith. It is a book of passion, therefore of injustice; an unequal book, partisan, without scruples, violent, contradictory, unsolid, like all books of those who love and hate and are not ashamed of their love or their hatred." This is the introductory paragraph of the original preface.

In reality it is a cross between a philosophic treatise and a popular polemic, with the technical abstruseness of the one and the passion of the other, and its purpose is to show that all philosophy is vain and should make way for action. Although it indicates wide and attentive reading and a certain erudition, the only indication of constructive thought that it reveals is a rudimentary attempt to adjust the philosophic system of each man to the temperamental bias of the author. Others, Santayana for instance, have done this so much better that there is scarcely justification for his pride. He could have carried his point quite as successfully by stating it as by laboring it through a whole volume devoted largely to railing both at the philosophers and at their philosophy.

From the point of view of the philosopher this book is "popular". From the standpoint of the people it is "philosophical". It is really a testimonial to the author's breathless state of emotional unrest. He is like a bird in a cage and he feels that he must beat down the barriers in order to accomplish freedom, but when they are fractured and he is apparently free there is no sense of liberation. He is in a far more secure prison than he was before, and to make matters worse he cannot now distinguish the barriers that obstacle his freedom. The wonder is not that a man of the temperament and intellectual endowment of Papini has this feeling, but that he can convince himself that anyone else should be interested in his discovery.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words, and the mistake is to consider words linked up as subject, predicate, and object, especially if the substantives are qualified by lurid adjectives, the equivalent of knowledge. He knows the "ars scrivendi" as Aspasia knew the "ars amandi"; Papini knows the value of symbolic, eye-arresting, suggestive titles. He realizes the importance of overstatement, and of exaggerated emphasis; he is cognizant of the insatiateness of the average human being for gossip and particularly gossip about the great; he recognizes that there is no more successful way of flattering the mediocre than by pointing out to him the shortcomings of the gods, for he thus identifies their possessions with his own and convinces himself that he

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also is a god. Papini's sensitive soul whispers to him that the majority of people are thinking him brave, courageous, valorous, resolute, virtuous, and firm if he but adopt a certain pose, a certain manner, a certain swagger that will convey his grim determination to carry his mission to the world though it takes his last breath, the last glow of his mortal soul.

"They wished me to be a poet, here therefore is a little poetry", is the opening line of his book called "Cento Pagine di Poesia". And this though not in verse is characterized by such imaginative beauty, more in language however than in thought, that it is worthy to be called a poem. More than any other of his books it reveals the real Papini. Here he is less truculent, less Nietzschian, less self-conscious of understudying and attempting to act the part of Jove. He is more like the Papini that he is by nature and therefore more human, more kind and gentle,—would I could add modest,—more potent and convincing than in any of his other books. It is especially in the third part under the general title of "Precipitations" that the author gives the freest rein to his fantasy and is not always endeavoring to explain or tell the reason why, but abandons himself to the production of words which will present rhythmically the emotions that are springing up within him. It is difficult to believe that the same hand penned these poems and the open letter to Anatole France: "In these days Anatole France is in Rome, and perhaps returning he will stop in Florence, but I beg him fervently not to seek me out. I could not receive him". That quality of delusion of grandeur I have seen heretofore only in victims of a terrible disease.

Papini is never so transparent as he is in his "Stroncatura" and in his excursions into the realm of philosophy. His attack on Nietzsche is most illuminating. In fact Giovanni Papini is Friedrich Nietzsche viewed through an inverted telescope.

Nietzsche's volubility (indication of easy fatigue) makes him prefer the fragmentary and aphoristic style of expression; his incapacity to select from all that which he has thought and written leads him to publish a quantity of useless and repeated thought; his reluctance to synthesize, to construct, to organize, which gives to his books an air of oriental stuff, a mixture of old rags and of precious drapery, jumbled up without order, are the best arguments for imputing to him a deficiency of imperial mentality, a reflex of the general weakness of philosophy. But the most unexpected proof of this weakness consists in his incapacity to be truly and authentically original. The highest and most difficult forms of originality are certainly these two: to find new interpretation and solution of old problems, to pose new problems and to open streets absolutely unknown.

No one can examine closely the writings of Papini without recognizing that he has shown himself incapable of selecting from that which he has written and thought, and setting it forth as a statement of his philosophy or as an *apologia pro sua vita*. Constant republication of the same statements and the same ideas dressed up with different synonyms, is a charge that can be brought with justice. It can be substantiated not only by his books, but by "La Vraie Italie", an organ of intellectual liaison between Italy and other countries directed by Papini, which has been in existence now for a year, a considerable portion of which has been taken up with republication of the old writings of the director.

Even the most intemperate of his admirers would scarcely contend that he merits being called original judged by his own standards. At one time in his life Nietzsche was undoubtedly his idol, and I can think of the juve-

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nile Papini No. 3 suggesting that he model himself after the Teutonic descendant of Pasiphae and the bull of Poseidon. Thus did he appease his morbid sensitiveness and soothe his pathological erethism by enveloping himself in an armor made up of rude and uncouth words, of sentiment and of disparagement; of raillery against piety, reverence, and faith; of contempt for tradition. In fact he seemed equipped with a special apparatus for pulling up roots founded in the tender emotions. He would pretend that he is superior to the ordinary mortal to whom love in its various display, sentiment in its manifold presentations, dependence upon others in its countless aspects are as essential for happiness as the breath of the nostrils is essential to life. In secret, however, he is not only dependent upon it, he is beholden to it.

When he assumes his most callous and indifferent air, when he is least cognizant of the sensitiveness of others, when in brief he is speaking of his fellow countrymen, D'Annunzio, Mazzoni, Bertacchi, Croce, and up until recently when he speaks of God or religion, he reminds me of that extraordinary and inexplicable type of individual whom we have had "in our midst" since time immemorial, but who had greater vogue in the time of Petronius than he has today.

Although the majority of these people are *au fond* proud of their endowment, the world at large looks upon it as a perversion and scoffs at them, and in primitive countries such as our own it kicks at them. Therefore they are quick to see the advantage of assuming an air of crass indifference, and with the swagger of the social corsair they are quick to express a brutal insensitiveness to the æsthetic and the hedonistic to which in reality they vibrate. They never deceive themselves. Papini knows his limitations and the greatest of them are that he is timid, lacking in imagination, in sense of humor and in originality, and is as dependent upon love as a baby is upon its bottle.

When writing about himself he hopes that the reader will identify him only with the characters whose thoughts and actions are flattering, but the real man is to be identified with some of the characters whom he desires his public to think fictitious. In one of his short stories he narrates a visit to the world-famed literary man. He describes his trip to the remote city that he may lay the modest wreath plaited from the pride of his mind and his heart at the feet of his idol. He finds the idol a commonplace, almost undifferentiated lump of clay with a more commonplace, slatternly wife, and even more hopelessly commonplace hostages to fortune. His repute is dependent wholly upon the skill with which he manipulates card index and pigeonholes. Papini flees to escape contemplation of himself and the fragments of the sacred vessel.

Papini has been an omnivorous reader along certain lines; he has been a tireless writer and he is notorious for his neologistic logorrhœa but the possession which stands in closest relation to his literary reputation is his indexed collection of words, phrases, and sentences. This, plus knowing by heart the poetry of Carducci, and his envy of Benedetto Croce for having obtained the repute of being one of the most fertile philosophic minds of his age, and his advocacy of the gospel of strenuousness, is the framework upon which he has ensheathed his house of letters.

No study of the man or of his work can neglect one aspect of his career—

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his constant change of position. He knocks with breathless anxiety at the door of some new world and no sooner does he secure entrance and see the pleasant valley of Hinnom, than he feels the lure of black Gehenna and is seized with an uncontrollable desire to explore it. When he returns he hastens to the public forum and announces his discoveries, preferring to tell of the gewgaws which he discovered rather than to expatiate on the few jewels which he has gathered.

His last production augurs well for him because it indicates that finally he will bathe in the pool of the five porches at Jerusalem, the world war having troubled its water instead of an angel. November 30, 1919, he published in the most widely circulated and influential newspaper of Central Italy, the "Resto del Carlino", an article entitled "Amore e Morte" (Love and Death), which sets forth that he has had that experience which the Christian calls "seeing a great light, knowing a spiritual reincarnation", and which those whom Papini has been supposed to represent call a pitiable defalcation, a spiritual bankruptcy.

On February 21, 1913, he proclaimed in the Costanza Theatre of Rome, that "in order to reach his power man must throw off religious faith, not only Christianity or Catholicism but all mystic, spiritualistic, theosophic faiths and beliefs". Now he has discovered Jesus. In his literary ruminations he has come upon the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, which set forth the purpose and teachings of our Lord and which have convinced countless living and dead of His divinity. We must forswear egocentrism; we must stop making obeisance to materialism; we must cease striving for success, comfort, or power. Such efforts led to the massacre of yesterday, to the agony of today, and are conditioning our eternal perdition. Salvation is within ourselves; the Kingdom of Heaven is within our hearts; he who seeks it without is a blind man led by a blind guide. The road over which we must travel is bordered on either side by seductive pastures from which gush life-giving springs and which are covered with luxurious trees of soul-satisfying color that protect from the blazing sun or the congealing wind. And on either side are pathways so softly cushioned that even the most tender feet may tread them without fear of wound or blister. The sign-posts to this road are the four little volumes written two thousand years ago.

No one unfamiliar with that strange disorder of the mind called the manic depressive psychosis can fully understand Papini. There is no one more sane and businesslike than the leader of the Futurist movement, yet the reactions of his supersensitive nature have some similarity with this mental condition present, in embryo, in many people. In that mysterious malady there is a period of emotional, physical, and intellectual activity that surmounts every obstacle, that brushes aside every barrier, that leaps over every hurdle. During its dominancy the victim respects neither law nor convention, the goal is his only object. He doesn't always know where he is going and he isn't concerned with it: he is concerned only with going. When the spectator sees the road over which he has traveled on his winged horse, he finds it littered with the debris that Pegasus has trampled upon and crushed.

This period of hyperactivity is invariably followed by a time of depres-

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sion, of inadequacy, of emotional barrenness, of intellectual sterility, of physical impotency, of spiritual frigidity. The sun from which the body and soul has had its warmth and its glow falls below the horizon of the unfortunate's existence, and he senses the terrors of the dark and the beginning rigidity of congelation. Then when hope and warmth have all but gone and only life, mere life without color or emotion, remains,—and the necessity of living forever in a world perpetually enshrouded in darkness with no differentiation in the debris remaining after the tornado,—then the sun gradually peeps up, illuminates, warms, revives, fructifies the earth, and the sufferer becomes normal: normal save in the moments or hours of fear when he contemplates having again to brave the hurricane or to drown in the deluge. But once the wind begins to blow with a velocity that bespeaks the readvent of the tornado, he throws off inhibition and goes out in the open, holds up the torch that shall light the whole world, and with his megaphone from the top of Helicon shouts, "This way to the revolution."

In a very relative sense, this is the mode of Papini. He is fascinated by the beauty and perfections of an individual or of a school, and he will enroll himself a member. But before he gets thoroughly initiated he gets word of another individual or another school which must be investigated. In the intoxication he defames and often slays his previous mistress. Thus his whole life has been given to the task of discovering a new philosophy, a new poetry, a new romance, a new prophecy, and their makers. In the ecstasy of discovery he cannot resist smashing the idol of yesterday that his pedestal may be free for the more worthy one of today, and he cannot inhibit the impulse to rush off to the composing rooms of "La Voce" to register his emotions in print.

In his desire to be famous he reminds one of those individuals who would be liked by everyone, and who will do anything save cease making the effort. Pretending that he loves to have people hate him, he does not, but he would rather have hate and disparagement than indifference or neglect. He desires power—that unattainable he will be satisfied with notoriety. He does not agree with a fellow-poet that,—

> On stepping-stones we reach to higher dreams
> And ever high and higher must we climb
> Casting aside our burdens as we go
> Till we have reached the mountain-tops sublime
> Where purged from care and dross the free winds blow.

Were he a genius and at the same time had the industry that he has displayed, he would be the equal of H. G. Wells, possibly the peer of Bernard Shaw, but he is neither. He is simply a clever, industrious, versatile, sensitive, emotional man of forty, whose mental juvenility tends to cling to him. He has so long habituated himself to overestimation, and his admiring friends have been so injudicious in praising his productions for qualities which they do not possess and neglecting praiseworthy qualities which they do possess, that he is like an object under a magnifying glass out of focus.

But as Papini himself says, he has not finished. He is still comparatively a young man and the world awaits his accomplishment. If the function he has chosen is that of agitation rather than construction, of preparation rather than of building, he cannot be totally condemned for that. His environment is in a condition where

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much destruction is necessary before anything real can be evolved. And as the apostle of this destruction Papini must be accepted. He stands as a prophet, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way' ", and the generations will show whether it is indeed a highway he has opened.

HUMOROUS AND SERIOUS BOOKS ON MUSIC

BY HENRY T. FINCK

HUMOROUS books on musical topics are scarce. While a considerable number of musical critics have a sense of fun and the gift of wit, these qualities usually appear only in their newspaper comments. William James Henderson, for instance, has been for years a *bon mot* incarnate in his daily remarks on musical doings, but his books are as serious as sermons.

Among England's critics none is better informed or a greater literary artist than Ernest Newman, but no one would have guessed from his books on Gluck, Wagner, Hugo Wolf, Elgar, and Strauss that there was also in him a rich vein of humor. The readers of his short articles in newspapers and magazines got the benefit of this; and now the best of them have been collected and published in a volume called "A Musical Motley". It was surely unnecessary for the author to apologize for including these "gay" articles in a volume made up largely of papers that are "excessively grave". But Mr. Newman is never dull, even when he is grave. It was the dull concerts and operas he had to hear that made him turn to humor for relief. In these hours of suffering, he declares, a critic "must either go mad and deal death all round him or see himself and his sad profession humorously".

Among the humorous articles in this book there are several that Artemus Ward or Mark Twain would have been glad to have written. Perhaps the most amusing of them is entitled "Composers and Obituary Notices", in which the author berates musicians for putting journalists to a good deal of inconvenience by their inconsiderate way of dying just before the paper goes to press. In most of the forty-four articles in this book the serious is mingled with the jocose. The sketch (pages 22-33) of the possibilities of the future, when one violin can be made to do the work of fifty, is grotesque; and yet it is brimful of suggestions for musicians and also, in particular, for the makers of good machine music, before which the hand-made music will have to go down as the arrow had to go down before the gun, and the wooden ship before the ironclad.

The popular violinist, Jascha Heifetz, cordially agrees with Mr. Newman that enough is better than a feast. "I really cannot imagine anything more terrible than always to hear, think and make music," he remarked to Frederick H. Martens, who

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interviewed him for a chapter in his book on "Violin Mastery". Fritz Kreisler told Mr. Martens he found practising of secondary importance to the necessity of keeping himself mentally and physically fresh and in the right mood for his work. Ysaye, the Belgian, in his talk with Mr. Martens, emphasized the patriotic note, complaining that writers on violin schools too often confuse the Belgian and French. "Many of the great violin names, in fact,—Vieuxtemps, Leonard, Marsick, Remi, Parent, de Broux, Musin, Thomson,—are all Belgian."

Interesting and important are Ysaye's remarks on the need of a new instruction book for violinists—a book including technical formulas for the new harmonies discovered by Debussy and others. "There is as yet no violin method which gives a fingering for the whole-tone scales. Perhaps we will have to wait until Kreisler or I will have written one which makes plain the new flowering of technical beauty and æsthetic development which it brings the violin." Maybe some publisher could persuade Ysaye *and* Kreisler to give the world such a book. It certainly would go like Salvation Army doughnuts in the trenches.

Italy used to be a great land for violinists, beginning with Corelli and Tartini and culminating in Paganini. Today we know of only one distinguished solo violinist active in that country: Arrigo Serato, who has also toured America. But for most persons music in Italy means opera and opera singers. For centuries students from all parts of the world have been going to "God's own conservatory" to study *bel canto*—the art of singing beautifully—and Milan has been for generations a factory for the wholesale production of opera companies—for export as well as domestic use. We are forcibly reminded of this on reading the chapters on Italy in Clara Kathleen Rogers's "Memories of a Musical Career". Time was when Mrs. Rogers, under her stage name (Clara Doria), was among the most popular opera singers in this country as well as abroad. She was a daughter of John Barnett, called "the father of English opera", and before going to Italy to improve her voice she went to Leipzig for a general musical education. At the famous conservatory in that city she associated with several young Englishmen who subsequently became celebrated; among them Arthur Sullivan, who seems to have been a great lady-killer at that time. Concerning him and others who were or became famous, Mrs. Rogers has so many amusing anecdotes that her memoirs may be included among the humorous books on music. Pedantry was rampant in the Conservatory; the letter of music was held infinitely more important than the spirit; Liszt and Wagner were abhorred, Chopin belittled. To Clara herself (she was only thirteen at that time) and her father, "Tannhäuser" suggested the epithet "caterwauling". When she left the Conservatory to study with Hans von Bülow, son-in-law of Liszt and friend of Wagner, he tartly informed her that the first thing for her to do was to unlearn most of the academic things its professors had taught.

When Miss Barnett went to Italy, with her mother and sister, they tried at first to keep their German fresh in mind by speaking it; but very soon they learned that that, as well as unknowingly wearing Austrian colors, was a dangerous thing; they were taken for spies, and only by a miracle escaped a lynching. Adventures like these, and gossip about life in the cities of Italy in which Miss Barnett

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sang, make her book of general interest. Music students will be attracted by her detailed accounts of what opera singers in Italy must expect. Her colleagues resented the presence of her mother; one basso frankly told her, "How I pity you people who do not indulge in lovers!"

Henry Edward Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera", though it has some pages on Max Maretzek, in whose company "Clara Doria" sang here in 1872-3, does not go into sufficient detail to mention her doings in America. That volume (a much better title for which would have been "History of Opera in New York") is concerned chiefly with operatic events in the metropolis in the years 1880 to 1908. "More Chapters of Opera", recently published, continues the record up to 1918. Far from being a mere dry chronology and technical criticism, it is a mirror of musical life in New York, with plenty of gossip and even scandal. Much has been said about New York being, like the European cities, music-mad since the end of the war; but this is really not a new turn of affairs; the chapter discussing the rivalry between the Manhattan and Metropolitan opera houses has these among its headings: "An Opera-mad City" and "Over two Millions of Dollars spent on the Entertainment in ten Months". Mr. Krehbiel's is the only book in which one can find a complete account of the epoch-making way in which Oscar Hammerstein—to whom it is now proposed to erect a monument—put fresh life into the operatic repertory; particularly by featuring French masterworks that had been neglected at the Metropolitan, particularly those of Massenet.

"Massenet is one of the most brilliant diamonds in our musical crown. No musician has enjoyed so much favor with the public save Auber... They were alike in their facility, their amazing fertility, genius, gracefulness, and success." This is the verdict of France's most scholarly composer, Camille Saint-Saëns. The autobiography of France's most scholarly composer, now appearing in an English version, must surely interest American opera-goers. American critics whose opinions were largely "made in Germany" have been in the habit of belittling Massenet; but there is more depth to his music than they think. Whipped cream is no less nourishing because it is whipped. Massenet was one of the most original of Frenchmen; he imitated no one, but many imitated him. The list of men who studied under him at the Conservatoire includes Bruneau, Rabaud, Charpentier, Savard, Hahn, Vidal, Florent Schmitt, Enesco, Bemberg, Laparra, Ropertz, Leroux—all of them now famous. Many others he taught how to compose. One of the details in his own way of composing an opera was, he tells us, to learn the words by heart so that he could work at the score mentally, "away from home, in the streets, in society, at dinner, at the theatre, anywhere that I might find time."

Saint-Saëns's reference to Massenet as one of France's most brilliant musical diamonds occurs in his volume entitled "Ecole Buissonnière". Of this splendidly stimulating volume, also, an English translation is now offered under the title of "Musical Memories".

A Musical Motley. By Ernest Newman. John Lane Co.

Violin Mastery. By Frederick H. Martens. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Memories of a Musical Career. By Clara Kathleen Rogers (Clara Doria). Little, Brown and Co.

More Chapters of Opera (1908-1918). By Henry Edward Krehbiel. Henry Holt and Co.

My Recollections. By Jules Massenet. Small, Maynard and Co.

Musical Memories. By Camille Saint-Saëns. Small, Maynard and Co.

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It should be in every library. It is virtually an autobiography, but the story of the author's life—he is France's "grand old man in music" (now in his eighty-sixth year)—is told briefly, so as to leave room for chapters on Rossini, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Viardot, Louis Gallet, Delsarte, Victor Hugo, which, however, are also more or less autobiographic, for these were among his friends. The English volume omits some of the chapters in the original French edition and changes the order of others, for no obvious reason; but the translation is none the less to be cordially welcomed. It provides the first opportunity to those who do not read French to become acquainted with the literary side of France's most scholarly composer who at the same time is never for a moment dull, at least in his books. Nothing could be more thought-stimulating than the pages in this volume on Popular Science and Art, Anarchy in Music, The Organ, Musical Painters, and The Liszt Centenary at Heidelberg.

WALT WHITMAN: FICTION-WRITER AND POETS' FRIEND

BY JOHN BLACK

WALT WHITMAN as a friend of poets is a new light in which to treat of this great figure in American literature. We are so accustomed to the picture of Whitman as a genius, variously ridiculed, denounced, and deprecated by his contemporaries, that the suggestion of his holding any other position in American letters of the mid-nineteenth century will upset many long-established conceptions of his status during his own life.

Yet this is the new light in which he is revealed to one who has been fortunate enough to have access to the files of "The Brooklyn Eagle" of 1846 and 1847, during which period Whitman was editor of that paper. A perusal of the newspaper's files of the days of his editorship brands as fallacious many of the theories as to his relations with his fellow writers. In those days, when Whitman was the employee of Isaac Van Anden, owner of "The Eagle", we find that the poet's duties consisted of writing an editorial or so a day on civic and political topics, and of filling two columns with such verse or prose as might come to his hand.

An announcement of the paper's partisanship to poetry was published at the head of the first of these two columns when Whitman first became editor of "The Eagle". Immediately following this announcement, the files show, the poet began to receive contributions from writers everywhere. Fiction, poetry, and essays came to him in the daily mail, from authors destined to become immortal. That the poet published much of what he received is evident; that he read it all, is probable; that he was often

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enthusiastic over the merits of contributions by authors, then little known, is made clear by the ecstatic paragraphs of laudation which would often preface a poem or a story. Longfellow, we find, was a great favorite with Whitman, lyrics from the pen of the New Englander being frequently printed in the poet's paper. Lowell, Bryant, and Whittier were other contributors. Whitman was especially partial to Whittier, probably because of the social message in the latter's writings. In some instances, the poetry published by Whitman was taken by him from contemporary magazines. Much of it, however, was original. A comparison of the file dates with Nathaniel Hawthorne's bibliography discloses that his story, "The Shaker Bridal", saw print for the first time in "The Eagle". The date of its publication by Whitman was October 8, 1846, while a Hawthorne bibliographer states that the original appearance of the story was in the London "Metropolitan", in 1850. Other stories which appear to have been original contributions to "The Eagle" are Hawthorne's "Old Esther Dudley", ultimately published by Hawthorne in his "Twice Told Tales", and printed by Whitman in his columns, July 28, 1846; and Poe's "Tale of the Ragged Mountains", printed by Whitman October 9, 1846, which according to one bibliographer never saw magazine publication.

It is not difficult to discern Whitman's touch in many unsigned articles and editorials which appeared in the paper during the period of his editorship; and, assuming that these, which included numerous book reviews, were from his pen, a view of the poet's literary taste is presented which contradicts flatly the impression that he was as antagonistic to the current school of poetry as the current school of poetry was to him. Longfellow, in one of the anonymous book reviews of 1846, the occasion being the publication of a volume of his poems, was hailed as "the greatest poet in the English language". Other favorable, though more temperate estimates of the New Englander are scattered through the issues of the paper for the year. Some are in the form of introductions to poems which Whitman printed in his columns; others are in the form of supplementary paragraphs to the editorial columns. As it is known that Whitman personally directed the two columns used for miscellaneous material, and as Longfellow was frequently represented in these columns, the anonymous compliment to his poetry mentioned above can safely be taken as the sentiment, if not the actual expression, of Whitman himself.

Some attention to the poet's newspaper career is paid by Leon Bazalgette, in his interpretative biography, "Walt Whitman, The Man and His Work", which has just been translated into English by Ellen Fitzgerald. M. Bazalgette's field, however, was too essentially general to permit of any searching analysis of Whitman's career. The Frenchman's biography, sympathetic and glowingly eloquent as it is, can scarcely rank as an authoritative chronicle of the poet's life. It possesses, however, such multiple values of its own that the absence of detail with respect to Whitman's early manhood can be excused. The book tells little of the poet's activities during the all-important impressionable years twenty to thirty. It is irritatingly uninformative as to what he read and what he wrote in this period. Other stages of his career are equally slighted. But M. Bazalgette gives us

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something that we have long wished for: an estimate of Whitman's influence and rating in France. It is as sincere as it is brilliant.

The translator has taken the liberty of abridging M. Bazalgette's book. This is regrettable and not easily justified. The day has passed when any revelation of Whitman's personal life could affect our estimate of the poet. The book's outstanding value is that it is the first notable Whitman biography offered to the land which has felt the poet's influence to a degree perhaps greater than any country except America.

Whitman's days as Brooklyn editor were full of interest and incident. Apart from the relationship established between the poet and his fellow authors, the most important revelation of his term as editor of "The Eagle" lies in his own contributions to its columns. These are, generally speaking, divided into two classes: editorials and prose sketches. The editorials, while of purely current and local value, are significant as showing his style of prose writing while yet a young man. They are crisp, forceful, and vivid with that imaginative quality that was later to immortalize him in his glorious chants. The stories are still more interesting. Most of them were signed "Walter Whitman", dissipating at once all doubt as to the identity of their author. The poet evidently used these stories as "fillers" for his columns: they appeared on an average of once every eight weeks. The stories are amazing as the revelation of a side of Whitman wholly unknown to his general readers. They may not be found to contribute greatly to his reputation: he took for his theme the conventional topics of the period, and treated of them in a conventional way. Through them all, however, like a thread of gold, is traced the current of his social protest. Into even the most commonplace of these, Whitman weaves a moral. They contribute much toward a fuller understanding of Whitman's literary development at a stage when the genius of the "Leaves of Grass" was yet in process of conception.

Walt Whitman, The Man and His Work. By Leon Bazalgette. Doubleday, Page and Co.

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COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Are Our Novelists Fair to the Redheads?

NOT being one myself I feel that I am qualified as an impartial advocate for those who are. Years of fiction reading convinces me that novelists have been guilty of a great injustice to a very worthy class of citizens—the redheaded.

It is not that they have denied them beauty—when a novelist wishes to produce a heroine of devastating charm, in nine cases out of ten he endows her with red hair and in eight cases out of ten he adds to this green eyes,—but what a character he imposes upon this Galatea of his brain who is helpless to protest against the injustice of her creator! For instance, there is that arch-type of redheaded perversity,—Thackeray's sandyhaired, greeneyed Becky Sharp,—a malicious little sprite, unprincipled and incapable of affection. She has not even the merit of succeeding in her schemes, for she always overreaches herself.

Many other English novelists have this prejudice against combining red hair with a desirable character. Far be it from us to occupy space with a chronological record of redheads in English fiction, but we can all think of conspicuous examples. Dickens controverted one tradition by typifying treachery as a man, but conformed to another by making him redheaded. It is impossible to think of Uriah Heep without making the red in his hair, eyes, and skin a symbol of the diabolical flames confined beneath the thin crust of his hypocrisy.

Novelists like to christen their redheads Glory—Glory in Hall Caine's "The Christian", is a robust, rollicking vampire. Exuberant in hair and personality, she so dominates the strong man who loves her that he is almost crazed by his passion for her as over against what he conceives to be his duty.

One of the most exasperating women we have met in fiction is the tawny-haired heroine of May Sinclair's "The Helpmate". She torments her child and husband, the former into an untimely grave, the latter to the verge of it.

The French are as bad as the English in their attitude on this subject—it was a Frenchman who said, "Redheaded women are either violent or false and usually they are both". Medusas in novels of the French Revolution are portrayed with flaming locks. Even so sensible a writer as Victor Cherbuliez (as a psychologist and a diplomat he ought to have known better), devotes a three-hundred-page novel to a redheaded renegade. The heroine in this book ("La Ferme du Choquart") is deceitful, vindictive, and scheming. Her towering pride borders on insanity and the author says

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of her, "She lacked that grain of good sense which is the most valuable ingredient in the feminine temperament".

American novelists have also cherished the tradition of redheaded impiety. Howells approaches this type as nearly as his kindly style permits. In "The Rise of Silas Lapham" Irene is very beautiful with her azure eyes, trailing-arbutus skin and lovely red hair, but she is a menace to the happiness of her family.

From the field of American fiction, which fairly bristles with redheaded heroines of unlovely character, we cull a few more examples. Among the sublimated heroines of Henry James almost the only one whom critics have accused of innate vulgarity is redheaded Verena Tarrant in "The Bostonians". Edith Wharton is unable to resist associating red locks with a deplorable personality. One of the most disagreeable young American women in modern fiction is pictured in "The Custom of the Country". The novelist actually rubs it in with her persistent thrusting of Undine's redgold chevelure upon the reader's attention. The éclat of this heroine's youthful beauty is not worth the effort of any honest human being, so arid and cheap is her personality. Marion Crawford devotes his most powerful novel, "Casa Braccio", to the psychology of a redheaded woman, —and what a repellent character he gives her! She possesses a restive and destructive brain beneath a mane of redgold hair. She ruins the men who love her and dies herself of spleen and ennui.

But enough of these disagreeable figments of author's brains—Is it not time to cry halt to this tradition of redheaded vampires? Granted that red in the skin and hair indicates iron in the blood, does not this iron beaten to a glow by life's vicissitudes generate energy and ambition, instead of baleful passion?

Haven't you known many a redhead of excellent moral fibre, and did you ever know one who was dull or worthless?

CATHERINE BEACH ELY

On Living With Lucinda

LUCINDA writes. At least so she replies to inquirers as to what she "does" in these pragmatic days when every unmarried woman in the thirties, such as Lucinda and I, "does" something. I do not wholly understand Lucinda's answer. "Writing" covers such a variety of—sins, I was about to say—of forms, that I should think that Lucinda would say that she does essays or plays or stories or poetry, just as I say that I am in insurance instead of in business. But writing is not business, as Lucinda implies reproachfully with her shadowy gray eyes when I fail to respond delicately and appreciatively to a new idea. I suppose that she can hardly say she is doing essays or poems or plays or stories when she is creating an entirely new form. The new form is not prose and not verse. Neither is it free verse—Lucinda shudders at this suggestion and says that free verse was born with death already at its throat. I hesitate to tell you about Lucinda's new form for fear you will smile, and I love Lucinda. When she has lived a little harder, she will write better. Just now she sits down at her desk and lets the Creative Wish tell her what to write. I don't think

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he—or it—tells her very clearly, because her papers are crazily criss-crossed and I am always bringing her home new erasers from the office.

Lucinda belongs to a "group". The boys in my office speak of the gang or bunch to which they are attached, and I myself have been decoyed into clubs, but Lucinda has a share in nothing so commonplace. The "group" is a serious circle to which I may never refer frivolously without having her hiss "Philistine" at me—whatever that may mean. Obviously I am not a member of the group; I simply own the apartment in which Lucinda and I live together and in which the group gathers for talk, as they say, and for refreshments, as I know, from the number of sandwiches I make and they consume. Talking does make one hungry, and ye gods! how they do talk! They are all writers and talk about nothing but writing. They can spend a whole evening and halfway to dawn arguing about the faults of a single play or novel. It is inconceivable to me that one piece of literature can be so bad as they find it. I could not find a similar number of defects in a whole library. They get positively happy disagreeing over the deficiencies in a play. They are not content to damn a thing and let it die; they disagree as thoroughly as doctors at a consultation as to the reason for its extinction. The more successful a thing is, the more dreadful they find it. If I enjoy a book, I have learned never to tell them so. They used to smile cornerwise and avoid politely any discussion of the book while I was still in the room. Later I would catch murmurs of damnation.

They have a strange attitude toward success. Apparently to be successful is to be commonplace. Now in my business, the more people we insure, the more successful we are, but the converse seems to be true of literature. The group has the notion that if an article is accepted, it cannot be good, and yet they are always trying to get things accepted. When the one man among them whom I considered to have normal intelligence, sold a series of stories to a popular weekly, he soon stopped coming to the apartment. Though the others called him the "money-changer" and sighed it was "such a pity" whenever his name was mentioned, it is my idea that he deserted, and not that they cast him out, as they claim. But then, I don't, as Lucinda says, "understand".

They read a great deal, their own work, of course. I do not attend these readings, since I know nothing about literature as it is made today, and would, therefore, disturb the circle of sympathy. The apartment is so small, however, that I am forced to hear more or less of what is read. I must confess that I respect the judgment of the editors who reject what the group write. I think the readers themselves do too, for it is my private, never-to-be-murmured opinion that they read to be encouraged and not to be criticized. Of course, the theory of the group is that they shall constitute a perfect forum of honest criticism by which the author shall abide. From my observation the reader laps up the encouragement and discards all unfavorable comment as unintelligent.

Perhaps I am too severe on Lucinda's group; I may be a Philistine-whatever-that-may-mean; they may all be the neglected geniuses each secretly assures himself he is. I am influenced, I admit, by a thoroughly reasonable grudge I hold against the lot,—they use me for copy! I am to them the Average Human Being. I do not write or know anything about

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writing. The Creative Wish never wished anything on me, as my office boy would put the point. Since I am entirely untalented, the group therefore regard me as a perfect specimen of the General Public. They pursue my reactions on any and all points with the zeal of a hunter for a fox. They lay mental traps, springing questions at me even as I come into the room bringing them long drinks—they talk so much they are always desperately thirsty. When I answer, they cross glances triumphantly. A week later, they read and I have to overhear articles in which my opinions, usually distorted beyond the recognition of anyone not familiar with the "creative process", have become the attitude of a large section of the human race. It is hard for the world in general to be blamed for my opinions, but fortunately the world rarely has to know it is blameworthy, since the articles do not often appear in print.

For example, the group asked me recently what I thought of Bodge in his new play. I replied that I liked him; he amused me when I had brain-fag. Laughter, all doctors agree, is a better tonic than unnecessary tears and besides, the insurance business uncovers its own tragedies. Anyway, I *liked* him. The silence after my comment was so very quiet that I am sure I know the quality of the stillness while anarchists wait for the bomb they have planted to explode. Nobody spoke, but the atmosphere hissed with the unuttered "There!" Then Lucinda, who cannot help being a lady, remarked: "Lydia, this is delicious iced tea."

Only last night, as a corollary to this incident, Beekman, who is fat, read a tirade on "The Extinction of the Theatre", in which he deplored the attitude of the public which goes to the theatre to be amused. I once saw—and was not amused by—a play of Beekman's which the group put on at a little theatre for a choice circle of sympathizers. (Beekman, by the way, has not written a play since. He always has something in mind, but not on paper.) In Beekman's play, a man, discovering that he has leprosy, kills himself, wife, and child, lest they should all be infected. When they are in the last throes, a doctor, hastily summoned, says the man hadn't leprosy, after all. The group acclaimed the play as a masterpiece of realism. Needless to say, I did not enjoy the performance. "What chance", said Beekman, hitting back at me in his "Extinction", "has realism with a mob which turns down its thumbs on anything which does not tickle its risibles? When shall the true drama get a hearing? Lives there no longer a public not too soft to endure the torments of a fellow man upon the stage?" No, Mr. Beekman, the public of which I am your sample, does not any longer choose to pay its cash for the privilege of being merely tormented. If I must be harrowed, I want to get a sense of righteousness in the harrowing, some fundamental principle which I can store away as a bulwark for moral defense at later crises. When I said something of this sort, Mr. Beekman promptly rapped in his next paper the Puritan public which insists that a moral be served with every drama.

I have even appeared as the heroine of a very modern novel in which the leading woman is made to choose between domesticity with a husband and business. In earlier days, I have wept over marvelous voices sacrificed in the matrimonial mausoleum of the Home—not my phrasing but that of the popular serial—and have suffered with

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actresses obliged to sacrifice careers to husbands who could not endure the thought of their earning a copper cent; but I have yet to learn the lure of business, though I have earned my living by it for eleven years. In this novel I was aflame with ambition. I believe I was made to sell stocks and bonds instead of insurance, but I was absorbed in buying and selling. I ate, drank, and slept with stocks and bonds in my mind. I dreamed always of—not gain, but financial glory. I had the lust for power over other people's bank accounts. And then a man came and asked me to wash his dishes and cook his dinners and be his wife. Of course I refused him—in the novel. My would-be husband's love turned to jealousy of his rival, my business; he became my enemy in a desperate war on the stock exchange. Twenty years later, we broke each other. I have always longed to steal the manuscript of the novel to read to my associates. Ada Millbank wrote it, Ada who has so little business acumen that she has been known to take her July rent on June 30 to buy a muff for the next winter. I have never been able to account for the overwhelming ambition with which Ada endowed me, since my chief interest in my occupation lies in the fact that it provides me with tea and toast and occasionally steak. Just before Ada evolved the story, I did refuse Dick Halliday, as I fear Lucinda may have hinted, but I did so for no other reason than that I did not care for him. He did not want me, either, as much as he did a wife and a home—it is the men who want the homes, regardless of the writers who write otherwise.

Even Lucinda uses me for literary purposes. She thinks I do not know because she disguises my thoughts and words in generalizations. For example, she has made capital of my preference for vanilla ice-cream in chocolate ice-cream soda. In summer I am as devoted to ice-cream soda as a school girl or a man working off the tobacco habit. I remarked casually to Lucinda upon the fortunes squandered for ice-cream in a modern lifetime. Not long after Lucinda produced an article on "Modern Puritanism", in which she discussed relics of the Puritanical attitude in contemporary thought. My preference for vanilla ice-cream became an inheritance from Puritan ancestry. How? Lucinda argued that since human nature is a constant, fundamental characteristics simply reappear in new aspects. Puritanical principles exist today, she declared, reacting to new conditions. To the Puritan, modern extravagances for purely physical comforts would be appalling. "Take so simple a matter as ice-cream soda," said she; "I have a friend who salves her conscience for spending money on anything so fleshly as ice-cream soda by eating vanilla instead of chocolate ice-cream in a chocolate drink,—a less Epicurean mixture."

If Lucinda went always so far astray, I should not care, but the Creative Wish has a habit of telling her my inmost secrets, particularly after we have had a brisk walk in the winter air. Lucinda sees too clearly, understands too much at such times. I doubt if she realizes that it is my soul she is dissecting in the verses she produces. She thinks she is generalizing from her own experience, whereas she is making my self a symbol for the race. To her, even as to the group, I am at these moments the Average Human Being and not her oldest friend.

I like to be helpful, but the highest altruism could find no joy in serving as a Type.

LOUISE WHITEFIELD BRAY

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK COLLECTOR

BY GABRIEL WELLS

COLLECTING has come to hold an exalted position in the round of leisure activities. The distinct recognition of its merits is a most commendable feature in the movement of modern culture. There is no activity which approaches the occupation of collecting in the liberalizing influence which it exercises upon the mind of one engaged in it. Collecting stands midway between sport and trade. It is too serious for sport, and too playful for trade.

What is a collector? If a person acquires things without reference to their use, merely to satisfy his fancy, he is a collector. The objects thus acquired may be paintings, postage stamps, violins, pistols, snuff-boxes,—anything of human interest, with the appeal to one's fancy conformably diversified. But whatever the specific character of the appeal may be, it never proceeds—and therein lies the crux of the matter—from the thing as such; that is, from its primary attributes. Which naturally at once raises the question: "What then is it that stirs the fancy, what is it that stimulates the interest for collecting?" It is the "fringes" of things. Things have an entity which constitute their identity; and they have fringes which constitute their differentiæ. It is these fringes which fasten themselves upon the fancy. Let it be watches. One does not collect watches to be the better posted on the time. A single watch would fulfil the need. It is the peculiarities which the different makes of watches display which clinch the appeal.

A man becomes charmed with the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam". He afterward comes across another edition of it, and he acquires that as well. Later he discovers that there is still another edition, and this he also procures, and then another, and many more yet; until he has gathered together maybe a hundred different editions. Does he read them all? Plainly, no. What he does is to note their variations to the delight of his fancy. There are some sixty odd examples of Corot in Ex-Senator Clark's collection of paintings. Were they acquired for the purpose of adorning the walls of his living quarters? A famous American book collector at a recent auction in London, paid a tremendous price for a copy of "Venus and Adonis"—a sum of money large enough to buy a handsome residence on Riverside Drive. Was his anxiety to capture at any cost this tiny treasure of a book prompted by a desire to familiarize himself more thoroughly with Shakespeare's immortal poem?

No; it is, as I submit,—to collect is to bow to fancy.

The highest form of collecting is

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book collecting, for the reason of its greatest degree of complexity. In other lines the appeal is largely emotional, while in the case of books—and by this I mean all literary products—the interest is chiefly intellectual. Not that this interest even in books takes its rise in the intellect. Nor indeed should it. In order that the collector should pass through the proper evolutionary stages, the interest is to start on the emotional plane. To qualify as a book collector one need not be of a studious turn of mind, or even possess an overfondness for reading. If anything, this is apt to spoil one. Great readers are no respecters of books. Darwin used to tear a few pages from a book to read on the train. Edward Fitzgerald had the habit of separating the part of a book he liked, while discarding the rest; so that he is said to have had few perfect books in his library.

The other day I was shown a letter written by a young New England business man, in which he writes: "Gee, but I'd like to get a fine set of Bret Harte's. How much would it cost, and is it obtainable? I was always stuck on that fellow, but I like Kipling the best of any fellow I ever read. He appeals to me. I'd love to read this afternoon again how Fuzzy Wuzzy broke the British Square. Can you send it to me elegantly bound?" This young man has the making of a collector. He has a genuine affection for books. He likes to fondle them and would not hurt their being on any consideration.

The start in collecting in most cases is simple. The impulse for it arises through an appreciative, intimate contact with the work of an author—a sort of spontaneous generation. The incipient steps might be as ingenuous as this: a man reads a book, and enjoys it. Perhaps he reads it again. By and by he feels a desire to have this book in a more pretentious form. He goes to a bookshop and asks the salesman, as the case may be, "Have you Stevenson's 'Treasure Island'?" He is shown an ordinary copy with linen covers. "I have that," he says. "What I want is a more attractive edition, better paper, larger type, and in a more durable binding." He says it in a tone as if he felt a sort of gratitude for pleasures received. The salesman then shows him a copy of what he describes as a de luxe edition. When told the price he is at first rather startled at the disparity in value, but after it is explained to him that only a limited number of this edition have been printed, and the type distributed, and so on, he feels satisfied and buys the book.

In buying this book he has made a start toward collecting. He bought a book he has already read, but bought it for its appeal to his fancy. Next time the salesman sees him in the store, knowing the man's foible for Stevenson, he calls his attention to still another edition of "Treasure Island", or maybe to some other of Stevenson's books. After a while he makes him get interested in some first edition of this author, not necessarily in the original cloth it was issued; but just an ordinary copy with edges cut, newly bound. That does not matter. It is just as well that he should know nothing as yet about the finer points. Let him grope his way at first, and find out gradually for himself the intricacies of collecting. One who starts out with a full-blown consciousness of what he wants, and begins to be finicky right at the outset, —insisting that everything be in the original boards, uncut, with paper label, and even so many pages of ad-

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vertisements at the end,—never will have a full share of the thrills of collecting; and what is more, his development will be mechanical, and his growth arrested. He will pay the penalty of the wide-awakeness of the precocious child. How, forsooth, is one to develop, if starting at the top?

To love perfection is laudable, assuredly. To strive for the best, is the very meaning of evolution; so who is there to find fault with such aspiration? To strive, yes; but not to outreach. Seldom any good comes of a premature desire. If one attains the object, the chances are one will not adequately appreciate it. But the more likely outcome is that one may never attain it, and this for the reason that, with one's as yet chaotic sense of values, one is apt to fail to grasp the opportunity even when it does present itself; or, worse still, by way of a backward evolution, one often ends by losing interest in the thing altogether. To wish for a thing and have its fulfilment unduly protracted is fatal. The interest simply exhausts itself for lack of sustenance—a case of devolution. "I shall wait until I get a copy such as I have set my mind on," he would protest, the novice who has had something put into his head. Wait, indeed. That was not the way Robert Hoe went about it, and none knew the right way better. Stickler for "points" as he was, he secured what was available for the time being, and then waited. Simultaneously with his diligent search for ever-fresh items, he was constantly on the lookout for finer copies of items already in his collection. In this manner, not only the collection as a whole was enlarging and developing continually, but each individual item went through a progressive development of its own. This mode of procedure multiplies the pleasures, moreover; while diminishing the nervous strain of uncertainty. It is the natural, spontaneous method, and the safest.

It is interesting to note that the biggest collectors commenced in a naive, undefined, crude manner. That prince of collectors, the late J. Pierpont Morgan, as is known bought at first indiscriminately. He bought all sorts of subscription sets, ornate bindings, and what not. He went on acquiring in this way until, by degrees, he reached the stage of differentiation. With his inborn connoisseur's instinct he reached that stage in comparatively short order; and from it soon rose to the ultimate stage.

There are three stages in the evolution of a book collector. They are assimilation, differentiation, and integration. Some never get beyond the first, most get entangled in the ramifications of the second stage, and only the superior few ever ascend to the point of integration.

To be sure, nearly all great collectors had a primitive, nebulous start, acquiring things promiscuously without a directive central thought. Take the towering figure of Henry E. Huntington himself; or the Clarks, the two highly evolved collectors of California; or Herschell V. Jones, or John L. Clawson, or W. T. Wallace, all of whom commenced their collecting in a more or less wabbling fashion. They used to buy all kinds of "junk"—in the pet phrase of a class-inspired confrere—and buy with their usual gusto. And I have also in mind one of our most intelligent and fastidious collectors today. He would send to the binder hundreds of books and spend thousands of dollars to have them rebound, thereby incidentally lessening their value from the higher standpoint. Not that he is in the least re-

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gretful—not he. Very likely, with his fine sense of humor, part of the expenditure he placed to the diversion account, anyway. Mentioning diversion, and having made some other remark a little above, it may not be amiss at this juncture to put in a charitable word for the much-reviled book agent. He has no doubt shown himself in unenviable lights more than once, and has killed many a tender plant by his forward methods; but, on the other hand, he has to his credit the sowing in unexpected spots of seeds which developed into robust growths. The matter with the book agent is that he has an insecure tenure.

Some of the full-fledged collectors may not possibly relish the idea of being reminded of their humble start, any more than many of us like to look squarely in the face the evolutionary theory of the origin of our being. But all of this is false pride. The lower down in the scale one starts, the more creditable is the ascent. Give me by all means a naive, unsophisticated man, but one inspired with enthusiasm. Let him have only a vague idea in his mind of something or other; and he will soon begin to develop, if placed in the right atmosphere.

A man loves books. Well, let him browse around among the shelves of a bookstore, and pick up this and that. Let his sole guide be his own untutored imagination. It is much better for him if he has no mentor to direct his steps at first. If he is under rigid care in the initial stages, he will miss much of the zest of the thing; nor will he progress very far. But, unguided, he will make blunders and spend money foolishly? Let him; so long as he has it to spend, and is not overcharged. He is entitled to his fancy—is he not? Besides, he needs the experience, and the shopkeeper needs the business. This may seem cynical, but it is not. It is the expression of life's own logic. Since when are we expected to ridicule the vagaries of our childhood and criticize them in the light of our advanced knowledge? The crucial test of the wisdom of a given action is: "Is it food for development, or is it poison?"

A gentleman once asked my advice as to how he should start collecting. I told him to buy the things which appealed to him personally, those he felt would give him pleasure in possessing, not the things which other people have, and which he himself perhaps would not appreciate. In starting this way one will derive satisfaction right at the beginning, and secure a wide basis of assimilation from which one may gradually rise to a higher and higher stage of differentiation. Imitation and emulation have their functions, but they must not be allowed to stifle the assertion of one's own initiative. There is a highly instructive instance which bears out this point almost to perfection. At the instigation of a friend who is a seasoned collector, an industrial magnate, who never before bought a rare book, walked into a well-known bookstore in New York one day; and, in a single purchase, procured a stately lot of top-notch items, spending about $50,000 in the process. That occurred nearly three years ago, and the man has not bought another book to add to his initial acquisition since, although he realizes, as he admitted to me himself, that he obtained good value for his money. Those acquainted with the facts of the case still keep wondering whether this spirited gentleman ever will recover from the effects of the over-dose he took on that occasion. He has ample means, and could easily

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afford to humor even an exacting fancy, but money in itself can never take the place of a whole-hearted enthusiasm. It is obvious that a desire, to be enduring, must spring from the person himself.

When one has already made a beginning in one's own individual manner,—with the line of development as yet inarticulate, that is, before one commences to specialize,—and is looking around for guidance and invites suggestions, I like to recommend, on general principles, the original edition of Burns's Poems—a handy, compact volume. Even the average reader is more or less conversant with this outstanding English classic; and consequently, the interest is readily enlisted. It is a case of linking a new experience to the old, which is an important educational principle. I show him, as a rule, the Edinburgh Edition, published in 1787, pointing out the misprints which are the distinguishing marks of the first issue, such as the word *Roxburgh* spelled *Boxburgh* in the list of subscribers, and the word *skinking* spelled *stinking* in the "Ode to a Haggis". The reason why I single out this edition is on account of these amusing points, and the extreme lowness of price in comparison with the Kilmarnock Edition, which was issued only a year earlier. Another book I like to recommend is "Gulliver's Travels", the issue with separate pagination of each part. This also is not a high-priced book, the same book with portrait without inscription in the oval being worth ten times as much. Still another of the great books which I have found to have a fascination for the intelligent beginner is Milton's "Paradise Lost". There are no less than eight different issues of the first edition, all of which agree in every particular as to the body of the book itself, differing chiefly in the variations of the title-page. These different issues are spoken of as the first edition with the first title, second title, etc., while the price between the issue with the first title, and that with the eighth, is in the ratio of about twenty to one. The disclosure of these points immediately arrests the attention and produces a receptive, inquiring mood.

The main thing always is that the curiosity should be aroused. I remember a young collector to whom I had shown a copy of the First Edition of "Robinson Crusoe", but one which is not generally considered the first issue, having the word *apply* in the preface spelled correctly, instead of as the first issue has it, *apyly*. When I pointed out to him how much less the price of that copy was than the one with the word incorrectly spelled, he laughed and said: "Is that all? I think I will take this rather than pay so much more for the incorrect copy." Since then, however, he exchanged his copy for the first issue, and has gladly paid the difference, for now he has reached the stage of differentiation.

I spoke of enthusiasm as being the one essential in the collector. There are those who are filled with ecstasy in the presence of great items. I had a copy not long ago of the first complete edition of John Skelton's Poems in the original binding. I showed it to A. Edward Newton, whose book "The Amenities of Book Collecting" has done so much to stir up enthusiasm in this field. As soon as he saw it, he wanted it. Unfortunately, I was not in a position to let him have it, owing to a prior claim upon it by another collector. He submitted to the inevitable for the moment, but when he returned to Philadelphia, he at once wired me, "Shall not be happy without the Skelton." Is not that delicious?

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Mr. Newton's friends, and their name is legion, will be pleased to know that he got the Skelton. Indeed, Mr. Newton is too intuitive a collector to wait upon the full maturing of his fancy, and thereby take the contingent risk of ever again meeting the prized item. The late Winston H. Hagen had a chance to buy the Van Antwerp copy of the first folio Shakespeare, and he let the opportunity slip by him, with the result that his important collection remained without a first folio he so greatly coveted. But, then, the fond hope was ever his.

And this brings us to the consideration of the most vital aspect of the question. Ordinarily to have a thing is more gratifying than to look for it. Not so when one enters the field of collecting. There the greater delight lies in the pursuit. The reason is that the collector while searching for an object is already in ideal contact with it. He knows the thing is there, and he feels quite certain he will find it; so he harbors an anticipatory sense of its ownership, with the edge of curiosity undulled by actual possession. Invariably, the sense of pursuit is what provides the keenest pleasure in the process of collecting. Here is a collector who undertakes to extra-illustrate the work of a favorite author. He will spare no time and labor to assemble the necessary material. He roams all over book-creation to find such a woodcut or a steelplate, or a colored view which he deems would best illumine a certain passage. While he is at work he goes through a succession of delights, which are heightened by the very difficulties he encounters. When the task is finished and the tension is relaxed, his interest in it presently begins to wane. Of course, this abatement of interest is only temporary, a reaction from the zeal and energy he put in the work. Still, this goes to show that the element of pursuit is the predominating factor. I wonder, in passing, if the impulse for collecting is not but a modification of the hunting instinct imbedded in our nature. It has all the earmarks of it. Hunting is essentially pursuit with possession as the climax. That is precisely what collecting is. Often this element of pursuit becomes over-accentuated. Who has not met with the species of collector who would view an item again and again, play with it like a cat with a mouse, hesitant to arrive at a decision, and yet all the while wanting it; for fear, largely not self-realized, of losing, by gaining possession of the thing, the excitement and fun which he experiences in dallying with the present object of his fancy. In some isolated cases the sense of pursuit gets entirely detached, a mental attitude strikingly exemplified in the story told of an Englishman who sat by a lake in Belgium intently watching the behavior of his line. A native observing his actions ventured the remark that there were no fish in that lake. "No matter, my lad, I am not fishing for fish, I am fishing for pleasure."

This case, it goes without saying, represents an abnormal state of mind which must be combated. The objective element ought always to be held in balance with the subjective; else the desire dominates the person, and leads to all sorts of eccentricities. To proceed gradually on the wave of alternation between pursuit and possession, without undue pressure and yet with unslackening tension, is what insures a sane, well-balanced progress.

There are various types of collectors, resulting from the intermixture of three ingredients: temperament, intellectual bent, and pocket-book.

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They may be divided into two large groups—the intensive, and the diffuse. An illustrious example of the intensive type is afforded by Henry C. Folger, the noted Shakespearian collector, while the majority of the collectors may be classed under the diffuse type. But there is still another type, the voluminous, which is a combination of the intensive and the diffuse, and of this type we have in Mr. Huntington a monumental embodiment.

The present widespread tendency to devote the margins of time to the pleasurable and informative task of collecting is a wholesome development. It would be a good thing if people would grow to still better realize that collecting is a most effective instrument of intellectual enrichment and mental harmony; and by progressively enlarging the sphere of our activities, is conducive to a broad and serene outlook upon life. To collect the variegated products of human achievement and ingenuity is to get in touch with the forces of civilization, is to drink at the headsprings of history, geography, art, science, and literature. It enables a person to focalize the scattered rays of his cultural interests, to gather himself together, "to see life steadily and see it whole".

CONVERSION

BY ELIZABETH HANLY

OH I have felt a ship's deck
Heave under me and so
I know what gods and poets
And sailormen must know:
Why shiftless folk go seeking
What thrifty folk despise;
How broken men and cruel
Have beauty in their eyes.

Since I have seen new planets
Pricked in a deeper blue,
I know what Drake and Frobisher
And old Magellan knew.
And no smug folk in harbor
Need ever question me
Why men who hate her thraldom
Go back again to sea.

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RECENT FRENCH BOOKS

BY A. G. H. SPIERS

An Oriental dancer's autobiography—a social novel by the French war humorist Maurois—Duhamel's war "Conversations", emotional reactions of a humanitarian idealism—an interviewer's symposium of German professional men's ideas on their country's defeat, the treaty and its application.

SHEMAKHA, Baku, Teheran, Constantinople, in the momentous years just before the war—we should welcome a well-written book upon these cities of Caucasia, Persia and the near East, were it nothing but the impressions of a European traveler. But Armèn Ohanian's "La Danseuse de Shamakha" is something far more human. It is no account of things seen from the outside which any foreigner, wide-awake and industrious, might record. It is the story of the author's own childhood and young womanhood written by an Armenian Christian and from an Armenian point of view. Armèn Ohanian is an artist known abroad for her interpretation of Caucasian and Persian dances.

There was much affection and joy, mingled with austerity, in the life of her family, dwelling in one of the villages sheltered like eagle's nests in the mountains, with their rose-colored citadels, their churches and their svelt minarets "d'où le chant nostalgique des meuzzins saluait le Dieu dans le soleil et se mêlait au son grave des cloches pour glorifier le même Dieu à la même heure." But evil days came to them when, an earthquake having shattered the town of Shemakha where they spent their winters, they were forced to remove to Baku on the Caspian Sea. Here the children going to school were punished if a single Armenian word fell from their lips and the girls, the boys, their mother and their father each suffered in different ways, according to their characters, from the indignities put upon them by an oppressive Russian government. Finally, the father having died as the result of a massacre connived in by the Cossacks, the family was broken up and Armèn, our author, went to live in Persia. She adapted herself as best she could to the customs of Resht and finally spent some time sharing, although she was a Christian, the home life, occupations, and amusements of a prominent Moslem family in Teheran. It was from this town that she at length set out upon her career as a dancer—a career which took her first to Constantinople and then to Cairo, bringing her into touch with western Europe.

Armèn Ohanian styles herself "une simple vagabonde d'Asie qui aime et qui hait selon son coeur". She is also a woman of evident culture with a gift of simple, frank, and agreeable expression, a power to feel distinctions and a strongly marked eastern temperament. She was ready to admire western civilization; but on coming

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to know it, she is by no means impressed; and her book echoes more than once not only a profound disappointment, but also the feeling that we might learn much from the East. "Je ne comprends vraiment pas d'où vient l'erreur commune à tous les Européens de croire l'Asiatique une esclave.... Je conseillerais à des suffragettes et à des féministes d'emprunter quelques préceptes de Mahomet concernant les droits des femmes. Perfectionnée par ces préceptes, la situation de l'Européenne, esclave de ses lois et de son époux, s'améliorerait pour beaucoup." She feels keenly under what handicap the dreamy Asiatic lives in the haunts of the European. "Moi aussi je n'ai pas échappé au sort cruel des lunatiques d'Asie en Occident et si je sais m'en débarrasser pour quelques rares instants, c'est à mes cymbales et à mon tambour que je le dois." The remark that there is but one law in the world, "manger son voisin ou être mangé par lui", calls forth from her the exclamation: "Que Dieu nous aide, nous autres, et qu'Il nous transforme de somnambules asiatiques en anthropophages civilisés!"

One of the most interesting features of this book is Armèn Ohanian's picture of the Armenian Christians, the primitive inflexibility of their religion, and the contrast between their austere lives and the lives of grace and ease of the Mohammedan Persians. It is only recently that their priests have understood that "nous seuls parmi tous les chrétiens du monde, ayant pris à la lettre les sublimes paroles du Christ, en restâmes les dupes, les dupes malheureuses des impossibles rêves. Et, ayant mis de côté leurs soutanes et leur crucifix" (through which, until now, these priests have exhorted the Armenians to nonresistance during the massacres), "ils se mêlèrent aux insurgés." She makes a few rapid but telling remarks upon the concessions and compositions of the church of the West, for she has evidently suffered not a little from its insincerity. But she recognizes nevertheless the disasters resulting, in her opinion, from the attitude of her own people: had they been less literal in their Christianity, they would not now be so terribly decimated. Moreover Armèn Ohanian's own nature, encouraged no doubt by her stay in Persia, is somewhat in opposition to the attitude of her race; it was apparently the pressure of her life-loving temperament, with its desire for beauty, new sights and new sensations, and its delight in the mystic, the "irréel" (as she calls it) atmosphere which surrounds the dancer in the East, that made her set out upon her voyages, when forced to give up the easy life of Teheran.

The present book stops with Armèn Ohanian's departure from Egypt—not on her way to India and China where she longs to go, but to London whither she is forced by a contract signed in ignorance. I am told that she is at present in Madrid preparing a second volume describing her progress in western countries.

André Maurois is a public benefactor. To see his name on the cover of a new book reminds us that we owe to him, as we do to a few others such as Poulbot and Bairnsfather, one of the few moments of amusement that relieved the grimness of the war. It will be many months before we forget the delightful humor of his "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble", its well-told anecdotes, its feeling for character, and its understanding, so rare in the work of a Frenchman, of the vigor, courage and almost apologetic devo-

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tion to high, traditional ideals that lie beneath the burly exterior of the Britisher.

Maurois's "Ni Ange ni Bête" is unlike its predecessor. Whereas the first is an unpretentious collection of detached episodes or sketches, this book is more ambitious. It consists of a connected narrative with at least a suggestion that the author has a moral to point. It describes the experiences and feelings of a political progressive during the agitated years of French history 1846-1852, the period of the republican revolution of 1848, the *coup d'état* and the return to absolutism under the emperorship of Napoléon le Petit. This democrat with socialist leanings is abandoned by his friends and driven from France by his enemies, the rewards for his too ingenious enthusiasm for reform being, in addition to his exile to England and a call on Lamartine, the possession of a trustworthy yet pretty wife and the opportunity to meditate upon the ideas of an easy-going philosopher who believes in the evident truth that "pour qu'une revolution soit utile, il faut qu'elle se borne à sanctionner une évolution déjà accomplie; et dans ce cas, elle n'a pas besoin de la violence."

This novel has many qualities. It is permeated with a graceful irony, and it treats with affectionate pity those who erroneously believe that human society may be made anew over night. I recognize and enjoy also the ease of Maurois's style. These qualities should and will, no doubt, appeal to many readers. But, speaking for myself, the book does not impress me. In spite of the grave thoughts upon the nature of man, prefixed to each of its three divisions, it is little more than a pleasantly written story in which the disappointments of humanitarian dreams are mitigated by the comforts of requited affection. Only in the most superficial way, can it be considered an exposition of Pascal's great thought which has supplied Maurois with his title: "L'homme n'est ni ange ni bête, et le malheur veut que qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête."

In a former volume, as readers of THE BOOKMAN know, Duhamel plead for what was little short of re-education of the heart of modern society. He desired to substitute for our preoccupation with material and inanimate things an interest in, and a sympathy with, the feelings of our fellow men: in no other way, so he maintains, can the world recapture the happiness it has lost. That Duhamel has taken his own lesson seriously, that he practises what he preaches, there is no doubt; and it is this fact which lends charm and distinction to his most recent book, "Entretiens dans le Tumulte".

In certain ways this is the best work yet produced by Duhamel. At the outset of his literary career, he was earnestly seeking to give form and substance to an impulse which stirred within him. He had caught sight, with some indistinctness, of a new conception of what was most worth while in life, and he was trying to express this conception in a style equally novel. His writing at that time was strained, uncouth and even, at times, unintelligible to the average reader. This was particularly noticeable in the verse of "Les Compagnons", and was still discernible in certain parts of his prose "La Possession du Monde". "Les Entretiens" shows a decided advance. Duhamel is now more at home in the attitude of his choosing, and the question of form has settled itself, so true is it that "Ce

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que l'on conçoit bien s'énonce clairement". His style was never so simple as in these "entretiens"; yet nowhere has he made us feel so strongly those subtleties of social intuition and human communings which are the distinctive feature of his inspiration.

With much skill, for instance, he brings out the mutual mistrust of two soldiers, both profoundly devoted to France yet so different in temperament that the tender, solicitous patriotism of the first is incomprehensible to the robust, unalarmed love of country of the second. Here he notes the peculiar contentment emanating from the presence of certain personalities: "Les choses vont ainsi avec Houtelette: quand il est là, on ne le remarque point, mais son absence est en général remarquée." There he describes the mournfulness, the sense of general oppression that sometimes comes upon a group of men and that seems inexplicable until finally traced to the sadness, quiet and unobtrusive though it may be, of one of their number. And still elsewhere he makes us share the loneliness of Cauchois: during the night and when dreaming in the daytime, Cauchois is conscious of his wife and child supporting him with their affection; but he misses, as the years of war drag on, "la grande pensée" of his countrymen living away from the trenches, "la grande pensée de là-bas qui nous enveloppait, dans les premiers temps, et qu'on nous retire, maintenant, comme un vêtement prêté." At times indeed, Duhamel's sense of emotional atmosphere transcends the individual, and then we have a striking description of what might be called the soul of an anonymous gathering.

Such passages as these represent what is perhaps the most lasting and what is certainly the most individual merit of "Les Entretiens": they suggest that we are reading an author who is calling our attention to human truths of real value, which have hitherto escaped our consideration. But it is not these passages which will attract most attention at the present moment. They will be overshadowed by others expressing the likes and dislikes, the hopes and the fears of one who, having lived close to the realities of the war, speaks the mind of hundreds or thousands of the younger men whose opinions will soon count in the direction of the world's affairs. Duhamel detests the war, and he is alternately either put out of patience or saddened by everyone and everything which may tend to make its recurrence possible by obscuring its lessons. Written immediately before the armistice and in the months that followed its declaration, these "conversations" are mainly concerned with the reactions of a broadly humanitarian idealism, exasperated by the egoism and quibbling of politicians, delighted by the plain speaking and brotherly affection of Wilson (whose utterances Duhamel comes near comparing to those of Christ), and hoping against hope that there will be no return to the "morale usée", the "vieilles religions compromises" and the "institutions sociales et politiques condamnées" of 1914.

Certain of the "entretiens" are marred by impetuous irresponsibility of tone and expression; and others repeat arguments and ideas that have been more effectively and more thoroughly put forward by other writers. A few, however, have a real and pathetic appeal. Such for instance is that entitled "La Légende", in which the writer and a friend mark with dismay the futility of any attempt to pass on to men of future generations a

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knowledge of the hideous experiences undergone by the men of the present: scarcely was the armistice declared when, on the very eleventh of November, "l'humanité tout entière contemplait le passé monstrueux et s'apprêtait à en faire des souvenirs", with all the mendacious adornment which memory inevitably bestows. Such, too, is another "entretien" which recalls the words with which Duhamel brought to a close "La Possession du Monde". It is a plea for an attempt on the part of the nations, and especially of France, to try a policy of magnanimous and cordial disinterestedness—a plea in which, as a reply to the disillusioned arguments of an objector, he exclaims: "Ne discutez point; ouvrez vos livres et dites-moi si jamais, au long de soixante siècles d'histoire, les hommes voués à la direction des peuples ont eu l'originale grandeur de leur faire accomplir une seule de ces actions majestueuses et désintéressées qui ont fait, parfois, la gloire d'individus isolés".

Maurice Berger's "La Nouvelle Allemagne" is a timely book, consisting of a set of interviews obtained since the signing of the armistice from prominent Germans of every profession—diplomats, politicians, journalists, manufacturers, scientists, financiers, artists, and writers. It shows the ideas of these men upon realizing that Germany had been defeated in the war, their hopes concerning the peace terms, and the suggestions they wished to spread abroad in their efforts to make these terms and their application as favorable as possible. The interviewer has taken care to get, as far as conditions would permit, reliable data upon the state of public opinion in Germany. That this state is not ideal from the Allied point of view, may be seen from the following extracts of Berger's conclusions: "For this nation of seventy million people the truth is simple enough: Germany was carrying on a defensive war. She had become too powerful and too rich: the envy of England and the rancor of France had schemed to ruin her". The Germans, generally, still believe in all the fanciful stories by which they were originally duped: French aviators dropping bombs on Nuremberg on the first of August, 1914, French doctors poisoning the wells of Metz, French officers preparing the passage of French troops through Luxemburg. "Today, it is true, some Germans are beginning to doubt the most patent falsehoods of earlier days and to uphold the theory of preventive war: the Allies had, according to this theory, forged around Germany a deadly ring which it was time, if ever, to break through.... The government of the German Republic is continuing to circulate the falsehoods of the former government of the Empire. The great mass of the population continues to be deceived by these falsehoods". And the result of all this is a tragic misunderstanding: "L'Entente agit comme un justicier vis-à-vis d'un criminel et ce criminel se croit un innocent puni par un coupable."

La Danseuse de Shamakha. By Armèn Ohanian. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
Ni Ange ni Bête. By André Maurois. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
Entretiens dans le Tumulte. By Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France.
La Nouvelle Allemagne. By Maurice Berger. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

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ABOUT ESSAYS, AND THREE

BY MARY TERRILL

THE essay is coming back again.

About every twenty years that slogan gets at the top of the editorial page of a literary publication. How far this comeback is engineered by the Readers' Trust in the publishing houses, whether they are pushed into it by the psychic tugs of their clientele, or whether it is purely a mechanical and periodic return of an immortal art-form, space (and brains) lacks us to go into.

But the essay is really coming back. Who was it started the ball a-rolling again? Not Maeterlinck, Havelock Ellis, or James Huneker. They have never quitted the essay. With them brevity has not only been the soul of wit but the dugs of thought. Is anything outside of fiction and politics worth more than ten thousand words? To be brief is Latin; to be prolix is German. We haven't enough time or lives handy to read your point of view in ten thousand words. There are too many points of view nowadays. The facets of the brain multiply beyond our counting numerals. All life aspires to condensed expression. Say it quickly, and say it well. The pigeonholes in our brains are full to bulging. There's a fellow waiting behind you who will have his say. And a line in back of him that stretches around the corner of our consciousness.

Maybe it was Carl Van Vechten, or John Cowper Powys, or Arnold Bennett, or Robert Cortes Holliday that resurrected the delightful art of literary rambling; or Chesterton, or Mencken. The point is moot.

Great essayists are as rare as great personalities. The mono-rail mind seldom expresses itself in an essay. It is essentially the form of the many-sided man. It is the natural matrix of the sensitive, the *raffiné*, the thousand-mirrored chronicler. His unity of vision and reaction lies in his form. His viewpoint may be just the ribbon around the bouquet. He is generally a decadent, a dilettante. He is a reporter of nuances. He is a sampler of all spiritual jam-pots. He is a perpetual traveler without a Baedeker or a Cook's safe-conduct. He may be a ponderous old gossip like Samuel Johnson, a surgeon of tendencies like Arthur Symons, or a bed-prowling cat like Sainte-Beuve; but they are all alike in this—they are the antennæ of literature. This was even true of old Sam Johnson; his antennæ were spikes and nails, but they were often highly magnetized with wit and epigram. Hippopotamus, his hide was thick but telepathic.

No essay should ever be finished. The perfect essay ought to repeat life, which is a fragment of something else. It ought to suggest another essay. It should have no bottom to stand on. It

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should be a cocktail, but never a meal. Oscar Wilde said the great pleasure that a cigarette gave him came from the manner in which it left him unsatisfied. A great essay is a cigarette—an unsatisfactory promise. It is the ash-tray of our emotions and visions. The two finest essays in the language, to my way of thinking, are Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide and the introduction to the Declaration of Independence (unexpurgated).

Here are three books of essays, by Carl Van Vechten, Conrad Aiken, and Sherlock Bronson Gass. Three essayists utterly different—Mr. Gass, in fact, not being an essayist at all, but a psychological novelist. His book is called "A Lover of the Chair". An excellent title for such a philosophic and humorous rambler through life and books and art as Mr. Gass. A chair is the real Seven-Leagued Boot. It is the first and last Time-Machine of thinkers and dreamers. Mr. Gass sits in a very easy chair upholstered in light blue with ivory casters.

His style is easy, Pateresque. He has many windows in his room, but is never bothered by a telephone. His central character has a Marius-the-Epicurean proclivity for Plato-like discussions and fencings on all the questions of the day and some that are quasi-eternal. When he ventures from his chair in his room it is to take one in an obscure restaurant or in a college. He is a poet; hence his musings and spiritual adventures have a glossy atmospheric haze about them. He has the gentle, well-behaved irony of "The New Republic" school. Like all healthy mossbacks, he is a liberal. His revolts against the æsthetic and political formulas of the time seem icily regular enough. He wants to be sure he isn't wrong, which is always fatal. His reactions are never violent enough to cause a readjustment of his spine in his easy chair.

This Socratic Marius is worried a great deal over Beauty, Soul, Emotion, and Reason. He interviews many Tesmans to get at their essence. After hearing a lecture on Christianity and evolution, it is recorded by Mr. Gass that his poet "crept back to his room and meditated". That might be, appropriately, the end of every one of the essays in the book. Quite the gentlemanly thing to do. In fact, "A Lover of the Chair" is a gentleman's book by a gentleman. It is a fine instance of what the essay should not be.

"In the Garret", by Carl Van Vechten, is the essay set to the music of dish-rattling in a table d'hôte restaurant. Mr. Van Vechten, one of the most readable and breeziest essayists of the day, refuses to sit in any chair. When he writes he runs. If he does sit for a moment, it is on the bar in some old tavern or on top of a trolley-car at Forty-seventh and Broadway. Therefore he writes. He eats and gallivants; therefore he lives.

He is a connoisseur of the vivid and the odd, of the flashing and the grotesque. His essays are the Midnight Frolics of a joyous, pagan soul. He is what Bohemia ought to be—Burgundy, charlotte russe and cymbalum. He has a magnificent way of being unimportant. His touch is light and artistic. His culture is Hunekeresque. His scholarship is musicianly, sometimes jazzy. "In the Garret" is a full meal—from soup to "nuts".

There are varieties on any old theme—Oscar Hammerstein, Philip Thicknesse (an admirable and life-size Van Vechten of the eighteenth century), Mimi Aguglia, Holy Jumpers, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Gluck, Salome, and Darktown. "La Tigresse", a "New York Night's Entertainment",

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contains a tribute to our city that ought to be read by every Kansan. Mr. Van Vechten loves New York from the soles of its subway to the crown of its Woolworth Tower. He loves it above all other cities because it is unique. It is the whirling dervish of the planet. Impenitent, materialistic, cacophonic, Babelian old New York, ratifying no amendments whatsoever and going to the dogs like a radiant Jezebel! Baudelaire gave Victor Hugo a new thrill of horror; New York has given the world a new and magical diabolism. We are the Holy Jumpers of civilization. "Nothing in New York is incongruous because everything is," says Mr. Van Vechten. If London is Handel, New York is the Beethoven of discords. Mr. Van Vechten himself ought to compose the great American opera, "Tout Gotham". And bring Gabriele D'Annunzio here to do the singing words.

Conrad Aiken's "Scepticisms" is academic. It concerns poets—Edgar Lee Masters, John Gould Fletcher, Lola Ridge, D. H. Lawrence, William Stanley Braithwaite, Alan Seeger, Ezra Pound, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Maxwell Bodenheim, Amy Lowell, John Cowper Powys, Louis Untermeyer and others concerned in interpreting Americans through the Musæ of poetry. We notice, by the way, in looking through our classical dictionary, that there is no Muse of vers libre. Will Mr. Aiken attend to this matter? Those of us who are building the Parnassus of the West must find a muse that will apotheosize Walt Whitman, who was America incarnate and the first vers librist of the western hemisphere whose name is universal.

In saying that "Scepticisms" is academic, I mean nothing derogatory. There have been great academicians. It is possible for a man to go through college without blanketing his fires—if he have any. Real genius may survive the professorial Gradgrinds and still have where to lay its head. But it is noticeable that most collegiates run to "criticism". They lack enthusiasm. They never let themselves go. They break rules with a profound and measured "Ahem!" or an *apologia pro vita sua,* or in the case of Mr. Aiken an *apologia pro specie sua.* They part their thoughts precisely in the middle and use a mustache brush on the subjects they are dealing with. Their critical estimates are the product of their intellectual emotions. Their emotions are discredited—or discreditable, it would seem, in their own view. They shove their brainstorms into their carefully prepared cyclone cellars. They are, to me, like a man engaged, Sisyphus-like, in rolling a collar-button to the top of the dome of their intelligence for the express purpose of watching it fall back into the River of Tendency. They are Justice with a pair of scales—and blinded, of course.

But Mr. Aiken, in his *apologia,* is honest. After berating the stone-throwing of Amy Lowell, Louis Untermeyer, and Ezra Pound, he says he is going to throw some stones himself. He is going to boost Aiken. He confesses that "my sympathies are, perhaps, just a trifle broader and more generous than the average". Of course, of course. It's all a game, dear reader. There is really no fight going on; no professional jealousy among our twenty-one Great American Poets. Every knock is a boost. Each one of them individually having nothing to say—with a few exceptions. They believe if they all talk at once an editor will listen—at a dollar a line. Well, here is Mr. Aiken's hat

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in the ring to the tune of thirty essays. The fact that the hat is, from the standpoint of style, pre-Addisonian and the ring is the Poetry Society —oh, any old poetry society, I mean —doesn't make any difference. It makes good sedative reading after you have got tired of Mencken, Cabell, Powys and some few others of the real brains of America—in the matter of the essay, I mean.

For instance, I believe Maxwell Bodenheim is a great poet. Well, why not say so, Mr. Aiken, if you think so —and say it in adjectives? Instead, we get something like this:

"Now, Bodie boy, there are great things in you unexpressed. I'm going to explain to my public why you are not always up to par. I'm going to Freud out your split infinitives and Jung out your possibilities. You are at odds with yourself. You are, see, a symbolist. Now, do you think that's a good thing for you? Think it over, Bodie boy—the Poetry Society is looking at you! Now, why don't you write like me, and, further—" And so on and so on à la Tupper.

There are few of our essayists who have not found the stable of Pegasus as yet.

A Lover of the Chair. By Sherlock Bronson Gass. Marshall Jones Co.
In the Garret. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf.
Scepticisms. By Conrad Aiken. Alfred A. Knopf.

A NEW POET OF NATURE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

IT was my good fortune, during a recent journey to the Mississippi valley (July-September, 1919), to discover a new poet—one of those rare spirits who find their inspiration in nature and speak, if I may use the phrase, from the soul outward. This man of undoubted genius lives humbly and most simply in a crude shanty boat in the Second Slough, about four miles above the town of Riverbank, Iowa. His name is Henry J. Plitt. I had rowed around the lower end of the island on which I was cottaging and discovered his shanty boat by accident, and in the course of a short conversation I mentioned that I was a writer for the magazines, etc. After some hesitation he asked me if I would look at some poems he had written and tell him what I thought of them.

Mr. Plitt, whom I may call a hitherto undiscovered genius, is a man of over seventy and has, all his life, lived on or near the majestic Father of Waters and, practically, in the lap of nature. He is a shy man, as those in close communion with nature are likely to be, and at the time I saw him first was shy a pair of socks, shoes, a haircut, and any kind of smoking tobacco I was willing to give him.

His best poem, and most spiritedly imaginative, is too long to give here, being almost epic in quality and length. The title he has given it should, I think, be changed when the

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poem is published in book form. He himself suggested that he was not quite satisfied with the title, which at present is "Them Dam Snaiks". It tells of a certain horde, or cohort, of pink snakes with green spots that invaded his shanty boat one summer, shortly after Iowa passed her first Prohibition Law, and Mr. Plitt, as he says, "went onto a three weeks' spree with this here lemon extract, but you couldn't git me to touch the stuff now with a ten-foot pole."

There are parts of the poem, "Them Dam Snaiks", that remind one strikingly of portions of Edgar Allan Poe's more imaginative work or the weird concepts of Coleridge, or however you spell him, in "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan", as when Mr. Plitt says:

I've seen snaiks afore, and plenty,
And I ain't scairt of nineteen or twenty,
But when you go to take a drink out of the pail
And there's five or six hundred of these here
Pink and green snaiks into it
It makes me turn pale.

And again:

This here snaik riz up onto its hind laigs
And says, "Fried aigs! Fried aigs!"
In a most insulting kind of voyce
That didn't make me for to rejoice;
And no matter what the other snaiks was doing that day
"Fried aigs! Fried aigs!" was all this here one would say,
And seeing as I hadn't no fried aigs to serve
That "Fried aigs! Fried aigs!" got on my nerves.

"Them Dam Snaiks" is a human document of the utmost value, as well as a remarkable poem, and nowhere have I seen the anguish of a human soul in distress so tellingly and lengthily portrayed, unless, indeed, by Dante. In a far gentler and more idyllic mood is the short poem, "Oh, Plant Me a Garden". Here Mr. Plitt voices a sentiment that will echo in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of men—and the few women—infatuated by piscatorial sport. I give the poem in full, as it is short, and its beauty would be marred by any curtailment:

O plant me a garden somewheres near
To where my shanty boat is ankered here.
O plant me a garden, but don't make no mistaik,
I don't want no flour garden like what wimmenfolks make.
Plant me a garden of fishing wurms—
Big long fat ones what wiggels and squrms.
Plant me a garden so that when my spade
Turns up a shovelfull of dirt it'll look like
I'd dug up all the fishworms that was ever made.
Sometimes in dry wether I've dog and dog for mitey neer a day
And hardly dog up one dang wurm, and that don't pay.
So plant me a garden of fishing wurms
Big, long, fat ones what wiggels and squrms.

While the temptation to give all, or parts of all, of the poems written by Henry J. Plitt is great, I must not take the bloom off his work by quoting too much before the publication of the book I am assured he will soon have printed. I cannot refrain, however, from giving one more taste of his work. In this he, at times, glides from the more severe and restrained rhymed forms, affected by Tennyson, Longfellow, and the elder poets, into the newer verse form, unrhymed, preferred by so many of our notable younger riders of Pegasus. This final offering I give, also, in full. It is:

ODE TO A STINGING NETTUL

O stinging nettul I've got a noshun you are about the meanest kind
Of horticulture, or whatever it is, anybody could ever find;
And the wust of it is there's about forty-nine akers and a half of
You towards the innards of the island, growing up to a man's waist or above.

You don't have no froot or no blossum to menshun much,
But just sting a feller on the hands or laigs or wherever you tutch,
And the wust of you is you don't look like no stinger
But like a common old weed—
And then you go and sting like a yellow-jacket.

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Yoor a snaik in the gras, by garsh, and I
Don't cair who heers me say it.

You've stang my hands and fais
And also my laigs and nees
Right throo my pants, which aint thik,
And throo my B. V. Dees
Or would if I woar anny, but I don't,
Never having got them luxyourious habbits.

The only decent thing about you is you are brittel
And a feller can go along and nock you over with a stick.
So the morrel is the world is full of darn meen human stinging nettuls
And all us honest law-abiding sitizens would be stang to deth
Only thair so brittel that a feller can nock them over easy
As he goes along tending to his own bizness
And not interfeering with annybuddy
Because it's hard enuf to git along nowadays
With the hi cost of living and everything
And I don't wonder sum of us gits a little soar
Once in a wile.

So mister stinging nettul, all I got to say
Is you better keep out of my way
Because you ain't no frend of mine
And I'm reddy to nock you over anny time.

THE ARMENIAN CLASSICS

A Literature of Minstrel-Monks

BY W. D. P. BLISS

THERE have been monks in every country and minstrels in most; but rarely, if ever, has there been such a combination of the two; rarely, if ever, have there been such minstrel-monks as in ancient Armenia. Speaking generally, one may almost say that the Armenian classics are the product of monks who sang like minstrels and of minstrels who sing like monks. It gives to Armenian literature a unique and fascinating interest. Its higher reaches in poetry, and not seldom even in prose, have the power, the stateliness, the sustained music of a Gregorian chant—sad, sometimes, almost as a funeral dirge, yet often also with the lilt, the tenderness, the grace of a South-land song. One is never merry when he reads Armenian verse; yet when one has begun it, he never stops.

Byron surely felt its charm when, studying Armenian at the Mectharist Convent at St. Lazar, Venice, he became so interested in it that he took part in the publication of an Armenian-English dictionary and grammar, and wrote that Armenian "is a rich language and would amply repay anyone the trouble of learning it". It requires trouble, it is true, and some going below the surface. Outwardly, Armenian is, to say the least, not a mellifluous language—it is full of gutturals, its charm is inward. It is the sweet kernel of a rough shell. It comes to us a minnesinger, disguised in cowl and gown. As a matter of fact, most Armenian mediæval literature was written in the cloister and cell, and has the tone of ghostly visions and midnight vigils. But all this is on the surface. At its heart is the beat of a living human interest and not seldom even the devotion of a lover.

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Yet the rough sound of the language and its monastic external characteristics have misled many. Few in our busy western world have followed Byron's advice and taken the trouble to learn Armenian. Armenia has seemed very far away—an ancient country, little connected with our modern life. Even the erudite author of the article on Armenian literature in the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica,—the Oxford scholar, Dr. Conybeare,—declares that Armenian literature is "purely monkish" and without epic or romantic interest. One comes to wonder if Dr. Conybeare can have read Armenian romances—they are very numerous—or knows of the Armenian epics. It would almost seem that his very erudition,—he is the author of "The Ancient Armenian Texts of Aristotle"—, his long lists of Armenian chroniclers, have made him overlook much in both ancient and modern Armenian which is anything but monkish, sometimes epic and almost continually romantic.

We believe that a short account of Armenian literature will show this interest and sustain this position.

But let us preface our account, by the statement that today much knowledge of Armenian lyric and romantic literature can be had without learning Armenian. In 1916 there was published in London in aid of the Lord Mayor's Armenian fund, a sumptuous volume in English—"Armenian Legends and Poems" (translations) compiled by Zabelle G. Boyajian, and containing also an illuminating chapter on "Armenia, Its Epics, Folk-songs and Mediæval Poetry", written by the Armenian litterateur, Aram Raffi, son of the novelist. The volume has also most artistic and interesting illustrations.

Right at the beginning, however, of one's Armenian studies he finds a genuine surprise. Armenian literature is not oriental. And this is so because of the fact, surprising to most, that in truth the Armenian himself by racial descent is not oriental, but a European in an oriental home. Modern scholars, from careful researches and inscriptions somewhat recently deciphered in Cappadocia and at Van, are for the most part agreed that those whom we call Armenians did not originally inhabit the country we call Armenia, but that they came there, perhaps in the seventh century B.C., not from Asia, but from Europe. The Armenian is a European for a slight period of twenty-six hundred years misplaced in Asia. You will find his analogue, therefore, not in Arabia, India, China or Turkistan, but perhaps beside the Danube or by some European mountain range, since some scholars trace his forbears to the Balkan peninsula, while others find them of the ancient Alpine stock of Europe.

This view does not deny that before the Armenians came to Armenia, there were peoples around Mt. Ararat, of, perhaps, Assyrian, Semitic or even earlier Hittite stock; possibly of races older still. With these the Armenian newcomers undoubtedly more or less intermarried, acquiring, beyond question, some Semitic or Iranian characteristics. Nor can twenty-six centuries of environment in Asia have failed to leave their impress upon habits and customs. Yet it is marvelous how little Asiatic is the Armenian. Asia is the world-mother of religions and of hordes—the birthland of men's dreams of heaven, broken by wild nightmares of Mongols and Tartars shedding blood. In Armenian literature you will find no Al Koran, no Zend Avesta, nor epics singing of a Tamur Leng or a Zenghis Khan. Ar-

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menia belongs to Europe, whence have sprung the arts of peace and of busy, active life.

One passing indication of its European kinship is that Armenian is written from left to right, not like Oriental languages, from right to left. It has also a separate symbol for each vowel—not, as in so many Semitic or other eastern languages, leaving the vowel sound to be supplied.

The Armenian's first interest, however, is action. Hence, you will find in Armenian literature perhaps more activities than great products. The first book printed in any oriental language was an Armenian Ephemeris printed in Venice in 1512 by one Hagob. The first newspaper in the Near East was an Armenian journal, printed in Madras, India, in 1794. The modern Armenian alphabet is not a growth from the old, but was invented characteristically by St. Mesrob in 404 A.D.; it ushered in the first golden age of Armenian literature. St. Sahak, the Armenian Catholicos, or Primate, at this time, translated the Bible into Armenian, a work sometimes called the queen of translations. He was a great patron of learning, and formed a school of translators whom he sent to Edessa, Cæsarea in Cappadocia, Constantinople, Athens, Antioch, Alexandria, even Rome, to procure codices and translate them. It is said that nearly every book of importance written in Greek or Syriac, with some in Latin, was translated at this time into Armenian. To these translations the world owes some writings the originals of which have disappeared; among them being Homilies by John Chrysostom, with works by Philo, Eusebius and others. And these translations were read. National schools at this time were started all over Armenia. Education was so general that we read of Armenian ladies in the eighth century composing songs and poems—another indication of the non-oriental character of Armenia.

In more recent times, too, Armenia has shown even more remarkable literary activities. Since, under Turkish rule, Armenians could with difficulty publish at home, Armenian printing-presses were established at Venice in 1565, Lemberg 1616, Leghorn 1640, Amsterdam 1660 (transferred to Marseilles 1672), Constantinople 1672, and about the same time at Milan, Paris, Padua, Leipzic, and Vienna. In our own day Armenian literary centres have developed at Constantinople, Moscow, Tiflis, and Paris, with well-known Armenian writers both in London and New York.

It is probably this love of action that has made Armenian literature so especially strong in histories and chronicles. No less than fifty Armenian chroniclers wrote in the ancient Armenian, known as "Grabar", before the fifth century. What other century has such a record? Yet it is just the long list of such writers which has given rise, undoubtedly, to the idea that Armenian literature is purely monkish. But one discovers that these Armenian historians, though most of them were monks or Vartabeds (priests), were by no means mere chroniclers. Their main themes are the vicissitudes, the sorrows, and the brave deeds of Armenian history. It is true that these histories are by no means always critically reliable; indeed, from the standpoint of sober industry, many of them may be said to be too romantic. Most of them are in verse and not a few of them truly poetic. Moses of Chorene in the fifth century,—the Moses who led Armenian writers into the Holy Land of Christian literature,—

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was anything but a dry-as-dust. The first volume of his history and part of the second are almost wholly made up of summaries and quotations from the epics and legends of pre-Christian Armenia. Raffi calls his history "a marvelous panorama, which, as it unfolds, fills us with fresh wonder and admiration." He says the story of Tiridates is narrated in such a way as to draw tears from every reader and—to use an Armenian expression—make him feel "as if the hairs of his head have turned into thorns".

Eglishé (Elias), a contemporary of Moses of Chorene's, was considered a poet, rather than a historian, and his histories were read in Armenia next widely to the Bible. Saint Gregory of Narek of the tenth century (Grigor Narekatzi) wrote elegies, odes, panegyrics and homilies, but above all, prayers. His "Narek" is a mingling of prose and verse, composed of poetical prayers, and represents almost the only Armenian mysticism. The Catholicos, Nerses of Shnorkali, who wrote in the twelfth century, Raffi calls the Fenelon of Armenia. He also wrote his histories in verse. He is the author of many beautiful prayers, while some of his "Sharakans" (hymns) are still sung in Armenian churches.

For Armenian epics and legends we have to turn to pre-Christian days. In Armenia as in some other lands Christianity, while a great civilizer and illuminator (Was not the first great Armenian saint called Gregory, the Illuminator?), acted also to no little extent as an extinguisher of this world joyousness and life. Armenia was the first Christian country, the first state as a state to declare for Christianity. It took its religion very seriously and for long centuries knew little else. Losing national independence, its church became to a large extent the nation, and the bond which through centuries of sufferings has marvelously preserved and united the Armenian people.

But it did not lend itself to epic and romance. A modern Armenian, writing from Paris, calls Christianity "that eternal scourge of humanity which made all our older literature the privileged possession of decadent and sickly souls." Pre-Christian Armenia was romantic enough. The earliest Armenian legends and myths connect themselves naturally with their heathen divinities: the Armenian Aramagd, the architect of the universe; Anahit, the Armenian Diana, the Golden Mother, the pure and spotless Goddess; Astghik, the Armenian Venus, the Goddess of beauty, the personification, like the Sidonian Astarte, of the moon. There were spirits, some of them evil, like Alk, a very harmful devil; there are nymphs—some called Parik (dancers), and some Hushka Parik, "dancers to a melody in the minor key". Around these and other mythical beings gathered innumerable legends.

Armenian epics are based on the national history, though the earliest ones have immortals in the background. As in the Hebrew writings, "there were giants in those days". One early Armenian epic tells of Haik, the famous archer, who becomes the hero of Armenia. From him Armenians derived the name by which they call themselves, "Hai"; and their country, not Armenia, but "Hayastan". In the epics, the son of Haik is Armenag, a common Armenian name today, and a name from which some believe comes the name Armenia. The grandson of Armenag was Amasa, whence Masis, the Armenian name for Mt. Ararat.

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One Armenian epic concerns a king, Ara, the Beautiful, romantically loved by Semiramis. She sent messengers to invite him to Nineveh, promising him half her kingdom if he would become her husband; and on his declining this, on the seemingly sufficient ground that he had a wife already, she sent an army to bring him by force. Even when he died, and the army brought his corpse, the Queen endeavored to have it restored to life by magic. Other Armenian epics tell of Tigranes the Great—in his day the mightiest monarch in Asia. Another sings the love story of King Artashes II:

It rained showers of gold when Artashes became bridegroom,
It rained pearls when Saternik became a bride.

Of Armenian dances none have come down to us, though we learn from Greek and Latin writers that King Artavazd I, son of Tigranes the Great, wrote tragedies, while Plutarch tells us of theatres and actors in Armenia. An Armenian Christian writer of the fifth century writes a polemic against them.

Armenian literature, however, excels in the short poem. "Armenian Poems and Legends", above referred to, gives many examples of these in charming translations. There were lullabies, charm-verses, nuptial-songs, funeral dirges—the latter sung by professional mourners, "mothers of lamentations".

These songs in many cases continued in use during the Christian period, because, as an Armenian historian tells us, though the Church frowned on the songs, "the people languished for them". In the later centuries ashoughs (minstrels) became especially popular and romantic. They sang at all Armenian weddings and festivities, on bridges and in the squares, and wandering from courtyard to courtyard. One of the most notable of these was Sayat Nova, born in 1712. He was a court-favorite, and in his own words, "sat in the palaces among the beauties and sang to them". Several Armenian archbishops or metropolitans are among the Armenian singers of passion and love. One of these was Mkrtich Naghash, Archbishop of Diaebekir, who sings of the loves of the Rose and the Nightingale —the theme also of another archbishop, Gregoris of Aghtamar. Hevhanis Tulkourantzi, Catholicos of Sis, is called a poet of flowers, beauty, and love. But he could also sing of death.

Like an eagle flying far,
Forth on wide-spread wings thou farest;
All the strong ones of the earth
In thy wing-tips rolled thou bearest.

In modern times, there has been a veritable renaissance of Armenian literature. The amount of writing done can be seen in the fact that there are more than three hundred Armenian newspapers in the world. This writing is certainly not all literature, but an unusual amount of it is. Russian Armenian writers have been the more scholarly; others have turned more to the French Romantic school. Armenian novelists are mainly of this type, such as: Abovian, whose tales are of rural life; Shirvanzade, who pictures town life; and Raffi, whose tales concern national episodes. Aharonian, however, although telling of misery and sadness, is considered by many Armenians the most popular of their modern writers. Poets and singers of verse are still more numerous. Raphael Patkanian (1830-1892) is generally considered the leading national poet, but the singers of lyrics are almost innumerable. Prominent among these are Bedros Tourian, "the nightingale

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of Scutari", Hovhanness Hovhannessian, Avedis Isahakian, Hovhanness Thoumanian, and Alexander Dzádourian. Much of their verse is in the minor key, born of the centuries of Armenia's unequaled sufferings, continually making one feel that these modern minstrels sing like monks.

One special feature of Armenian poetry, natural enough under the circumstances, is the poem of exile. We can quote only a stanza by Hovhanness Costaniantz:

> There comes no news from far away;
> Our brave ones rest not from the fray.
> 'Tis long that sleep my eyes doth flee,
> Our foemen press unceasingly.
> 'Tis long for sleep I vainly pray;
> There comes no news from far away.

STORIES OF LIVES AND OF LIFE

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

THE way that genius has with a man we all know. Strickland, the hero of "The Moon and Sixpence", is but one in a long line of creatures half-god and half-satyr who have trampled the pages of fiction with the prints of their Pan-hoofs. It matters not whether artist, musician, or author, the tradition is set. Perverse in their vision, they spy out beauty in the commonplace and the trivial, and fail to perceive the beauty in human relationships. They recreate the one with the divine frenzy of inspiration and demolish the other with the ruthlessness of a savage who destroys what he cannot understand. They have, moreover, the shrewdness of their insanity. They demand from us a license that frees them from any conformity with our codes. And though we protest that they might, at least in return, convince us that they can produce one masterpiece that is worth the havoc they work,—that if not God there must be a generative power in the whirlwind,—they go their way leaving us with the feeling that their genius has been made excuse for their actions, not as a rule that their actions have been the result of any extraordinary gift.

It is thus a matter of almost comic perplexity that this same bewildering force that sweeps man outside the law should send woman, at least in literature, in eager quest of all the ordinances that the law protects. Other women are restive, but not the woman of genius. She alone has remained Victorian, a Griselda Grantly in her desires. Her gift she regards as irrelevant. Either she accepts its visitation unwillingly, with contempt in her heart, or with a cynicism that lets her perceive its practical use. The irresponsible force that sets man kicking his heels, she bends to her will. Under her agency it becomes a common drudge which procures for her the things she may barter for her desires; for chintz drawing-rooms and large nurseries and not too intelligent husbands, for all that goes to make an establishment snug. In her case we are left wondering how such a simple

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practical nature, so temperate a sanity could ever be fired to the creation of any great work.

Of such women, though possessed of unusual charm, is Madala Grey, the heroine of Clemence Dale's "Legend", a subtle and exquisite piece of work. Not once does Madala herself appear in the pages. Her radiance is gained by a kind of indirect lighting, a reverse inference from the comments concerning her as they fall on the mind of a girl. The story is artfully contrived. It opens after the death of the heroine. Her "Life" is being fed to the public which has no understanding of reticence, no real appreciation of the impersonal quality of her work, but a liking for gossip-shop art. The lion-hunters who missed their quarry during life are busy snuffing out the remains. Interpretation is, I believe, their deadly word for it. Interpretation in this case takes the form of biography by a woman, Anita Searle, who has intimate knowledge and no comprehension, who is incapable of comprehension by reason of the shriveling bitterness at her heart. Nor does she wish to understand. Her aim is not to give a biography which shall keep the memory warm, but one that by her sheer cleverness in distorting the facts shall redound to her own glory.

Gradually we are taken back to the evening when the legend took shape—the evening of Madala's richest human experience, the birth of her son and her death. In the drawing-room of Anita Searle are gathered a collection of people of flashy cleverness and sterile emotion, who show where cleverness leads when envy acts as a guide. And in the shallow consciousness of each of these people is Madala, paying the price for her wicked sacrifice of her genius with the penalty of her life. Into this scene of expectancy bursts Kent, a man who had really loved her,—whose inspiration, indeed, she had been,—with the news of her death: "Dead at twenty-six". "'In child-birth', finished Anita, and her voice made it an unclean and shameful end."

Then slowly Anita feels her way to her legend with soft feline paws. There is no protection now for the woman who had given of her confidences so gladly. This is the moment for which with an uncanny prescience Anita has been lying in wait. It is her own chance for fame and she is not caught napping. Hers is the gift not of creation, but of destruction; the critical mind that demolishes. At once we know what the biography will contain; veiled suggestions concerning the early and unknown life of the author,—for the public has always the keenest zest for the missing years,—suggestions that will make clear the warm understanding of bitter human struggles and failures that is shown in Madala's work. And her marriage, so perplexing to these people by its very simplicity, will be interpreted as a way out from the realized waning of genius, or an exit from some evilly suggested affair. The simplest facts will be patterned and shaped. Nowhere will appear the real Madala who held these people together—not as they thought by her genius, but her affection. Nowhere the Madala who could chase like a child after cowslips; who was impatient of talk and of subtleties when she had the blue sky above her; who had preserved despite her awareness a kinship with fresh fields and clean earth. And without her there is no explanation of the marriage that cost her her life, or of her choice as a husband—a man of no subtle perceptions but with an under-

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standing that told him how little Madala accounted her fame when weighed against more human desires.

The book has its faults. Clemence Dane, as in her earlier novel, writes with an almost personal vindictiveness against one of her sex. In her dissection she is as merciless as Anita herself. Her pen drops venom and as the result Anita becomes too cruel in her mental indecencies and just fails to convince. She is made, moreover, so entirely a creature of intellect that it is impossible to believe in her love for Kent—given surprisingly at the end as an additional turn of the screw, and transforming the writing of the biography into a fiendish kind of revenge. Better, I think, to have left it the greed of a small mind for fame; a shoddy mind incapable of refusing to make use of the sanctities of intimate knowledge when their desecration led to desire. But with the exception of Anita and of her grandmother, who cackles like a parrot which has been taught a Greek chorus, the characters are very real. The coterie itself—Jasper who could Swinburnize even in the moment of tragedy, the blonde lady who resents Madala's death as an intrusion upon her flirtation—we could find any evening at the Brevoort, talking to convince themselves of their cleverness, bandying not thoughts but words. Not even before in the "Regiment of Women" has Miss Dane found a subject so suited to her satirical powers. The book thus attains its goal (moreover it is an achievement in the matter of technical skill): for fashioned out of the carping criticisms and innuendos of jealous minds, Madala Grey takes shape before us,—a genius of course, but so much more,—a woman of wholesome and unconscious beauty, of generosity and simple bigness of heart who rejoices not in her brains but in life.

A different type is the novelist of "Happy House", a far less distinguished piece of work, and a strangely grey almost dingy novel to come from the author of "Pam". But there is a whimsical humor in the selection of a woman who writes not of modern problems but the old-fashioned sob-stuff, "Queenie's Choice" and "One Maid's Word"; tales of the humble governess and the lord of the manor, of lawful ecstasies and love at first sight and joy that comes surging in on a tidal wave at the end. One has thought of such authors as leading the romantic careers of a Ouida or as hiding behind the skirts of the other sex like Bertha M. Clay. One such may be also, it seems, a little middle-aged woman, disillusioned and drab, turning over the sentimentalities of her girlhood as she might ransack an old trunk, but less to pore over the wistful beauties of memory than to shape them to practical use. Violet Walderbridge to be sure, is proud of her public; and it is her nearest approach to a personal tragedy when her popularity wanes. But her main care is inexhaustibly to provide. Not that her family are worth the "keeping" in their own literal and extravagant sense. Her husband is one of those perennial perky scalawags. Her children are a rackety selfish brood. They might well be young cow-birds of insatiate maw, did their father not account for their greed. But the mother's uncomplaining struggle to keep them going is after all the theme of the book. The plot itself might well have been composed by its heroine. There is the neglected and down-trodden little person, treated by the very people who use her with a complaisant contempt. There is her swift

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and incongruous rise not to popularity but to real fame. There is in consequence the returning semblance of youth. And above all there is the glittering lord of the manor who loved her in youth, and is instinctively drawn to the daughter only to find and remain true to his lost love. To be sure the lost love will have none of him. Even though her husband has opened the way to freedom,—a way that any ordinary woman would have seized,—she regards him as an investment which she has paid for in heavy instalments until he has acquired the sentimental value of a costly mistake. Still the lord remains in the offing and the story closes, if not with a pinky dawn, at least with a twilight glow. A readable story and another illustration of the submissiveness of genius when in capable feminine hands.

Allegra, this time a young actress, is far from self-sacrificing. From the moment of her first graceful entrance she is shown as resentful of the intrusions of human intercourse save as they lead to the advancement of her desires. Her years of training in the Repertory Theatre of a provincial town have added only to the hard self-confidence of her youth, its absorption and naive conceit. The world does not exist save in relation to her ambition. The sky is not worth watching save for the rise of her star. Were she not so thoroughly likable, one would think of her only as a young woman decidedly on the make. Every one is pressed into her service. Paul, a young playwright, does a play for her and conceals his own authorship for the mere chance of getting her "on". Maythorne the popular novelist, who quite unbelievably for a person of his fatuity takes over Paul's work as the dramatization of his own book, lends her his backing and name. Even the Great Dane, the most delightful character in the book, with the patient politeness of animals listens meekly to the outpourings of her egotistical mind. Only young Danny shows her a lack of consideration by drawing Paul to his side at an inopportune moment, and thus delays the real end. But with Allegra it is merely a question of time. She already shows signs of weakening, and should she appear again in a third novel, it will be by the hearth-side, with the world well lost.

How far one may go when unsteadied by genius is made obvious by the heroine of "Sheila Intervenes", who pursues her irresponsible way like a child making patterns with life. And not only is there something childlike in her conception of what her fantastic pattern should be, but in her swift gusts of anger when her pieces won't fit, in the illogicality of her persistence, and in her stuffy determination neither to put up her puzzle nor to be helped. And a nice muddle she makes of it, more than one would think could be caused by ten impertinent fingers and one fertile brain. In the final debacle every one is at odds and Sheila herself in apparently hopeless disgrace. Her impertinence in interfering with destiny makes the whole plot though there is Mr. McKenna's usual political background, this time to lend body to a slight theme. But despite this slightness of plot, the story carries its own sentimental interest and is continually a matter of touch and go. Moreover the characters are delightful—particularly Sheila, blithe and self-willed; her grandfather, the amused and helpless protector of youth; and Denys Playfair, a feckless young Irishman. Among them there is much good conversation,—Sheila's a little rattle-

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pated at times, but conversation alive with humor and whimsicality. The book has none of the ponderous quality of "Midas and Son"; and if it lacks the serious purport of the first "Sonia" has its own spontaneous charm.

As a sharp contrast to these books which concern themselves entirely with the development of personalities, there are a number of others where the interest lies less in the leading figures than in their relation to life. Of these the most significant is "The Judgment of Peace" by Andreas Latzko, an Austrian officer and the author of "Men in War". A comparison at once suggests itself with the works of Barbusse. But the horrors in the former in most cases were physical, the nervous reaction to a nightmare of visualized suffering. Here they are due to the anguish of spirit that war in all its stupid brutalities can inflict on the civilized mind. And not merely the war. Though the book aims at universality in its application, the irreparable injury done to the sensitive personal dignity is, though the author seems unaware of it, the result of the special system which he portrays. Stupidities there must be in every army—boot-licking, authority wrongly placed. But in no other army, one feels, could there be the sheer terror of rank, the cringing servility to the man just above, which robs these men of initiative and all personal pride. It is the inability of the leading character to submit that sends him shattering to his doom.

Also there is given, again unconsciously, the difference in psychological effect of the motive leading a people to war, whether that propulsion be the lust for conquest or a call to defense. For though in the end there be weariness and a recoil from warfare in every nation, only the consciousness of an unworthy cause could produce such a sense of the futility of the sacrifice and such indifference to the final defeat. But otherwise the book is the arraignment of an enlightened age, not of any one people—particularly of the scientists, the economists and the socialists, all the intellectual forces who not only uttered no protest but found in war an exhilaration despite its wreckage of skill, of treasure, of life. It is in contrast to their greater guilt that Latzko shows in the hearts of the combatants the loathing for their daily task—a loathing that got no further than a stolid resignation among the uneducated, and a feeling of helplessness among the enlightened who knew themselves to be in the grip of relentless mechanical force. Stokers all of them, the power of mutiny in their hands, but doomed by their sheepishness unprotestingly to go down with the ship.

The book has little narrative interest. It is rather a succession of vivid and terrible scenes broken up by discussions which hinder the action but which contribute to the indictment against an order leading directly to war. It is cast in story form, moreover, to make more poignant the plea against national hatreds and competition by showing the effect of the business of slaughter upon different types. There is the schoolmaster wrenched from the domesticity and trivial cares for which he is fitted and tossed to the shambles; the poet whose sensitive mind broods on human sufferings until he goes mad; the pianist, ready to make glad sacrifice of his life, but incapable of surrendering his self. Having endured the horrors himself, Latzko has little patience with those who prefer to

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think of war in terms of medals and of citations, and adorn it with a false glamour. Never does he belittle personal bravery, but against the few war ennobles, he places with a deep compassion the many whom it reduces to the level of beasts and the others who by reason or some inner fineness and incorruptibility, it mentally destroys. Were it not for the devout prayer for human brotherhood which is made throughout the book, it would, not merely by its grimness and gloom, but by its lightning flashes of revelation, leave the night more black.

Never, in contrast, was irony so playful, so kindly an instrument as in Birmingham's "Up, the Rebels!" Even those of us the most sympathetic are likely to think of Ireland's policy as one of exasperation. But when England is represented by an Irish official, it is a game at which two can play. For Sir Ulick is like a Gulliver—aware of the manœuvres directed again his apparently somnolent body, and tolerating the pin-pricks because conscious that any moment he may pick up the combatants in a large but not ungentle hand. His final action is not so disturbing as his indifference. It is when he treats the rebels as a parcel of children that he most offends. His daughter Mona, a melodramatic young woman longing for persecution, he infuriates by allowing to go her own gait, even to the extent of leading political meetings and harboring Sinn Feiners in his own house. Eibhlin, her companion in arms, but Ellen his stenographer in office hours, he maddens for the very freedom with which he exposes all his political secrets and his knowledge of her own plans. "A number of boys and girls—chiefly girls—want a day out and a little excitement," Ellen meekly takes down this flippant version of the intended revolt.—"Let them have it," Sir Ulick writes to the Chief Secretary, "and they will go home in the evening tired and in excellent tempers". And undoubtedly Sir Ulick is right in his estimate of the Cailini na h'Eirinn, whose members were pledged to speak Irish, and that failing them French—a resource open, however, to only one member. But unfortunately he is between the devil and the deep sea. The devil he knows how to deal with for he is at heart still a boy and has pranks of his own. But the deep sea of British stupidity is more difficult to control. He has, to be sure, methods of stilling it, and on hand a number of oily mixtures ready for use. But there are moments when the troubled waters are unduly stirred by officialdom and the press. And at such moments Sir Ulick longs for the trenches, for simple out and out warfare of advance and retreat.

A good deal of shrewd comedy is apt to escape through delight in the characters whom it involves: Sir Ulick with his quizzical patience and humor; his sister, who is no respecter of persons and has a destructive way with red tape; Tom, who for the life of him can not see what a nice girl like Mona is up to, or why in dealing with the Sinn Feiners, his uncle does not try "strafing" back. And best of all old Mailla, the hostler, who even in drunkenness preserves his acuteness and common sense. But there are scenes which also remain in the mind.

Legend. By Clemence Dane. The Macmillan Co.

Happy House. By the Baroness von Hutten. George H. Doran Company.

Allegra. By L. Allen Harker. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sheila Intervenes. By Stephen McKenna. George H. Doran Company.

The Judgment of Peace. By Andreas Latzko. Boni and Liveright.

Up, the Rebels! By G. A. Birmingham. George H. Doran Company.

The Last of The Grenvilles. By Bennet Copplestone. E. P. Dutton Co.

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Among these is the mass meeting where Mona clad as a Celtic queen seeks to inflame the populace by an emotional appeal. Lifting aloft a half-naked child, she cries, "This is Ireland", only to have the rambunctious youngster retort, "Leave go of me now, or I'll spit in your face." Very like Ireland, more like it than she had intended or than she perceived.

Side-splitting, too, is the scene where Mona as proof of democracy forces young Peter Mailla to sup with her alone. Her effort is to put him at his ease. But Mailla, a Puritan at heart, is less embarrassed than he is dismayed at the peril in which he has placed his immortal soul. He has a feeling that temptations often take the shape of beautiful girls who smoke cigarettes. Moreover beside him hangs a picture of Watts's "Love and Life"; and Peter, a well-brought-up young man, is not accustomed to seeing either love or life without clothes. Only his conviction that sin and vice should be enjoyable and his acute consciousness of his misery, keep him from making a bolt. These are but two of many good scenes which provoke one to audible chuckles.

What Mr. Copplestone conveys in "The Last of the Grenvilles" is the traditions of a sea-loving people which have made it "a decent and dauntless race". They are expressed in the characters of two people, father and son, who run true to type and are of the breed that found sea-faring a matter of high adventure and heroic resolve, a breed with a record unbroken for five hundred years. To be sure at the time the book opens these two are out of the service. Commander Grenville has resigned in disgust at a navy swaddled in politics, and has persuaded himself that his son is doing far better in Lloyd's. But neither can do away with what is their imperishable birthright, a staunchness and fearlessness born of the sea. The father still keeps up with the navy. Each boat he knows by sight, each he looks on with affection, and he regards it as a personal tragedy when a mishap occurs to the least. Inconsistently, too, with his attempt to damp down the naval fire in Dickie's blood, he still keeps his yacht and keeps it as trim and ship-shape as any cruiser and with the laws of the service punctiliously preserved. There is little chance that Dickie will stick to his desk with the outbreak of war. When then the great struggle comes, the two go forth to meet it—joyously since there is no longer need of pretense, and with peace in their hearts. The book ends with their adventures aboard an auxiliary cruiser, their final tussle with a German destroyer, and the gallant old sea-dog's last fight.

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JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AS A MAN OF LETTERS

BY JAMES J. DALY

THERE is a large and important public which will welcome the English version of M. Thureau-Dangin's "Histoire de la Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre". This audience will be thankful that the translation reads like an original work of uncommon brilliance. The word *Catholic* in the title is employed in a comprehensive sense to include that spirit—introduced into England by Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—which created a tendency to form a more just appreciation of pre-Reformation history and ideas than the heated atmosphere of religious controversy and persecution had hitherto been disposed to permit. We have therefore in these two volumes a connected narrative of three distinct, yet closely related, movements: namely, the Oxford Movement; the wakening of Roman Catholic life in England consequent upon the Emancipation Act and the advent of distinguished converts into the Catholic Church in England; and the Ritualistic Movement in the Anglican Church, a movement which emerged gradually out of the Oxford Movement and is still active.

The author of the French work enjoys a high reputation as an historian: he succeeded Gaston Brissier as permanent secretary of the French Academy in 1908. In his introduction to these two volumes he deems it necessary to apologize for undertaking to write the history of an ecclesiastical movement in England, when he is neither an Englishman nor an ecclesiastic. One is inclined to accept his apology as a recommendation. His performance illustrates admirably that a limited remoteness, in time or space or manners, has obvious advantages in viewing the march of historic events and in giving them orderly arrangement and proper proportions. And has not Matthew Arnold pointed out that in works of intelligence, as distinguished from works of genius, no writer is the worse for being a Frenchman or an Academician?

I would select as the principal feature of this work, giving it importance, the immense assistance it affords toward a comprehensive understanding of a great national and somewhat intricate agitation, and toward the allotment of a due measure of importance to the various actors and episodes in it. We have had, in English, histories of the Oxford Movement, of the Roman Catholic revival, of Ritualism; besides innumerable memoirs and biographies, from those of Hurrell Froude and Hope-Scott down to those of Mackonochie and Dolling, many of them classic models of literary biography. But there was need of a summing up of this vast and imperfectly connected literature;

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there was need of a detached and intelligent attempt to reduce and enlarge and adjust the claims upon our attention of particular engagements and personages according to a scale of values which only a general survey from outside can determine. In this respect M. Thureau-Dangin's work will supply background and illumination for a large class of inspiring books about the leaders of English religious thought in the nineteenth century.

The outstanding phenomenon in this widened horizon is the prominence of John Henry Newman. As the coign of vantage rises, and the sweep of vision moves in larger circles, figures in the landscape contract their outlines. This is true of most of those who surrounded Newman either as auxiliaries or opponents. But it is not true of him. Towering above his contemporaries during life, he seems to add cubits to his stature as the mists of mortality and distance roll across the fields where he strode among the giants. "Whatever influence I have had", he used to say, "has been found, not sought after." Yet he dominated his times; and he dominates this history. All eyes turn in his direction. Everyone waits breathless for his next word, his next step. The consciousness of his presence and his power is never more alive than when he buries himself in congenial silence and retirement. The influence which he never sought remains with curious persistence some thirty years after his death, and nearly half a century after his best work was done.

The secret of his permanence as a great spiritual force lies, of course, to a large extent in his literary power. M. Thureau-Dangin merely touches on this side of Newman's excellence. "Nothing would have been more repugnant to him", says the historian, "than to be regarded as a literary man." Yet what ecclesiastical writer —Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Whately, Pusey, Manning—has achieved anything like the literary standing of Newman? He has been hailed in respectable quarters as our greatest prose writer. Matthew Arnold awards this preeminence to Edmund Burke. And it is worth while stopping to note the interesting fact that neither Burke nor Newman was wont to write with any conscious literary purpose. But from Arnold, who recommended to his countrymen Newman's "urbanity" of style and referred to him as "a miracle of intellectual delicacy", down to the present, Newman's superiority in English prose has grown in security although many of his fellow Victorians find it difficult to stand up under the blows of irreverent modern critics. Cambridge is not Newman's university and it was never in sympathy with his religious ideals; still its Professor of English Literature, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, urges his class to take Newman for a model, as we may read in his book "On the Art of Writing". Speaking of the "Idea of a University" he says:

> And here let me say that of all the books written in these hundred years there is perhaps none you can more profitably thumb and ponder over than that volume of his...the book is so wise—so eminently wise—as to deserve being bound by the young student of literature for a frontlet on his brow and a talisman on his writing wrist.

This must be a phenomenon without parallel in our literary history, that an ecclesiastical writer, confining himself for the most part to religious topics, should win so high a reputation in purely literary precincts. It is not enough to say by way of explanation that Newman was a man of very extraordinary moral, spiritual, and intellectual endowments, who stirs the

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popular imagination by conveying through a limpid style glimpses of a singularly lofty character in constant communion with eternity. Even Lytton Strachey's corrosive and malevolent irony does not find it easy to reach Newman. But literature seldom takes enthusiastically to anything merely because it is spiritual. It seeks for the human element. This truth will prepare us to accept the startling, but shrewd, criticism of Lionel Johnson: "Newman was, emphatically, a man of social habit, and his books are more full than Thackeray's of worldly knowledge. And all this wealth of matter and thought is conveyed in a style of singular charm, and of most strange and haunting beauty." I have no doubt that M. Thureau-Dangin's two portly volumes will prove as interesting and instructive to students of literature as they are to students of religion, if for no other reason than that they furnish the stage and setting for the intensely dramatic career of a great, if not a supreme, artist in English prose.

The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century. By Paul Thureau-Dangin. Revised and Re-edited from a Translation by the late Wilfrid Wilberforce. Two volumes. E. P. Dutton and Co.

POETRY, VERSE, AND WORSE

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN

FRESH from a reading of the "Collected Poems" of Thomas Hardy—that rare gift which came to me the other day in two stout volumes from across the sea—I turn, confessedly with no small misgiving, to contemplate the two dozen and two "poetry-books" upon the quality of which the intelligent editor of this influential organ of critical opinion awaits in an agony of suspense my fixed, frozen, and final verdict. I am prepared of course to admit that I might have approached this task fortified by a less austere poetic prophylactic: the lithe and limber "Patines of Passion", let us say, or perhaps the robustious "Runes of a Red-haired Man",—"those rich and ruddy chanties which stir and strengthen every man with hair on his chest, and which have made their author notorious in four continents."... But leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes. Let us turn our thoughts elsewhere.

For example, to the first four books on our list, which are anthologies. The plain truth about anthologies is that hardly more than three indubitably first-rate ones succeed in getting into print every quarter of a century or so; usually the other three thousand, with about ten exceptions, are unspeakably bad. "The Golden Treasury" is not without its faults but it remains unchallengeably the best general anthology of English poetry that we possess. "The Oxford Book of English Verse" enshrines most of the great, and many delightful, poems; but as an arrangement of English airs it is simply not to be compared with

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the earlier collection, reflecting as that collection does the flawless taste of Tennyson no less than the sound critical instinct of Palgrave; and the selection of recent poems in the Oxford Book might have been much better done. At the head of a lengthy cavalcade of Elizabethan song-gatherings rides "Q's" "The Golden Pomp", "a procession of English lyrics from Surrey to Shirley". Nor must one forget Alice Meynell's "The Flower of the Mind"—though her waywardness excluded the immortally pellucid elegy by Gray.

None of the four anthologies in my bundle dare enter even remotely into comparison with any of these, either for beauty of construction and content, or harmony of note and sentiment. In one of them the industrious and selecting William Stanley Braithwaite has brought together many fine and a few unforgettable contemporary "British" lyrics; and in another he has assembled an interesting group of poems from the American magazines of last year. For the former book he deserves our thanks. It has Masefield's "Biography", "August, 1914", and "Cargoes"; Belloc's "South Country"; Brooke's five splendid sonnets; Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle"—finest of all the "war poems"; de la Mare's "The Listeners". And these are only a few of the memorable things included. But we look in vain (such is our perversity) for anything by Yeats, or by Eugene Mason, whose sonnets, original and translated from the French of de Heredia, have recently, and without a particle of exaggeration, been acclaimed "among the loveliest examples of written art". And why is there nothing here by Arthur Shearly Cripps, the latest and by no means the least inspired of the "mystical" poets of the English Church? Or by Tom Kettle, a modern master of satire in verse? Or by J. B. B. Nichols, a poet of fine insight and most delicate craftsmanship? Or by at least five other poets I refrain, magnanimously, from naming? And why—to change the ground of complaint—does the anthologist let this sort of pronouncement cut capers in his Preface: "The late petals of the Victorian flower began to droop under the reign of Edward VII. They dropped to the ground at the first touch of the frosty truth in the substance, and the converting concreteness in the expression of 'The Everlasting Mercy' and 'The Widow in the Bye Street'." (The frosty truth is that this is florid nonsense.)

The "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919" is a pleasant book. It is good to have some of Sara Teasdale's new work, and one must always welcome any poem from the pen of Edgar Lee Masters or of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Thanks too for Francis Hackett's glorious "Harry Hawker". (Is it to be "Single-Poem Hackett"?) Louis Untermeyer with his collection "Modern American Poetry" is very much our creditor. All the best recent things are here: Robinson's "The Master", Stephen Benét's "Portrait of a Boy", John Gould Fletcher's "Lincoln", Vachel Lindsay's "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight", and the editor's own moving Lincoln poem. Of the two dozen and two, "Modern American Poetry" is certainly one volume which I shall abstain from giving to the poor. "Yanks A. E. F. Verse" I shall also keep, if only for the sake of Joyce Kilmer's "Rouge-Bouquet". Fine fellows all those Yanks were,—but not invariably poets. Of the remaining nineteen volumes a summary classification may thus be adumbrated: poetry, six; verse, more or

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less good, seven; rank doggerel, the remaining six. The good wine I propose to reserve to the end, in the pious belief that such a very modest and altogether minor intoxication as may result from the one-tenth of one, which is the highest ascertainable percentage of the intervening beverage, will not preclude intelligent and immediate perception of the rosy flush and kindling glow of the authentic liquor at the last.

Now for the doggerel. "Songs of Cheer" by Ellie Wemyss, which has made the long journey from Adelaide, Australia, consists of forty-eight pages of this sort of thing:

> The Mary Rose was convoying some merchant men at dawn
> When sudden came the flash of guns, and through the misty morn
> She sped to fight a submarine, but found three cruisers there—
> What use one small destroyer? She can but do and dare!

These deathless lines are taken from some verses entitled "We're Not Done Yet". Neither are we. To write much worse than this does not cost our poetess the slightest effort. "Life's Mission" begins: "Only a penny given to a little weeping child"; and "Israel's Race" starts out stentorianly, "Shame on him who oppresses Israel's race! Who dares insult, offend, or hurt God's own". Indeed Miss Wemyss is by no means rabidly anti-Semitic: in a later effusion the tale tells of "A Gallant Jew, an Anzac brave". The verses in Miss Lucile Enlow's "The Heart of a Girl", according to her publishers, "for the most part represent the moods of adolescence and as such will have the greatest appeal for those young girls who find themselves desperate for some mode of expressing their thronging thoughts and emotions". For frontispiece there is a portrait of the lady. Perhaps the poem "Grandma" ("Grandma! saintly gentle soul") is as bad as any in the book. "Rapids and Still Water" by Rutgers Remsen Coles has one number beginning, "The sun has laid his prayer-rug in the West". "The Fields of Peace" by Emma Frances Lee Smith is not quite so ingeniously bad as—and therefore rather less exciting than—the last three. We can well understand the delicate perplexity of President Lynn Harold Hough in one of the "poems" in his "Flying Over London": "I wonder if some day I'll write a song." ("The facile genius of President Hough flashes in every line of these poems born of the world war." Yes, that is what it says on the paper wrapper!) "In Conclusion" is what Carlyle McIntyre calls his book; I hope he will keep his word.

Of immeasurably better quality, though hardly native to "the topmost height of Helicon inspired", are: E. J. Brady's "The House of the Winds", a collection of sturdy sea-songs; "A Whisper of Fire" by Agnes Ryan, which has some strangely poignant moments; "Camelot" by Benjamin Brooks, which is most attractively printed and produced, but a little disappointing in its contents. In "Songs of Adoration" by Gustav Davidson there sounds at times a strain of mournful and beautiful music. Most of the poems in Angela Morgan's "Hail, Man!" were worth reprinting, and "The Word" deserves a place in any representative anthology of contemporary verse.

With "Poems" by Cecil Roberts we decline upon a lower range. In spite of Mr. Masefield's friendly foreword, these labored verses move us not at all. The book is full of echoes and infelicitous imitations. At one moment we are irritatingly reminded of

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Mrs. Meynell (in Mr. Roberts's poem beginning "She moves, the lady of my love, A vision of delight"); at another, of Richard Le Gallienne; yet again of Lamb ("They are gone the friends I had", with its refrain, "Friends of mine, of mine"); and again of Kipling, or of Sir Henry Newbolt or of Tennyson himself. The book, in short, is full of clichés of thought and phrase. Every now and then in Samuel Roth's "Europe, a Book for America", there is a hoarse eloquence that begins to be impressive; but the book is disfigured by such querulous and grotesque lines as these:

> Would you like to know
> How much of you is man
> How much of you is monkey?
>
> Ask your hands,—
> They know.

There are two volumes of translations in this book-pile. In "More Translations from the Chinese" Mr. Waley supplies us with a sequel to his splendid "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems", by far the best book of the kind that there is. This time he is less prodigal of his good gifts and we get from him translations of only sixty-eight poems, fifty-five of which, however, have never before been Englished. They are all most interesting and many of them extraordinarily beautiful in their naive sweetness, simplicity, and directness. Here is Mr. Waley's translation of a Chinese poem written almost eleven hundred years ago:

> Since I lay ill, how long has passed?
> Almost a hundred heavy-hanging days.
> The maids have learnt to gather my medicine-herbs;
> The dog no longer barks when the doctor comes.
> The jars in my cellar are plastered deep with mould;
> My singer's carpets are half crumbled to dust.
> How can I bear when the Earth renews her light,
> To watch from a pillow the beauty of Spring unfold?

Another volume of translations is "Life Immovable", from the modern Greek of Kostes Palamas by Professor Aristides Phoutrides, a former instructor at Harvard. Kostes Palamas, secretary to the university of Athens, was one of the first writers of contemporary Greece to gain recognition outside his own country, and Professor Phoutrides has the courage to call him "a new world-poet". A bold claim to make, but, even in translation, these poems go no little distance toward justifying it—for one reader anyhow. There are some lines, "To a Maiden Who Died", which even in English are profoundly beautiful and which in the original must surely constitute a great poem indeed.

We arrive at last at the very best of the original poetry under review. In Mrs. Seiffert's "A Woman of Thirty"—which is most decidedly a book to read and to keep—there is no lack of authentic inspiration. In her "Nocturne", for instance:

> It is enough
> To feel your beauty
> With the fingers
> Of my heart,
>
> Your beauty, like the starlight,
> Filling night so gently, that it dreams
> Unawakened.
>
> I should feel your beauty against my face
> Though I were blind.

Lovely, too, are 'The Moonlight Sonata" and "The Silent Pool". In the collected edition of Robert Underwood Johnson's "Poems" which the Yale University Press have most attractively published there is much sweetness—which never descends to mere prettiness—much grace and a good deal of fine thought finely expressed in melodious verse. Mr. Johnson has long and deservedly enjoyed a special

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place of distinction in modern American poetry of the conservative tradition. The author of "The Queen of China and Other Poems", Edward Shanks, is honored for his art in England where this book recently won the first Hawthornden prize of one hundred pounds for the most distinguished contribution to English letters published during the year by an author under forty. I have long had my eye upon him, and I do wish he would stop writing uninteresting "Literary Letters" for American journals, and instead give us more of these exquisite poems. Mr. Shanks is, in short, "the real thing",—a name to rank beside those of Hodgson, de la Mare, and John Freeman; a true poet of our day, with power to convey a magical vision in magical words. There is no page in his book without sincerity and beauty. That his gift for narrative in verse is greater than that of any of his contemporaries, save only John Masefield, "The Fireless Town" readily demonstrates; it is a grievance that I have not the space to quote this lovely poem in full. Here is a shorter sample of his performance:

IN ABSENCE

My lovely one, be near to me tonight
For now I need you most, since I have gone
Through the sparse woodland in the fading light
Where in time past we two have walked alone,
Heard the loud nightjar spin his pleasant note
And seen the wild rose folded up for sleep
And whispered, though the soft word choked my throat,
Your dear name out across the valley deep.
Be near to me, for now I need you most.
Tonight I saw an unsubstantial flame
Flickering along those shadowy paths, a ghost
That turned to me and answered to your name,
Mocking me with a wraith of far delight.
...My lovely one, be near to me tonight.

The title piece "The Queen of China" is a superb dramatic poem written out of a rich and fantastic imagination.

The "Complete Poems" of the late Francis Ledwidge, with introductions by Lord Dunsany, is a book which many lovers of modern Irish poetry will rejoice to possess. The Irish earth and every common sight and sound and smell thereof are the burden of most of these charming songs and lyrics. In many of them there is evidence of a delicate and fragrant talent, but one refuses to speak, as the editor so confidently does, of Ledwidge's *genius*, for that is far too grand a word. "There are too many roses." It must be confessed that one grows weary of the cloying sweetness of these poetic meditations on blackbirds, February evenings, hills, Aprils, March twilights. The noble editor had

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The Book of Modern British Verse. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Modern American Poetry. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

Yanks A. E. F. Verse. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Songs of Cheer. By Ellie Wemyss. Adelaide: Hassell Co.

The Heart of a Girl. By Lucile C. Enlow. The Stratford Co.

Rapids and Still Water. By Rutgers Remsen Coles. The Stratford Co.

The Fields of Peace. By Emma Frances Lee Smith. Richard G. Badger.

Flying Over London. By Lynn Harold Hough. Abingdon Press.

In Conclusion. By Carlyle C. McIntyre. Published at Sierra Madre, Calif.

The House of the Winds. By E. J. Brady. Dodd, Mead and Co.

A Whisper of Fire. By Agnes Ryan. Four Seas Co.

Camelot. By Benjamin Gilbert Brooks. Longmans, Green and Co.

Songs of Adoration. By Gustav Davidson. The Madrigal.

Hail, Man! By Angela Morgan. John Lane Co.

Poems. By Cecil Roberts. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Europe, a Book for America. By Samuel Roth. Boni and Liveright.

More Translations from the Chinese. By Arthur Waley. Alfred A. Knopf.

Kostes Palamas: Life Immovable. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Harvard University Press.

A Woman of Thirty. By Marjorie Allen Seiffert. Alfred A. Knopf.

Collected Poems, 1881-1919. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Yale University Press.

The Queen of China. By Edward Shanks. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge. Brentano's.

The Cobbler in Willow Street. By George O'Neil. Boni and Liveright.

Poems. By Gladys Cromwell. The Macmillan Co.

Starved Rock. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Co.

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done worthier service to his protégé had he published less than a third of what is here, and had he protested a great deal less in his prefaces. Ledwidge, like John Clare, will survive mainly in the anthologies.

The last three books I am to consider are by poets native to these American shores, and they unquestionably testify to the vigor, vitality, and authenticity of modern American poetry at its finest. The sureness and delicacy of perception of George O'Neil's art in "The Cobbler in Willow Street and Other Poems" is vouched for by Professor John Lowes, soundest and most wisely sympathetic of living American critics of poetry, and the young poet's first volume is engagingly introduced to the world by Zoe Akins. A slender volume it is, but all golden and as full of lovely freshness and delight as a breezy morning in springtime. To the "Poems" of Gladys Cromwell Padraic Colum has written an illuminating brief introduction claiming for some of them that they are "indubitably among the best lyrics written in our day". The perceptions in this poetry are feminine, as Mr. Colum remarks, yet "the balance dips towards thought rather than emotion. It is a poetry that comes out of impassioned thought." In the group here entitled "Later Poems"—the closing record of two very noble and fervid lives brought to a tragic end—there is nearly always a stark and shining strength in which a certain calm sweetness is not utterly without its part. "I have had courage to accuse", she sings:

I have had courage to accuse:
And a fine wit that could upbraid:
And a nice cunning that could bruise:
And a shrewd wisdom, unafraid
Of what weak mortals fear to lose.

I have had virtue to despise
The sophistry of pious fools;
I have had firmness to chastise,
And intellect to make me rules
To estimate and exorcise.

I have had knowledge to be true;
My faith could obstacles remove;
But now my frailty I endue.
I would have courage now to love,
And lay aside the strength I knew.

There is pain in the thought that a music so fine and fearless was stilled so soon.

Last of all there is "Starved Rock", Edgar Lee Masters's latest harvest. As heretofore, he sounds implacably the sombre monochords of irony and disillusionment, but there is a pulsing passion of sincerity and a noble wistfulness in this utterance which pierces to the very quick of life and lights up the dark places of its mystery. He is at his ripest and surest in such mordant and merciless analyses as "Lord Byron to Doctor Polidori", "The Barber of Sepo", "They'd Never Know Me Now", "Oh You Sabbatarians!" and that profound disquisition on Poe, "Washington Hospital". It is well for the country that possesses a poet true enough and brave enough to pour forth upon her littleness such a splendid flood of scorn as flows like burning lava in "Oh You Sabbatarians!" And the man who wrote "Sagamore Hill", that incomparable portrait of Theodore Roosevelt; who wrote "Chicago" and "I Shall Go Down Into This Land", manifests an intimate understanding of the American heart at its noblest, an august and prophetic vision of the American destiny, which compel our sincerest homage and our liveliest gratitude. Edgar Lee Masters is, I think, the greatest American poet since Walt Whitman.

And the cry to Hardy is not so very far after all.

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A SHORT STORY ORGY

BY WALTER A. DYER

WITH a distinctly morning-after feeling in my head, and a taste as of mixed ingredients gone stale in my mouth, I am striving to regain sanity and equilibrium after an excess of short-story reading. For overindulgence in the short story is a dissipation which produces an inevitable reaction; it leaves the mind in a jerky state.

I shall never acquire the short-story habit as a form of permanent depravity, I am sure. This debauch has cured me of any tendency in that direction. The perfect short story is like champagne, scarcely to be taken in quantity as the sole article of diet. The natural place for the short story, I have concluded, is between two novels or volumes of greater weight.

But my immediate reactions are of no consequence. There stands before me a four-foot shelf of volumes of short fiction ranging all the way from a prose sketch by John Masefield, half visible in the spiritual moonlight, to a death-in-cold-waters tale by Rex Beach, as thoroughly physical in its tone as a crack on the shin. They acknowledge no kinship, these books; they bear no family resemblance, no resemblance of any kind, indeed, beyond the purely fortuitous circumstance of their all being clothed, so to say, in short trousers. How to say anything helpful about such a collection, how to characterize, to criticize, to estimate, to compare such books becomes a puzzle. And yet the very difficulty of it suggests that it may be worth while. For the task usually seems to have been avoided, and the American short story has to a large extent escaped intelligent criticism. This in the face of the generally conceded fact that the short story is an art form worthy of the most serious study, while the average American short story has often presented an object for satire worthy of the best efforts of our most ironic and bantering critics.

But the problem in hand calls loudly for some sort of common denominator, however tenuous, for something in the way of a general criterion that may safely be applied to short fiction without running the risk of becoming a mere formula. One discovers how vague is the common standard for short fiction, and in the search for something better one is led to reason and meditate somewhat thus:

In 1885 Professor Brander Matthews wrote as follows in his little treatise on "The Philosophy of the Short Story": "For fifty years the American short story has had a supremacy which any competent critic could not but acknowledge."

Twenty years later he wrote in his

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introduction to "Ten Tales" by François Coppée:

> Fiction is more consciously an art in France than anywhere else—perhaps because the French are now foremost in nearly all forms of artistic endeavor. In the short story especially, in the tale, in the *conte*, their supremacy is incontestable; and their skill is shown and their æsthetic instinct exemplified partly in the sense of form, in the constructive method, which underlies the best short stories, however trifling these may appear to be, and partly in the rigorous suppression of non-essentials, due in a measure, it may be, to the example of Mérimée.

Was it Professor Matthews's point of view that changed so radically in the twenty years, or did short-story supremacy pass in that period from the United States to France? I cannot say as to that. I only know that during that period many literary viewpoints underwent fundamental revision and that what were axioms in 1890 had often become outgrown notions by 1900.

Now we have the vogue of the Russian short story, and I have seen it positively stated more than once that Anton Chekhov is the greatest artist in the short story now extant in any country. Thus does fame flash her smile now here, now there, while we mortals make haste to readjust our standards.

What is the meaning of all this? What indeed constitutes greatness in the short story? Where are we to look for classic short stories? Do Americans write them? How is one to pick the wheat from the chaff in the mass of periodical fiction that confronts us? Is there any authoritative criterion to which we can fly for refuge?

It is my belief that infallible judgment is to be found neither in the highbrow professor of literature, nor in the American magazine editor, nor in the tired business man or the summer veranda reader. We must approach the subject with a little common sense, scorning neither the artistry of literary style, the philosophy of the thinker, nor the universal interest of a plot story *per se*. As I see it, the greatest merit comes from a blending of form and manner and content, mingled with the heaven-born qualities of sincerity and good taste.

Now as to this comparison between European short stories and the home-grown product, I'll tell you what I think, if you want to know, and then we'll get on with our reviewing.

I think, after some two years of special reading along this line, that the French have got the rest of us badly beaten as writers of short stories, and that for literary charm and sheer human interest presented in classic form, we have still got to leave the laurels on the brows of de Maupassant, Daudet, Balzac, Coppée, and the others of that ilk.

I think the Russians are remarkable word painters of a pre-Raphaelite type, and steady-handed soul surgeons, and that the Russian, Scandinavian, and Czecho-Slovac tales are all right if you don't mind having your dramatic expectations left unsatisfied.

I think that we don't know half the British short-story literature, apart from Kipling, and that if we did we'd have to admit that they're beating us at our own game at the present time. (Did you know, for example, that H. G. Wells wrote at least two short stories that outrank as literary art anything he has ever done in novel form?)

Finally, I have been forced to the conclusion that, while some of the best short stories in the English language have unquestionably been written by Americans—and I could name a good many beside Poe, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and O. Henry—the American magazine-reading public is at present

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being treated to about the poorest short fiction ever written.

Now Professor Matthews may not agree with me, and you may not agree with me, but I am not abashed. For two elements intervene to color honestly our judgment without either establishing or discrediting its authenticity. I mean differences in personal taste, and differences in understanding as to what a short story is or should be. These must both be taken into consideration by the tolerant critic, and so long as they exist, any such thing as an absolute and exact criterion appears to be impossible.

Still, it may be possible to establish some common, or at least neutral, ground in our conception of what a short story should be. I think I know what Professor Matthews's conception is—or was. Professor J. Berg Esenwein and the other how-to-write-a-short-story experts have been fairly explicit in stating their views, and I do not fully agree with any of them.

Dr. Esenwein says that "A short story is a brief, imaginative narrative, unfolding a single predominating incident and a single chief character; it contains a plot, the details of which are so compressed and the whole treatment so organized as to produce a single impression." He makes a distinction between the story and the tale, for "A tale is a simple narrative, usually short, having little or no plot, developing no essential change in the relation of the characters, and depending for its interest upon incidents rather than upon plot and the revelation of character."

Professor James Weber Linn is even more definite and concrete. He asserts that "the short story should be a turning point in the life of a single character."

It is unnecessary for me to point out the *cul-de-sac* to which such formulas would inevitably lead, or to mention the obvious fact that nearly all such rules and regulations have been repeatedly broken in the world's greatest short stories. "It is a little dangerous", Barry Pain cautiously remarks, "to lay down rules and limits for artists." And someone else has noticed that "plot has never been the distinguishing feature between good literature and poor." The modern editor and correspondence-school teacher stress plot, action, and compactness; above these, it seems to me, should be placed the somewhat more imponderable characteristics of sympathy, color, style, and fancy.

I am inclined to agree rather with H. G. Wells, who wrote as follows in the preface to one of his volumes of short stories:

> I refuse altogether to recognize any hard and fast type for the short story, any more than I admit any limitation upon the liberties of the small picture. The short story is a fiction that may be read in something under an hour, and so that it is moving and delightful, it does not matter whether it is as "trivial" as a Japanese print of insects seen closely between grass stems, or as spacious as the prospect of the plain of Italy from Monte Motterone. It does not matter whether it is human or inhuman, or whether it leaves you thinking deeply or radiantly but superficially pleased. Some things are more easily done as short stories than others and more abundantly done, but one of the many pleasures of short-story writing is to achieve the impossible.
>
> At any rate, that is the present writer's conception of the art of the short story, as the jolly art of making something very bright and moving; it may be horrible or pathetic or funny or beautiful or profoundly illuminating, having only this essential, that it should take from fifteen to fifty minutes to read aloud. All the rest is just whatever invention and imagination and the mood can give—a vision of buttered slides on a busy day or of unprecedented worlds.

And yet it must be admitted as a fairly patent fact that most of us American readers, while we would be pleased to accept something far less rigid than the sort of plot commonly

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constructed to fit the editorial formula, nevertheless do feel an instinctive desire to have something happen in a short story. "A sketch", says Professor Matthews, "may be still-life; in a short story something always happens." A vision of buttered slides on a busy day, whatever they may be, might serve admirably as a subject for free verse, but it is insufficient for a story, and Mr. Wells knew it when he wrote that, as his own stories plainly testify. Those buttered slides have got to perform or we feel that we have been in some way misled and defrauded. That is why I do not believe that most of the Russians will ever attain to wide-spread popularity with American readers.

Beyond that, I'll be as liberal as you please and accept a plot as vague and indeterminate as that of Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night" or some of the French *contes*, or as mathematically complete and rounded out as Poe's mystery tales or some of O. Henry's best. And I do not think we need to be bound by the time and place restrictions derived from Poe and embodied in the usual American formula. What most of our magazine short stories lack is not action or plot but a certain distinction of style and the sure handling of dramatic elements.

There is no good reason why the short story should not be one of the most exquisite forms of literary art, but it all too seldom is. So rare is that magic ability to create an atmosphere, to sustain a mood, and to communicate them through the medium of adequate expression in the form of a short story. Imagination, sentiment, the dramatic instinct, the deft portrayal of character, and above all sincerity—these, it seems to me, are the qualities of the great short story.

If that be the ultimate standard, let us keep it well in view, but let us not be so lofty in our conceptions as to be unfair to such short stories as do succeed in raising themselves above the level of the current mass, even though they may not achieve greatness. For such are many of the stories in the volumes I have been reading. Prejudiced perhaps by the low average of the magazines, I must admit that I approached these stories in a pessimistic frame of mind, and I was pleasantly disappointed. I am more hopeful of the American short story than I was before, and not a few of these books of short stories may be unreservedly recommended to jaded novel readers.

It used to be said that publishers found volumes of short stories unprofitable. Perhaps a change of attitude on the part of the reading public has taken place or perhaps the publishers have gained courage. At any rate, there are an unusual number of such volumes this year. I have twenty-seven of them, and I know of others, including O. Henry's posthumous "Waifs and Strays". Let us look them over.

The Russian translations first, and to begin with, Chekhov. He has been called the greatest Russian master of the short story, but that is largely a matter of taste and of definition. To my mind Gorky is a better story teller than Chekhov. The latter's tales lack the movement of Gorky's, though they are less bitterly unpleasant to the Anglo-Saxon mind in their attitude toward human life. Through them runs much of the same undercurrent of despair, of brute instinct, of religious fanaticism and the need for money which seems to characterize the existence of Russia's submerged classes. Chekhov is indubitably a

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great realist and word painter, whose gift is to see life in its minutiæ. His tales are less short stories than cross-sections of Russian life. Vivid and enthralling they are, but inconclusive. It is as though one stepped into a theatre at the beginning of Act II and left before the end of it.

The most noteworthy part of the present volume, which is called "The Bishop and Other Stories", is a narrative entitled "The Steppe" which takes up the last half of the book—the Kim-like journey of a Russian boy before whom is unfolded a panorama of Russian life—a series of loosely connected pictures seen with an almost uncanny completeness of vision. Read Chekhov for that, but not for plot.

Vladimir Korolenko, though new to me, is announced as one of the most popular writers of fiction in Russia. Korolenko, it seems to me, lacks the power to probe into the roots of life which distinguishes Chekhov and which is a vital characteristic of most Russian fiction. But he is somewhat more versatile than Chekhov, possesses a rather better developed story sense, and is gifted with a less lugubrious humor. In the original his style is said to possess remarkable grace. If we miss something of this it is probably our own fault, or perhaps partly that of the translator, but surely Korolenko is not as virile or as vivid as Gorky, and his work, in our eyes, does not compare in artistry with Tolstoi's. But, with Dostoyevsky and the rest, he is not to be overlooked by those who desire a catholic knowledge of Russian literature.

"Short Stories from the Balkans" contains thirteen selections from Czech, Rumanian, Serbian, Croatian, and Hungarian authors. They present rather too great a variety of mood and type and subject to be easily characterized together. We find here the morbid melancholy of the Slav, the rather humorous sentiment of the Serb, the lighter touch of the Magyar. There are included two delightful bits by Koloman Mikszath, who stands with Maurice Jokai as representing the best in Magyar literature. Here one is refreshed by a lighter fancy, a more delicate humor than the Russians display—qualities shown to even better advantage, perhaps, in some of his longer works, of which a translation of "St. Peter's Umbrella" remains with me a pleasant memory after some twenty years. The charm of his style is almost French in its quality and instantly appealing to an American.

Nothing from France, I regret to say, appears in this assortment, but there are some worth-while things from England. Admiring readers of the novels of William J. Locke are glad that he has collected for publication a number of his best short stories. These "Far-Away Stories", more than any of the others in this season's output, may be confidently considered in the light of the most exacting standards. For Mr. Locke has proved himself to be one of the masters of the short story, displaying the ability to develop a consistent emotional mood and produce a dramatic effect within the shorter compass without creating the too common sense of unreality. The moving quality of "The Song of Life", the delicate sympathy of "Ladies in Lavender", the dramatic situation and successful dénouement of "An Old-World Episode", one of four ingenious "Studies in Blindness", record the touch of an artist's hand and produce that lasting impression which is one of the final tests of literary quality.

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The old tradition that the British have no sense of humor dies hard, while the funniest things persistently continue to come from England. Fun tempered by good taste, too, and the divine gift of knowing when to stop. Here's Richard Dehan, for instance, turning out laughs and smiles with the greatest ease apparently and leaving the reader with a grateful sense of having achieved joy for a season. Some of the stories are in irresistible cockney, or Kentish, or some delicious brand of London slang dialect, but Mr. Dehan does not harp on one string as so many humorists do; he has overworked none of his characters or settings. His humor varies greatly in breadth; some of it is as dainty as an old lady's cap. There is "The Oldest Inhabitant", for example, a tale worthy of Sir James Barrie, in which a bored little girl tells a magnificent whopper and then, in expiation, walks to Nunbury Abbey and calls, all muddy-kneed, on the King himself! One makes haste to recommend the book to that friend whose appreciation of refined comedy is surely to be counted on.

The most notable of the books of American short stories is a posthumous collection of seven stories by Jack London, an author whose force and skill in the field of fiction are too well recognized to require special comment in this connection. These stories, which I feel sure will not disappoint Jack London fans, are all tales of the Hawaiian Islands, romantic, colorful, and stirring. Rich in story interest, character drawing, and graphic description, their peculiar dramatic quality is furnished by the close juxtaposition of pragmatic modernity and ancient mysticism in the life of the picturesque islands which London, with evident enthusiasm, chose as his *mise en scène.*

Novelty of setting is a trick often resorted to by authors to cover a paucity of creative originality. For that and for the fact that all-fiction magazines of the cheaper type have featured some of Achmed Abdullah's stories (I do not know his Occidental name if he has one), this popular author must pay the inevitable penalty. But I am inclined to believe that he deserves a loftier fate. The Chinatown of New York, with its color and Asiatic mystery and sharp contrasts, supplies his scenic properties, and his chief characters are Chinamen, presumably true to life. But he has done more than turn a clever trick. A few of his stories possess a dramatic consistency, and display a practised skill in the handling of situations in which comedy and tragedy are blended, which raises them at least above the level of the surroundings in which they have sometimes found themselves.

E. K. Means's stories of Louisiana negroes, with their quaint dialect and emotional mysticism, are freshly and incontestably funny, and the provocation of laughter is an end in itself. They also form an historical record of a type of life that is rapidly passing. Mr. Means has won a place for himself among our leading humorists because his humor, like all true humor, is human and sympathetic, and not estranged from its kinsman, pathos.

There are other volumes before me which are doubtless equally worthy of special mention, but magazine space has but one dimension, and I will close with a sort of Confidential Guide to the rest of these books.

"Off Duty." A collection of reprinted stories chosen with excellent judgment by a naval camp librarian

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for men readers, by a dozen well-known authors ranging from Oscar Wilde to Zane Grey. It includes Bret Harte's "The Outcasts of Poker Flat", Hamlin Garland's "The Outlaw", and one or two others of enduring quality.

"Lo, and Behold Ye!" Seventeen of Seumas MacManus's inimitable Irish genre tales, rich of brogue, quaint of wit, illumined by a facile fancy, redolent of the land of peat smoke and fairies, which best display their indubitable charm when read aloud by one possessing the gift of sympathetic mimicry.

"The Red Mark and Other Stories," by John Russell. Good yarns of the red-blooded, masculine sort, not lacking in originality of conception, most of them cast in a Conrad-like setting but executed in an un-Conrad-like manner, the work of an experienced hand in the art of vivid exposition.

"'Open, Sesame!'" Four readable, adventurous stories of novelette length, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, of which well-constructed, interest-holding plots are the outstanding feature.

"Deep Waters." A new volume by W. W. Jacobs in the author's familiar semi-nautical vein that may be counted on to induce abundant laughter on the part of readers who have not become too well acquainted with the Jacobs method.

"Square Peggy," by Josephine Daskam Bacon. Vastly clever and for the most part amusing tales of "flappers" and other feminine products of the present day, all of them entertaining, most of them strong in characterization, some of them absorbing in plot, and a few of them marred by an overtone of snobbishness which is just what the author did not intend.

"Taking the Count," by Charles E. Van Loan. Eleven breezy stories of the ringside by a sporting-fiction writer whose recent death brought genuine sorrow to a million or more American males of healthy impulses.

"Ladies-in-Waiting." The enviably large following of Kate Douglas Wiggin will doubtless adore these five pretty, if not robust, stories of sentiment.

"The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France." A small volume containing a single story of the war by Henry van Dyke. A somewhat mystic tale of a disheartened and shell-shocked poilu who regained his manhood after a

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The Bishop and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Co.

Birds of Heaven and Other Stories. By Vladimir Korolenko. Translated from the Russian by Clarence Augustus Manning. Duffield and Co.

Short Stories from the Balkans. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood. Marshall Jones Co.

Far-Away Stories. By William J. Locke. John Lane Co.

A Sailor's Home and Other Stories. By Richard Dehan. George H. Doran Company.

On the Makaloa Mat. By Jack London. The Macmillan Co.

The Honourable Gentleman and Others. By Achmed Abdullah. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

More E. K. Means. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Off Duty. Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper. The Century Co.

Lo, and Behold Ye! By Seumas MacManus. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Red Mark and Other Stories. By John Russell. Alfred A. Knopf.

"Open, Sesame!" By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. George H. Doran Company.

Deep Waters. By W. W. Jacobs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Square Peggy. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. D. Appleton and Co.

Taking the Count. By Charles E. Van Loan. George H. Doran Company.

Ladies-in-Waiting. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France. By Henry van Dyke. Harper and Bros.

Joy in the Morning. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons.

War Stories. Selected and edited by Roy J. Holmes and A. Starbuck. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Short Stories of the New America. Selected and edited by Mary A. Laselle. Henry Holt and Co.

At a Dollar a Year. By Robert L. Raymond. Marshall Jones Co.

A Tarpaulin Muster. By John Masefield. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Silver Age. By Temple Scott. Scott and Seltzer.

John Stuyvesant, Ancestor, and Other People. By Alvin Johnson. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

The First Piano in Camp. By Sam Davis. Harper and Bros.

The Little Chap. By Robert Gordon Anderson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

I Choose. By Gertrude Capen Whitney. The Four Seas Co.

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vision of Jeanne d'Arc, told in a poetic vein by a master of English style.

"Joy in the Morning," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. War-time stories by one who has learned to tread the paths of sentiment without missteps and who is unfortunate only in having written other stories even better and more spontaneous than these.

"War Stories" and "Short Stories of the New America." Two collections of stories of unequal merit by different authors, of the sort which held the centre of the stage, two years ago, including three or four that are worthy of preservation.

"At a Dollar a Year," by Robert L. Raymond. Stories, humorous, romantic, and otherwise, of war workers in Washington, not badly done, but somehow failing to impart a sense of permanent significance.

"A Tarpaulin Muster." Brief deep-sea sketches of literary distinction by John Masefield, which display the gifts of a poet rather than those of a story-teller.

"The Silver Age." A neat volume by Temple Scott, in which are included several smooth-flowing if not vitally important essays and several graceful if not unforgettable stories.

"John Stuyvesant, Ancestor, and Other People." Tales of the psycho-analytical type by Alvin Johnson, editor of "The New Republic", which will win the admiration of those who like that sort of thing.

"The First Piano in Camp." An attractive little volume by Sam Davis, containing a single short-comedy story of mining camp life in 1858, written in the Bret Harte manner.

"The Little Chap." A pretty little book containing a pretty little story by Robert Gordon Anderson that has been called a classic by some who like to take their childhood sentiment undiluted.

"I Choose," by Gertrude Capen Whitney. Rather a novelette than a short story, the vehicle for certain New Thought philosophies, which has apparently attracted enough readers to justify a third edition.

I hope I have succeeded in indicating which of these volumes to my mind deserve recommendation without being unkind to the others. Some of them are clear gold, a few are dross, while many are composed of an alloy of which I am not so certain. As Richard Dehan says in one of his stories, "Beauty is beauty an' make-up is make-up, though sometimes the two gets that mixed you can't 'ardly tell one from the other."

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WISHES

BY BOSWORTH CROCKER

O SWEET new moon! O wild spring weather!

O the long walks together in the sweet spring weather; we two a-Maying. I can hear you saying: "Get supper soon, hurry with the dishes. Tonight there's a new moon, let us make wishes; and we'll take a walk together... It's a long time till bedtime."

O sweet new moon! O wild spring weather!

You whistled a tune and I flung the shutters wide, flung the shutters open to let the little new moon come and peer inside. And my heart was glad and sang a little tune. It sang like a bird, sang in my sleep all night long, a mad little song.

O sweet new moon! O wild spring weather!

You wished adventure. All men do. I wished the old wish. Your wish came true. Spring is later. May is colder. The new moon is paler. All the world is older. Leave the shutters open. It's a long time till bedtime.

O sweet new moon! O wild spring weather!

Now the shutters stand wide and a weazened old moon, grotesque, blear-eyed, grins at me, comes leering inside, and like an old beldame seems to croon:
Once—there—was a—woman—
You...you...you...!
Looked across her shoulder—
You...you...you...!
Looked—at—me—when—I—was—new,
Made—a—wish—that—didn't—come—true...
Didn't—come—true!
You...you...you...!

Evil old moon!...

Now I never hurry to get supper soon. It's no use to worry about the new moon. There was a tune he used to whistle...

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I forget the tune. . . .

O wild new moon! O sweet spring weather!

Close the shutters. It's a long time—a lifetime.

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PUBLICATION SINCE THE ARMISTICE

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

A BOOK has been printed which in England has led to the coining of a new word and to a political grouping that is making lines of party cleavage. When the debate came in Parliament in mid-February on the speech from the throne, Sir Donald McLean, as leader of the opposition, moved the resolution regretting that His Majesty's Ministers had not recognized the impracticability of the fulfilment by the Central Powers of many of the terms of the Peace Treaty, nor showed any adequate apprehension of the grave danger to England's economic position at home and abroad by the continuation of the delay in resolving on conditions in many parts of Europe and the Near East. Mr. Balfour retorted by calling the opponents of the Government "Keynesites". Mr. Balfour called attention to the rumor that the opposition was going officially to support the book which, written by the young economist who represented the British Treasury at the Peace Conference, had more profoundly affected public opinion in England than any other publication since the Armistice.

John Maynard Keynes, born in 1883, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and became Assistant Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge and editor of "The Economic Journal". He went to Paris with the Peace Commission as the chief representative of the British Treasury at the conference. He disagreed with the decisions of the conference, deeply deplored the economic features of the treaty, believed that the "Big Four" were completely blind to the economic structure of European society and to the danger involved in making a treaty that failed to recognize economic facts, and so he resigned his post.

He wrote a book entitled "The Economic Consequences of the Peace", and it has proved not only a literary sensation but a political factor of the first magnitude. It has created a great body of public opinion in England that has been converted to Keynes's view. The recent publication of the book in this country is making a profound impression here. From different points of view, Keynes's conclusions are controverted by friends of Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Wil-

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son; but those who object even the most violently to Keynes's conclusions, admit the truth of much that he has written, and squirm in their displeasure over the biting sarcasm of his portrait-etchings.

The book compels attention. The reading of it can hardly be avoided by anyone deeply interested either in the economic chaos of Europe or in the nature of the Treaty of Peace. There may be those who feel that the personal characterizations are in doubtful taste and are limned with a cruel hand. There will be others who will believe that Keynes has seen only the economic side, the side very few of the people engaged in the conference saw at all, and has wholly neglected the political significance of the decisions. There will be many who will disagree with the remedies that Keynes proposes, but none of these critics can deny that the book is an example of most brilliant economic exposition.

If the men who made the treaty could have read and got into their very souls the analysis of the economic structure of Europe which is contained in the brief chapter of eighteen pages on "Europe Before The War", if they could have been made to comprehend the significance of the economic principles there set forth, the treaty would have been a different document from the one which is resulting in the chaos that is today involving all Central Europe, and would have been less likely to have resulted in consequences dangerous to the future of European civilization.

The makers of the treaty seemed blind to the economics of the European situation. Some were influenced by the desire for revenge and by quaking fear that contemplated a rehabilitated Germany; some were under the disability of wild election promises, and lent themselves to the shaping of what Keynes calls a "Carthaginian Peace", because British politicians, in an excess of vote-getting oratory, had promised the reimbursement of the cost of the war through the German indemnity. A peace was concluded with eyes shut to economic facts, and now everyone concerned with it admits at least enough of Keynes's criticism to declare that none among the Allies expected the treaty to be carried out on the economic side to the letter, but that the whole theory involved changing the economic terms of the treaty by the Reparations Commission. The thing that has irritated the adherents of Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson more than anything else in the book is the description which this eye-witness gives of the progress of the Conference, and particularly the characterizations of the three leading figures. Only a word is devoted to Orlando, but the characterizations of the other three will long live as remarkable contemporaneous pictures of the great figures in the drafting of the treaty.

Clemenceau is pictured as silent and aloof, sitting enthroned on a brocaded chair, wearing grey suede gloves, and surveying the scene with a cynical and almost impish air. "He had one illusion: France; one disillusion: mankind", and the latter included his colleagues. His view of German psychology was that the German understands nothing but intimidation; that he is without honor, principle, or mercy. He did not believe in negotiating with him, but in dictating to him. In his mind there was no place for magnanimity or fair play; he believed that these would only shorten the period of Germany's recovery and again hurl at France her greater num-

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bers, resources, and technical skill. And so the demand for a "Carthaginian Peace" was inevitable.

Lloyd George was ignorant of facts, but he had a swiftness of intellect, a quickness of apprehension, and an agility in debate that far out-distanced his associates.

Wilson came with his Fourteen Points and his dream of a League of Nations. Neither was worked out in any practical detail. In Paris, as we so many times saw happen in Washington during the war, Wilson felt that after the statement of a case had been made, couched in irreproachable English, the matter was finished so far as he was concerned. He is pictured as a man profoundly desirous of doing right, but with a mind that was slow and unresourceful, and "never ready with *any* alternatives". He was capable of digging his toes in and refusing to budge, but had no other mode of defense. His adroit associates, by assuming an appearance of conciliation, manœuvred him off his ground. Having absolutely no detailed plans for putting into practice either the Fourteen Points or the League of Nations, the advantage all lay with those who worked out the details. Keynes does not picture the President as Sir William Mitchell-Thompson did in the Parliamentary debate referred to, that he was "as a rabbit mesmerized by Lloyd George's basilisk eye", but he does draw a man of high purpose, with a Presbyterian temperament, with a mind that was slow and unadaptable, and no match at all for the Welshman's sensitive apprehension and capacity for ready readjustment.

This chapter on the Conference must be admitted as a brilliant characterization, although it will be read with satisfaction or displeasure according to one's personal estimate of the characters that have been pictured.

The portion of the book which has been so unsettling to public opinion is that in which the economic features of the treaty are dissected, particularly the nature of the indemnity and the ability of Germany to pay. There is marshaled an array of figures such as is available only to those who were close in the councils of the Conference. Some of these have been challenged. To those who would rather see Germany crushed than recover to such a degree that the indemnity could be squeezed out, the views regarding the Treaty will not be acceptable. The impression the book leaves is one of clearly indicated impossibility in carrying out the economic features of the treaty, and the necessity for the early revision of the figures by the Reparations Commission. The vast danger to Europe lies, however, in the political difficulties of early action by the Reparations Commission, and in the danger that Central Europe is progressing toward social disintegration under the influence of deprivation extended to starvation. Keynes presents an extremely gloomy view of the outlook in that respect, but no more gloomy than the pictures drawn by Sir Donald McLean, Lord Robert Cecil, and Mr. Balfour in the recent Parliamentary debate. Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Balfour were now able to recognize with appalling distinctness the economic chaos embracing all Central Europe, but neither would do more than disagnose the case. There was no remedy proposed, and Mr. Balfour distinctly emphasized the inability of Great Britain to go further than she has gone. He made much of keeping British industries sound, at least, and of the fact that the burden in curing the economic ills of the old Central

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Powers and the new nations was one immeasurably beyond Great Britain's present strength.

When we come to Keynes's remedies, they are, like most remedies, distasteful. To the French public and, to a much less degree, to the British public, the proposition that the total indemnity be reduced to ten billions, and that a further allowance of two and a half billions be made for the surrender of merchant ships, submarine cables, and war materials, as provided by the treaty, would be most distasteful. After making this definite statement of the amount of indemnity, the Reparations Commission should be dissolved, and Germany should be allowed to pay in such instalments as she would be able to do. He would make the Coal Commission, established by the Allies, an appendage of the League of Nations, and rearrange Germany's obligations as to coal deliveries. He would institute a free trade union, established under the auspices of the League of Nations, and embracing Germany, Poland, the new states formed from the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the mandated states. All tariff barriers between these several nations should be prohibited for ten years, after which adherence to this arrangement would be voluntary.

The proposal that will come as somewhat of a shock to us is a proposition in reference to interallied indebtedness. That aggregates twenty billions. The United States has lent one half of this sum, the United Kingdom has lent twice as much as she has borrowed, France has borrowed three times as much as she has lent, and the other Allies have borrowed only. Keynes recommends that all of this should be mutually forgiven, the major hardship thus falling on the United States. If that is not done, he sees the war ended with a heavy network of indebtedness impeding the movements of all of the Allies. The amount is likely to exceed the total sum obtainable from the enemy, and "the war will have ended with the intolerable result of the Allies paying the indemnity to one another, instead of obtaining it from the enemy". This is a juggling with the word *indemnity*, but it presents a very real picture of the difficulty.

Keynes's constructive programme concludes with the proposition of an interallied loan to furnish food and raw materials. He thinks, and I believe he thinks correctly, that it will be very difficult for European production to get started again without a temporary measure of external assistance. He thinks much might be done with a fund of a billion dollars. Of course, we have loaned since the Armistice in the neighborhood of four billion dollars. Of this $2,750,000,000 was advanced by our government, and there have been other advances by manufacturers, exporters, and speculators in exchange, which, together with the remittances from our aliens to their home people, made possible the settlement of four billions of dollars of trade balance in our favor last year.

That performance can not be duplicated this year, and, unless some coordinated effort is made to grant Europe further credits, we shall merely sit by and await the coming crisis in Europe's economic disease. That crisis is approaching and will reach its climax some time between now and the next harvest. If the inability to organize industry, the difficulty to get raw materials and food, prove so great that human nature rebels and political revolution ensues,

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then another act of the drama of the Great War will follow. If the gloomy prediction for such an outlook prove unfounded, and Europe is able to struggle through till the next harvest, there will then be grounds of hope for ultimate economic recuperation.

Today we are balanced between the fear that Europe is progressing toward economic disintegration and the hope that economic pressure will not become so severe that political revolution will follow. Much of the danger would have been averted, had there been more capacity in Paris to understand the economic facts that are the basis of Keynes's vision. In any event, a reading of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" will be of great help in understanding the present position and outlook of Europe.

The Economic Consequences of the Peace. By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

COMPENSATION

BY SARA TEASDALE

I should be glad of loneliness
And hours that go on broken wings,
A thirsty body, a tired heart
And the unchanging ache of things,
If I could make a single song
As lovely and as full of light,
As hushed and brief as a falling star
On a winter night.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

JAMES HUNEKER'S "BEDOUINS"

By Benjamin De Casseres

JAMES HUNEKER'S new book "Bedouins" begins with "Mary Garden" and ends with "The Vision Malefic". Is there a subtle connection between the two? That is a question of personal psychology. But the two apparently disparate subjects give one a peep at the range and depth of the artistic sensibility of Mr. Huneker. It is a sensibility that is a conglomerate of many pasts. It is exotic and decadent, electric and Olympian. It is, curiously, a great dawn-wind that sweeps from ruins. He has a marvelous power of suggesting, of stimulating, of suddenly burbanking widely separated notions and as suddenly dissociating them. As some one said about him, his brilliancy and versatility hide his profundity.

"Bedouins" is well-titled. For Mr. Huneker himself is a Bedouin, a nomad of the arts. He pitches his tent wherever he finds a gleam of the beautiful, the rare, the exotic, the abnormal. If he were permitted a double-deck span of man's allotted years—that is, if he could live to be one hundred and forty—there would probably be to his credit the first authentic encyclopædia of all earth-geniuses sifted through one of the most magical temperaments of the time. He would be the Plutarch of art, literature, and philosophy. But sufficient unto his life is the literary beauty thereof. No library today is complete without his works.

"Bedouins" is divided into two parts. Part I contains seventeen chapters, five of which at least are devoted to Mary Garden. There is inordinate praise of this elfish being whom Mr. Huneker styles a "superwoman". "A condor, an eagle, a peacock, a nightingale, a panther, a society dame, a gallery of moving-pictures, a siren, an indomitable fighter, a human woman with a heart as big as a house, a lover of sports, an electric personality, and a canny Scotch lassie who can force from an operatic manager wails of anguish because of her close bargaining over a contract; in a word, a Superwoman." In this psychoanalysis of the superwoman it will be noticed that suffrage and birth-control are not mentioned. It is also much in evidence here that Mr. Huneker is as much enamored of the remarkable personality of Mary Garden as of her artistic powers. But the two, it may be, cannot be dissevered. "Her rhythms", Mr. Huneker says, "are individual; she stems from the Gallic theatre; she has studied Sarah Bernhardt and Yvette Guilbert..., but she pins her faith to the effortless art of Eleonora Duse." He analyzes, in magnificently glittering prose, her various rôles. He seems to award her the laurel in Mélisande. She has, however, added Isolde to her rôles. "Such an Isolde", says Mr. Huneker, "would be too bewildering to be true!" Personally, I consider the prose of Mr.

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Huneker infinitely greater art than anything Mary Garden has ever done. If I were to write here as ecstatically, as enthusiastically, as unrestrainedly of Mr. Huneker as he has of Mary Garden, I would be considerably "edited".

"The passing of Octave Mirbeau" is journalistic, and does not seem, in my opinion, to give to that tremendous satirist his deserts. Mirbeau was more terrible than Swift. He was a more perfect and vitriolic hater than Nietzsche. Nowhere is there mention of that long interlude of Le Père Pamphile in "L'Abbé Jules", which is the most terrible satire on idealism ever written and which makes "Don Quixote" look like a "movie".

"Anarchs and Ecstasy". Here is a plea for ecstasy in art, a quality in criticism that Mr. Huneker himself possesses to the nth degree. "Swinburne had it from the first." Victor Hugo had it, Rodin had it, Tennyson and Browning had it only occasionally. Again in this essay is heard the Garden *motif*. "All this tumultuous imagery, this rhapsody Hunekeresque", he says, "is provided by a photograph of Mary Garden, whose enigmatic eyes collide with my gaze across the Time and Space of my writing desk."

He considers "Anatole France: the Last Phase", the humanitarian, socialistic Anatole, who is now a Lucifer with the cowl; there is a chapter on George Luks, Caruso, "Chopin and the Circus"—a curious bit of frisky humor; on Poe and Chopin—who with Flaubert are the Trinitarian fathers of Mr. Huneker's artistic Olympus; and "A Masque of Music", which is a remarkable prose allegory of Sound.

Part II of "Bedouins" is called "Idols and Ambergris". There are seven chapters, short stories in the well-known manner of the author. Their themes are musical, the dominant ecstasy in Mr. Huneker's make-up. The supreme sin, according to one of the characters in "The Supreme Sin", the first story, is denial of the devil. The Nietzschean profundities gleam with merry irony through the lines of this tale. But Parsifal-Josephs are rare among us these days.

In all these tales it is hard to tell whether the author is laughing at us or not. Mr. Huneker laughs at us through many veils. His Isis uncovered often reveals a Charlie Chaplin—only that, and nothing more. The world is too old to be shocked by these meticulously literary blasphemies. Baudelaire and Guillaume Apollinaire went the limit. But Mr. Huneker moves the scenes dexterously. And he never acts without his prompt-books in his palm.

"Bedouins" is a book without a desert.

Bedouins. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A NOTABLE NOVEL OF BRAZIL

By Isaac Goldberg

AFTER having for some time been known in French and Spanish (and it is hard to believe that the multifariously enterprising Germans have not published a German version of a noted novel that so intimately concerns their destiny in Brazil), Graça Aranha's "Canaan" is introduced to the English-reading public. Belatedly, but none the less welcome, and none the less worthy of perusal by all who appreciate novels that are something more than abortive "action". In fact,

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"Canaan" is apt to prove an interesting puzzle to the fond literary cataloguer. This is surely no novel in the conventional sense of the word, yet there is a well-defined tale that, if it be somewhat slow in getting under way, holds the attention to the strange, indecisive end. Just as truly there is a lyric sweep to much of the book that can hardly be dissociated from genuine poetry; and with as little doubt, there is an epic breath that blows through these pages.

Brazil is "Canaan", the promised land. Thither comes Milkau from the old world, imbued with a sort of Christian socialism that seeks the establishment of a Utopia in the virgin continent. Here, among others, he meets the Nietzschean Lentz, and the two form a queer partnership amid the solitude that inspires the one and crushes the other. Here, too, they encounter Mary, the abandoned mistress of one of the German colonists, whose sorry plight enlists Milkau's sympathy, and later his love. Yet this land that is pregnant with such promise is infested with all the vile old-world conditions against which Milkau has rebelled and of which he had hoped to find the new continent free. Scheming pettifoggers batten upon the industrious colonists; the German colonists themselves are capable of siding with Mary's seducer and driving her to despair and unmerited imprisonment upon the gruesome, and false, charge of having given her own child to the pigs that attended its sudden birth in the open fields. Milkau's love, like so many of the mirages that rise in this exotic landscape, turns to disillusionment and delirium. We leave him, at the end, together with Mary, a prey to oncoming death. The promised land, like all good things, lies not in the present, but in the future.

The real significance of the work lies in its treatment of Brazil's immigrant problem and the birth-pangs of the new order that grows from the fusion of old Europe with new America. The discussions that agitate Milkau and Lentz touch vital problems in the national development; Mary might almost be taken as a symbol of the harassed nation.

Ferrero, in his really pithy introduction, notes the beauty of the author's style and his description, the purity of the psychological analysis, the depths of the thoughts and reflections; among the book's faults he discovers a "certain disproportion between the different parts...and an ending which is too vague, indefinite and unexpected." He is right, too, in considering the literary qualities of the book of secondary importance. The truth would seem to be that Aranha's main purpose was, as it so often is in the case of Spanish and Portuguese American writers, to present landscapes and customs, dominant personalities that incarnate certain philosophical principles and attitudes. Yet there is a distinctly noble flavor to the work, and certainly a large humanity that marks it as something more than exclusively Brazilian in significance. Indeed, for the thinking American of the north, between Canada and the Rio Grande, the theme is of primary importance. Millions have sought their "Canaan" here and have been no more successful than Milkau. And for similar reasons.

The same words that struck Ferrero, at the end of the first chapter, where Milkau speaks of the transformation that immigration will ultimately accomplish, might with little change be applied to our own nation. And the labor and aspirations of the Milkaus, though in the case of the in-

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dividual they may be frustrated, fertilize the soil whence the civilization of the future will spring.

Canaan. By Graça Aranha. Translated from the Portuguese by M. J. Lorente. Four Seas Co.

WALTER DE LA MARE ON RUPERT BROOKE

By Christopher Morley

IN Rupert Brooke that quickness to see and feel which is the gist of the poetic sense was happily geared with an equal velocity of expression. It was Wordsworth (was it not?) who said that the poet works under only one necessity—that of giving immediate pleasure. And certainly it was Shelley who said that poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. Brooke not only had one of the happiest and best minds of our time; he also, in the radiant display of his vivid senses and the candid sincerity and exactitude of their interpretation, gave the world more pleasure than any young poet of recent years. It is the brilliant quality of his passionate interest in life, his restless, exploring, examining intellect, that chiefly concerns Walter de la Mare in a lecture on Brooke first given before Rugby School a year ago, and now issued in booklet form.

The world grants its highest affection to those creators who most shrewdly express the painful inward vivacity of the human mind. Brooke was a happy and charming egotist. He found his own experience so highly entertaining and diverse that it occupied the bulk of his speculation. The speech of his own brain sounded above all other voices, as it must in any true poet—just as a man may stand on Broadway and drown out all sound of traffic in his own ears by eating a piece of dry toast. When he went to America, to Tahiti, it was not so much to see those odd places, as to examine the reactions of his lively heart in strange surroundings. His kingdom of poetry was within him.

Mr. de la Mare's essay, which no lover of poetry will want to miss, advances an interesting theory. He suggests that poets are of two kinds: those who are similar to children in dreamy self-communion and absorption; and those who are similar to boys in their curious, restless, analytical interest in the world. Poets of the boyish or matter-of-fact imagination are intellectual, he says: they enjoy experience for itself. Poets of the childish or matter-of-fancy heart are visionary, mystical; they feed on dreams and enjoy experience as a symbol. He thinks that Brooke's imagination was distinctly of the boyish kind. His appetite for experience was insatiable—"that tearing hunger to do and do and do things. I want to walk 1000 miles, and write 1000 plays, and sing 1000 poems, and drink 1000 pots of beer, and kiss 1000 girls, and—oh, a million things!... The spring makes me almost ill with excitement. I go round corners on the roads shivering and nearly crying with suspense." How that reminds one of Stevenson's youthful letters! And incidentally, this was a lively quotation for Mr. de la Mare to spring on the boys at Rugby.

One is not quite certain that this classification of poetic imagination into the boyish and the childish is of complete dividing validity,—and indeed Mr. de la Mare makes no extravagant claim for it. It is specially

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interesting, however, since it suggests that much of the fascination that Brooke's work and personality held for Mr. de la Mare is due to the contrast in these two men's imaginative gifts. Those many who admire the peculiar mysticism and subtlety of Mr. de la Mare's reaction to the terms of experience will not be surprised that this essay of his seems the most valuable comment that has been made on the poet of the "flaming brains", the most romantic and appealing figure of youth and song that has crossed the horizon of these riddled years.

Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination. By Walter de la Mare. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN MASTERS

By Thomas Walsh

THE critical study of modern South American authors has been for the most part resolved into a glorification of the poetry of Rubén Darío with an overflow of praise for José Santos Chocano, the exponent of Americanism in its most ardent form. This is both just and unjust; for while we will admit at once the preponderating merits of Darío, we must hesitate before allowing all the extraordinary laudation which his followers in America have been lavishing upon him.

The arch-offender in this particular, aside from the fantastic efforts of Vargas Vila, has been that elaborate personage Don Andrés González-Blanco, who in four hundred pages of a preposterous book entitled "Estudio Preliminar" (Madrid, 1910) hurls a Niagara flood of erudition upon Rubén Darío, sousing him with Schopenhauer, Emerson, Mallarmé, and D'Annunzio, until the brain reels and the lights go out in a fog of ceaseless rhetoric.

More discreet—for they could not surpass the "Estudio Preliminar"—have been the younger critics of Buenos Aires and Cuba. Blanco Fombona and Max Henriquez Ureña have done excellent service in a sufficiently enthusiastic way with the bibliography and coordination of these critical riches. Tulio M. Cestero has stood almost alone in his endeavor to state the truth about Darío in his "Rubén Darío El Hombre y El Poeta" (Habana, 1916), where we find gleams of the true greatness of the poet struggling through the limitations and disorders of a rather poor humanity and defective personal character.

Dr. Goldberg, the author of the fine "Studies in Spanish-American Literature", has had the advantage of these criticisms, and the judgment to avoid their faults and omissions. His study of Darío's poetry is enthusiastic and appreciative; it is marked with the fairest critical spirit. This may also be declared of his entire treatment of the "Modernistas"—his delineation of their sources in the French Parnassian and Symbolist movements; his statement of their indebtedness to Byron, Longfellow and Poe; his discovery of the first stirrings of modernism in Gutierrez Nájera, Diaz Mirón, and Asunción Silva.

There are separate studies of Julian del Casal and González Martínez, and Dr. Goldberg remarks that "a fuller treatment of modernism should include such widely admired spirits as Leopoldo Lugones and Leopoldo Diaz (Argentina), Guillermo Valencia (Colombia), Ricardo Jaimes-Freyre (Bo-

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livia), and Julio Herrera-Reissig (Uruguay)". In the future work which Dr. Goldberg announces, it is also to be hoped that he will include such other figures among the "Modernistas" as Poveda, Brull, and Cansio (Cuba), Antonio Gomez Restrepo (Colombia), and Bartolomé Galindez (Argentina).

Reading Darío, a northerner is seldom unaware that, for all "his fine white hands of a marquis", the poet is really a half-breed "of the blood of the Chorotega or Nagrandano Indians and the negroes". One is always in the presence of the glowing contrasts, the dramatic hues and contours that make up what the Spanish critics, with perhaps overmuch depreciation, denominate *criollismo*. For Rubén Darío was truly a primitive of colonial type, influenced by the traditions and superstitions of his native Nicaragua, and in all his wanderings and vagaries a sincere Catholic through the early training of his maternal aunt and the Jesuit missionaries of León. It is hard to bear with the modern critics and their pretended studies of paganism in Darío, when we remember that this quality in his work is but as the flash of light upon fish-scales as he swam between his religious tenets and his bad practice of them. In his form of Christianity there was complete room for the culture of the Renaissance, and he naturally availed himself of its beauty and power in all his work, from the most carnal to the most religious of his poems.

Dr. Goldberg continues his "Studies" with a consideration of José Enrique Rodó, the Uruguayan philosopher and litterateur who surpassed, says González-Blanco, "Valera in flexibility, Perez-Galdos in elegance, Pardo Bazan in modernity, Valle-Inclan in erudition, Azorin in critical spirit; who could have imagined that beyond the sea there was to flourish at the very close of the nineteenth century the greatest prose writer of the Castilian language?"

There would be no need to linger over the discussion of his fine essay "Ariel"—in which the United States figures in a way as the Caliban—were it not to take occasion to point out how much more harmful to our international peacefulness is such heavy, misguided idealism than all the fantastic furies of our picturesque enemy, Blanco Fombona.

José Santos Chocano at least is our friend and admirer. We may be proud of him for other reasons. He is a great poet of the first order; he is inspired with a vast sense of beauty, freedom, and a truly American philosophy which are as banners set before the paths of the younger writers of all our Americas of the future. Rubén Darío recognized him, not as a rival, but as a true compeer, declaring that in him "Pegasus pastures in the meadows of the Incas". Chocano is Spanish and he is American; in both phases he is always a personal poet in contrast to the indirectness of much of Darío and the other Spanish modernists. From the patriotic scene in his "Cronica Alfonsina"—where two vessels meet in opposite course in mid-ocean, one bearing Jimena the lady of the Cid, the other, Dulcinea of Don Quixote, and interchange courtesies—to the exquisite lyric quality of "The Magnolia", we find haunting reminiscences of the classic muse of Heredia the Cuban, and the rugged power of our own Walt Whitman. There is to be added also the strong influence of Edgar Allan Poe, which

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the Spanish critics have generally and quite unaccountably overlooked.

We can congratulate ourselves on the production in English during these recent years of some really distinguished books bearing upon Spanish and South American letters. Naturally the Spaniard has been very busy himself in the long delayed unveiling of his native glories. But such books as Dr. Coester's "Literary History of Spanish America" (New York, 1916), Dr. J. D. M. Ford's "Main Currents of Spanish Literature" (New York, 1919), Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "Oxford Book of Spanish Verse" (Oxford, 1913), "The Hispanic Anthology — Translations from the Spanish" (New York, 1920), and Dr. Išaac Goldberg's "Studies in Spanish-American Literature" mark an advance in international culture and personal relations with Spain and Spanish America such as bids us hope for a completer and more brilliant floriation of our mutual arts and letters.

It is useless to question whether North or South America has already made the greater contribution to literature; the partisans of either side will be sufficiently shocked when they are asked to face such a question with equal minds, without permitting love of the native land to blind them to the fact that it is still an open question. The republics of the south have their own literature, their novelists and poets; it is said they have few readers; but must we not also confess that literature properly so-called is the possession of very few among ourselves, in spite of much pretense and jargoning. Our hands across the southern seas, therefore, and a hearty greeting to Spanish-American literature.

Studies in Spanish-American Literature. By Isaac Goldberg. Brentano's.

COURAGEOUS CANDOR

By Oscar L. Joseph

WE must take men as we find them and make the best or the worst of the bargain. The Dean of St. Paul's, London, is noted for his extensive learning and fearless independence. Those who try to cross swords with him may feel like the cardinal who was instructed to tackle Lord Acton and thought better of it. He is by no means infallible but his conclusions must be reckoned with, even if we disagree with his processes. What, however, makes his writing so intolerable is his patronizing way and his spirit of hauteur, as he stands aloof and with the unction of superiority passes judgment on men and things in the dogmatic spirit which he censures in others. In his "Outspoken Essays" he shows a certain personal antipathy as he punctures traditions, criticizes accepted positions, jostles and upturns beliefs, gives rapier thrusts at prejudices and provincialisms, and offers scant respect to aristocrat and proletariat with a latent leaning toward the former.

He hesitates to recognize the virtues of democracy but hastens to point out its defects, while he passes indictment against it with an amazing cocksureness, very much after the fashion of Gilbert Chesterton in his rhapsodic and semihumorous "History of the United States". Had he known more he might have said less about us. We prefer the more balanced exposition of democracy by Bryce in "The American Commonwealth". The essays on patriotism, the birth-rate, and the future of the English race will certainly shock some readers and arouse animosity. But such plain-speaking should not be discouraged, even if it is un-

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palatable, especially when we are furnished food for serious thought. What he writes about the Anglo-Saxon with reference to conditions in the United States deserves consideration.

Dean Inge is a spiritual idealist and he has no sympathy with secularized idealism and its illusions of progress. The modern issue is not whether Catholicism or Protestantism shall direct the world, but "whether Christianity can come to terms with the awakening self-consciousness of modern civilization". He holds that Christianity has introduced "a standard of new values", which cannot be estimated by "quantitative standards". It was the insistence on this latter test that produced the modern debacle, and Inge's estimate of it is quite to the point:

> Human nature has not been changed by civilization. It has neither been levelled up nor levelled down to an average mediocrity. Beneath the dingy uniformity of international fashions in dress, man remains what he has always been—a splendid fighting animal, a self-sacrificing hero, and a blood-thirsty savage. Human nature is at once sublime and horrible, holy and satanic. Apart from the accumulation of knowledge and experience, which are external and precarious acquisitions, there is no proof that we have changed much since the first stone age.

Over against this sombre conclusion might be placed his conviction as to the Christian cure:

> Whatever forms reconstruction may take, Christianity will have its part to play in making the new Europe. It will be able to point to the terrible vindication of its doctrines in the misery and ruin overtaking a world which has rejected its valuations and scorned its precepts. It is not Christianity which has been judged and condemned at the bar of civilization; it is civilization which has destroyed itself because it has honored Christ with its lips, while its heart has been far from Him.

The failure of organized religion is repeatedly emphasized with characteristic insight and fearlessness in the papers on the position of the Church of England, the papal attitude toward modernism, Cardinal Newman, St. Paul, and especially on institutionalism and mysticism. He is on sure ground when discussing these topics, as might be expected from the author of "The Philosophy of Plotinus". Whatever may be said about his interpretations, we must recognize in him a prophet of candor, who utters the burden of truth with sublime disregard to personal consequences.

Another volume to be noted in this connection is Professor Buckham's clear appraisal of some of the noteworthy contributions by American religious leaders of relatively recent date. "Progressive Religious Thought in America" will enable students to appreciate the tercentenary of the founding of Puritan New England. Those hardy pioneers builded better than they knew. There is a breath of the springtide in the writings of the men honored in this volume, yet what they accomplished was made possible because they applied the principles of freedom with a thoroughness that the men who first formulated them could hardly have done. Bushnell, Munger, Gordon, Tucker, Gladden, Smyth—these are memorable names in the history of American religious thought. It is worth noting that all these liberators of religion belong to the pulpit and not to the professorial chair. Buckham does well in pointing out the painful separation between literature and theology. "Much worthy theology had gone a-begging because clothed in the garments of heaviness instead of the robes of praise". The eminent succession of these seers has not yet terminated, and as long as this is so, the day of the pulpit has not set. At present it is suffering from a temporary eclipse, owing to the reactions from the war; but it will recover itself and its latter period will be more glorious than its former, if its occupants fear-

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lessly face the light that comes from science, philosophy, psychology, economics and literature, all of which are the manifold expressions of life.

Outspoken Essays. By William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D. Longmans, Green and Co.
Progressive Religious Thought in America. A Survey of the Enlarging Pilgrim Faith. By John Wright Buckham. Houghton Mifflin Co.

TRAVELS WITH ARTHUR SYMONS

By Henry James Forman

THE poet is the super-traveler in life. To say that he invokes the souls of cities is to suggest that he is "soulful" and at once to minimize such a book, say, as "Cities and Sea-Coasts and Islands", by Arthur Symons. Mr. Symons, I need hardly say, is not "soulful" in the schoolgirl's diary sense. But true poet that he is, he visits a city or an island and the place is astonishingly revealed to him with a multitude of detail that the run of sightseers simply would not suspect. No tourist ever sees a place in the way the poet sees it. For one thing the poet is never in a hurry. He gazes on the scene, depicts it, and before you know it you not only see a beach, shingle and water, but the restless human heart in you is floating outward over a softly billowing, tranquil sea to that infinity where the soul is always at home.

In a few happy touches Mr. Symons brings before you the city of Seville so that you will never more forget it. "A significant quality of the Andalusians", he observes, "is the profound seriousness which they retain, even when they abandon themselves to the most violent emotions. It is the true sensuality, the only way of getting the utmost out of one's sensations, as gaiety, or a facile voluptuousness, never can." The Sevillians themselves would be thrilled and delighted by Mr. Symons's interpretation of them, and that is the true test of descriptive writing. In a Spanish music hall, in the streets of Valencia or Toledo, in the poetry of Santa Teresa or St. John of the Cross,—in all of these, he reveals to you the land of Spain as few travelers will ever see it by themselves. The fireside traveler with Symons has an infinitely better chance than the average tourist with Baedeker.

He visits Montserrat, the monastery, the mediæval Castle of the Holy Grail, and the picture becomes rich with more than mere association—it is a monument to human devotion. True pilgrim that he is, the poet takes up his home there to taste in full this unusual morsel of life. He sings the "Salve" and the "Ave Maria", dwells in the whitewashed cell and "for once", he says, "I was perfectly happy, and with that element of strangeness in my happiness without which I cannot conceive happiness".

In London he has wandered about with an amateur tramp, who has seen humanity "where it has least temptation to be anything but itself", not out of any affectation, but because of his absorbing interest in humanity; because,—

> To live and die under a roof
> Drives the brood of thoughts aloof;
> To walk by night under the sky
> Lets the birds of thought fly.

There are some twenty-six pieces in the book and every one of them is a poem. They are not the sort of "travel" to be found in the popular guide-books, but those who choose to read them will visit portions of the world in the company of one of its choicest spirits, of one who knows how

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to write about that which when seen touches, perhaps—but usually escapes —most of us.

Cities and Sea-Coasts and Islands. By Arthur Symons. Brentano's.

HENRY JAMES, PAINTER

By Louise R. Sykes

HERE are four short stories that redeem again, for a moment, the term. Anyone may be glad, in much recent litter and rubbish, to come upon this earliest work of Henry James. But for your real lover the collection is much more than just "something, at last, worth while to read". For him it is what the source of the Nile was to the explorer, or what the early photograph of the little boy in the velvet suit is to his fond mother. To have it is to hold the documentary assurance that his author's greatest qualities are all inherent, that nothing that he gave the world later was affectation or pose, that even the mannerisms that he developed were the over-emphasis of his intention, his determination to the nth degree to make his meaning plain. These stories have every resemblance to the mature work of their author, the same features, the same expression, and, allowing for some slight awkwardness of youth, the same pose. Here is the first segment of the sweeping curve that Henry James completed before he died. With this record the sequence should have been easy to foretell. In this slight collection the really distinctive qualities of the artist are all evident.

Of all the writers of fiction that ever wrote, not only in English but in any modern tongue that speaks to us, Henry James is the painter par excellence, the artist who reduces life's chaotic material to the vision, to the picture. If he hears and smells and feels things, it is only secondarily and absent-mindedly, only the better to see them withal. He seems sometimes, almost consciously, to have subordinated the other senses, absorbed as he is in seeing. He is the painter, not the nature lover. He has no "bank whereon the wild thyme grows", no "Woods of Westermain". One might almost say that the cock never crows for Henry James, or, if he does, he *sees* him crow. He is surprisingly indifferent to sounds, as sounds, and the other appeals to the senses; to all that paraphernalia of the sensuist, who hypnotizes his subject by steeping him in his decoctions—a very witches' brew of whatever is sense-stirring and emotional. In his best work Henry James just paints and paints. Moving back to the artist's safe distance from his subject, and reaching out his long brush, he blocks out his canvas, gives form and color with rapid, certain strokes. He tells his tales with landscape and houses and furniture, with clothes and movements, with gestures and facial expression. He does not smother his story in them, he tells his story *with* them. What relief for the fagged imagination, over-worked in following the labored details that other authors must use to build up a scene!

It is the nature of the ordinary person, and especially of the scholar, unfortunately, to be able to be only one thing at a time. If philosophers could only be kings, and being kings remain philosophers! If historians could be epic poets too! And scientists, essayists! But no. What they give us is a vast mass of chronicle, commentary, thesis. Now, it is the good fortune

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of the artist to be two persons in one, sometimes three. That is what gives him form and dimension. And so, in Henry James, the painter in him bred with the psychologist, equally in him, and together they mothered and fathered the long line of his creations. Sometimes one character seems more active in his work than the other, but at his best he "tells his picture in" with alternate brush-strokes of color and psychology. He paints with a running commentary of psychological interpretation, which in the later novels takes the form of vast, almost trackless parentheses. The painter sees, but he never fails to invest his vision with meaning. The psychologist analyzes down to the fundamental and primal, but he never forgets to clothe, and place, and set his characters moving.

These examples of Henry James's early work reveal also the tastes and interests that dominated him throughout. It is amusing to observe how already the old world has laid hands upon this devotee of arts and subtleties. Some one in his stories has always just come from, or is about to set out for Europe. And notice—it is already the American effects that are *"criarde"*, the European that are iridescent. It is with the "fine shades and nice feelings" of overrefined society that our author is mainly concerned, rather than with the primæval struggle of plain man; with the cross-currents and under-currents of life, rather than with the main stream. His are not historical or political novels with mighty backgrounds, processional foregrounds, or great, threatening, enveloping action. He does not propound or treat human problems, except with such curious individual cross-lighting as renders them useless for general solution. If he develops his subject adequately in its isolation, he apparently does not deem it necessary to place it in the immense complex of life. His characters live unto themselves and unto one another.

And living remotely, they live uniquely. There is a steady refusal to allow the obvious to happen. If it does happen, it must not be for obvious reasons. Or, if it does happen *and* for obvious reasons, then it must be to one, whom the gods, wishing to destroy, first make blind. To such nothing is obvious. The stories are saturated with irony. With all the professed frankness of the characters, they never move in the clear light of day. The event is in the lap of the gods, whence it must be dragged into the shameless light. If the story ultimately does reach its final situation by elimination of the obvious,—and Henry James never paints "another stupid sunset",—it is assuredly not to impose the trick of a gross surprise, but to exhibit the perverse irony and double-facedness of life, the irony of the flatly obvious confronting the persistently blind.

A Landscape Painter. By Henry James. Scott and Seltzer.

THE NEW ENGLAND CULT

By Walter A. Dyer

SOME one has said that there are more Lithuanians in the United States today than bona fide New Englanders of Colonial stock. That is probably hyperbole; at any rate it is beside the point. For those of us who were born within musket-shot of Faneuil Hall and whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower or some other seventeenth-century excursion boat do

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not reckon our importance in numbers. We are the salt of the earth. We know it, if the rest of the benighted world does not. The dome of the State House in Boston is still the hub of the universe, and the Sacred Cod is the symbol of the only American aristocracy worth consideration.

We are proudly, arrogantly provincial. We know not "the Loop", but we expect Chicagoans to reverence "the Common". We speak of "the Cape", and resent it when New Yorkers speak of "the City". We have a tradition that the Revolution was fought and won at Lexington and Bunker Hill and that Samuel Adams was the Father of his Country. As for literature, nothing has happened since the dissolution of the Saturday Club.

There are indications a-plenty that we sometimes bore our fellow citizens of the vast, crude hinterland, but, speaking seriously, I doubt whether we greatly antagonize them. I suspect that they look upon us with kindly, tolerant eyes, seeing New England somewhat in the aspect of a dear, stubborn, gray old lady, relic of an outworn age, full of old-fashioned notions, but to be gently humored until she passes quietly away.

But the old lady, like Charles II, is an unconscionable time a-dying. She displays an amazing vitality. And, when all is said and done, she has some interesting old keepsakes in her reticule.

It cannot be said of us New Englanders that we hide our light under a bushel. We are not inarticulate; we still have a passion for the printed page. And it is a poor season in the book publishing business that does not see new volumes setting forth in some fresh form the ancient charm of our native land. Furthermore, as a refutation of all insolent arguments with their undercurrent of envious ridicule, these books appear to be widely read by the barbarians themselves.

Without apology, therefore, but rather with a sense of having acquired further merit, we present to what we hope will prove an appreciative public the latest grist of New England lore.

I do not happen to know whether Helen W. Henderson is a thoroughbred New Englander or not. With true New England caution we are inclined to suspect the pedigree of one whose previous volumes have been entitled "A Loiterer in New York" and "The Art Treasures of Washington". Why wander so far from home? Still, she writes like a New Englander. If she has the high sign and the password she will be readily admitted to the cult.

In "A Loiterer in New England" Miss Henderson has done all any New Englander could ask, for she has glorified the past and upheld the superiority of the Yankee. She has told us a lot of things about our native land that we did not know before, with the result that she has added not a little to the complacent sense of satisfaction that we feel in having been born where we were born and not in some obscure elsewhere.

The title of her book is a bit misleading in two ways. In the first place she has left New Haven and Portsmouth, Bennington and Deerfield quite untouched. But we will not quarrel with her there; perhaps there's another volume coming. What she has done has been to treat Cape Cod, Plymouth, Salem, and Boston so thoroughly from the point of view of the cult that little remains to be said.

In the second place, Miss Henderson is assuredly no loiterer. She is a delver, an excavator. Loiterers get

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their history from railroad guide-books, not from original sources. Miss Henderson is too modest. The scroll of history she has unrolled with a practised hand and has rewritten it with a rare gift for selection and interpretation, a sense of proportion and significance, not lacking the saving grace of humor. She has told the story of the early settlers, of the Pilgrims, of the Salem sea captains and the rest in a manner that I fancy will hold the attention of readers who would quickly side-step John Fiske.

Not only history. With quite as sure a tread she leads us among the sand dunes of the Cape and we find local geology fascinating. In Salem we find our eyes opened to unrealized or half-realized beauties of architecture,—architecture, to be sure, associated with romantic history and tradition,—while in Boston Miss Henderson becomes frankly an art critic.

Domestic architecture, indeed, invariably crops out in most New England writings, for we are inordinately proud of our old houses. And in Salem, that Mecca of the Yankee antiquarian, we find the very best of it. Salem ship-owners amassed wealth, and they spent it on houses. In Salem lived and worked that remarkable wood carver and architect, Samuel McIntire, the greatest American exponent of the Palladian and English Georgian tradition. And in Boston there was Charles Bulfinch, whose trail Miss Henderson entertainingly follows.

Of McIntire Miss Henderson tells us something, but for fuller knowledge one may turn back to "The Wood Carver of Salem", a book produced in 1916 by two New England collaborators, Frank Cousins and Phil M. Riley. From these same two we now have another handsome volume, in a limited edition, entitled "The Colonial Architecture of Salem". This book could not have been written without a good deal of McIntire in it, but it covers a much wider field. The chapter headings will serve best to indicate this—The Gable and Peaked-Roof House; The Lean-To House; The Gambrel-Roof House; The Square Three-Story Wood House; The Square Three-Story Brick House; Doorways and Porches; Windows and Window Frames; Interior Wood Finish; Halls and Stairways; Mantels and Chimney Places; Public Buildings; Salem Architecture of To-Day. The first five chapters trace a definite development in Salem architecture by periods in a more thorough manner than has before been attempted. The last chapter deals with modern houses designed and built with rare good taste along historic lines since the disastrous Salem fire of 1914. It is not a chatty book like Miss Henderson's; it is rather a serious, analytical, descriptive, and semi-technical study. The volume is illustrated with nearly 250 photographs by Mr. Cousins, a few of which one discovers in the "Loiterer" also. Miss Henderson's book, I neglected to say, is beautifully illustrated, largely with reproduced etchings.

Speaking of architectural loiterings in New England tempts me to mention a book already noticed in these pages, on "Old New England Doorways". It belongs in the same family.

It really doesn't matter what the New Englander goes out to seek, whether it be history, architecture, or natural scenery. He returns with the conviction that it will scarcely be necessary for him to stray beyond the Hudson River in search of treasures of any sort. Mrs. Alice Van Leer Carrick's quest (I think I am correct in the Mrs.) has been for antiques, a

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quest which, though not confined to New England, had its beginning here when Dr. Irving Whitall Lyon of Hartford started that collection of old furniture which later found a resting-place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. And the modern collection still turns a fatuously hopeful eye on the now pretty thoroughly exploited garrets of New England.

Mrs. Carrick calls her book "Collector's Luck", and its sub-title is "A Repository of Pleasant and Profitable Discourses Descriptive of the Household Furniture and Ornaments of Olden Time". Sallying forth from her New England home, Webster Cottage, Hanover, New Hampshire (attention is called to the significance of "Webster Cottage" and Dartmouth associations), Mrs. Carrick followed the lure of her hobby, with another amiable addict, to New England farmhouses, country auctions, and city shops. Her book, though full of interesting and valuable information for collectors, is less an analytical study than a pleasantly readable record of the loiterings of these twain, shot through with that youthful enthusiasm which every ardent collector knows. For the benefit of fellow antiquers I will simply state that she has traveled such highways and byways of collecting as stenciled furniture, pressed glassware, hand-woven coverlets, lustre ware, lamps and candlesticks, old valentines and silhouettes, old white counterpanes, and ancient dolls and their furniture. The volume is illustrated, of course, with photographs.

So much for this season's New England books. Next season there will be others; you can't keep us silent. For most absurdly and vocally do we love our native land, we New Englanders. We love her old traditions and her old furniture; we love her historic cities, her pleasant farming country, her colleges; we love her white houses and her White Mountains; we love her woods and templed hills and eke her stern and rock-bound coast (which, as Miss Henderson points out, was not stern and rock-bound at all, but a sandy waste with one lone glacial boulder against which the Mayflower's shallop poked her Calvinistic nose).

A Loiterer in New England. By Helen W. Henderson. George H. Doran Company.
The Colonial Architecture of Salem. By Frank Cousins and Phil M. Riley. Little, Brown and Co.
Collector's Luck. By Alice Van Leer Carrick. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COÖPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in February in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2.	Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	The Strong Hours	*Maud Diver*	HOUGHTON
4.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
5.	The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
6.	Sisters	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
3.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
4.	Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	A Man for the Ages	*Irving Bacheller*	BOBBS-MERRILL
6.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
2.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
3.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
4.	A Man for the Ages	*Irving Bacheller*	BOBBS-MERRILL
5.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN
6.	Linda Condon	*Joseph Hergesheimer*	KNOPF

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
3.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
4.	The Great Desire	*Alexander Black*	HARPER
5.	The Moon and Sixpence	*W. Somerset Maugham*	DORAN
6.	The River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
2.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
3.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN
4.	The House of Baltazar	*William J. Locke*	LANE
5.	The River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
6.	The Moon and Sixpence	*W. Somerset Maugham*	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
2.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
3.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
4.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN
5.	Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY
6.	The River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
2. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
3. Theodore Roosevelt	*William Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON
4. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
5. A Labrador Doctor	*Wilfred T. Grenfell*	HOUGHTON
6. Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
4. "Marse Henry"	*Henry Watterson*	DORAN
5. The Life of John Marshall	*Albert J. Beveridge*	HOUGHTON
6. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC
2. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
3. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
5. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
6. Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
4. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
5. Abraham Lincoln	*John Drinkwater*	HOUGHTON
6. A Labrador Doctor	*Wilfred T. Grenfell*	HOUGHTON

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
3. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
4. Contact with the Other World	*James H. Hyslop*	CENTURY
5. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
6. Abraham Lincoln	*John Drinkwater*	HOUGHTON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
4. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
5. Abraham Lincoln	*John Drinkwater*	HOUGHTON
6. Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

IT was at the celebrated Mr. Keen's Chop House. The hour was two, afternoon. The celebrated Thomas L. Masson pushed back his empty coffee cup, leaned back in his chair, lit a large, fat, black cigar. He said, "I will talk on literary narcissuses". The celebrated Gossip Shop pushed back his empty coffee cup, leaned back in his chair, and lit a large, fat, black cigar. Mr. Masson half closed his eyes. (Occasionally he would open one eye wide.) He spoke, choosing his words carefully, as follows:

"The conceit of authors has never been tabulated. When it flowers to a perfect thing, the reasons ought to be given so that others may get the benefit. When it isn't what it should be, there is always a good chance of deriving a negative benefit out of its analysis. New York literary conceit differs from Indianapolis literary conceit as much as whiskey from bevo. The New York variety is the real thing. The Indianapolis variety is a little too agile. It hasn't accumulated weariness enough. It gets up too early in the morning. Boston literary conceit differs from either of these as the night the day. It has gone over carefully all the literary conceits there are, and extracted from each its peculiar excellence. The blend is Boston literary conceit, plus Boston. Its high merits are peculiarly its own. These fine distinctions are quite subtle, but when one has made a study of them, the high lights all come out. I know of no intellectual pleasure greater than studying and observing the conceits of literary people, and the delight of being able to make one's way along amid so many nuances of conceit—this, like virtue, is its own reward. For example a successful New York author at a dinner table always pauses after making some bright remark, and awaits the homage and applause that follows. He knows that his clever sayings are good money because he has passed them many times before. Boston does not do this. Boston listens much better than New York. The value of listening—just the measure in which you appear to be listening at a given time—is understood by nobody as by Boston. A Boston author will listen to what you timidly have to say, while his look expresses a sort of benign affability. Then, after a discreet pause he will say 'Ah'. It takes years to learn how to say 'Ah' the way that Boston says it.

"Of course, when one gets away from Boston and New York, and certain sections of Philadelphia, there is much more freedom in literary conceit. There is the joyousness of the Middle West and the sensuous conceit of the South. A Texas author who has written a successful first book comes cavorting along to New York like a young calf let loose in a city park. A primitive conceit that, but delightful in a way, in spite of a certain coarseness. When this author has taken up his residence in New York, has had his name mentioned in

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a group of authors written up for the benefit of 'The Atlantic', then he begins to take on atmosphere. He may wobble a trifle at first, but his admiration for himself soon becomes stabilized.

"That there is a kind of subconscious union of conceited authors is not generally understood. These gentlemen stand by one another with fine skill and finesse. A mutual admiration society that does nothing else but mutually admire, never gets anywhere. But in the case of our union, one author never loses an opportunity to praise up another in type. Thus literary people who have never done anything in particular, and do not even belong to the Society of Arts and Letters, have a reputation much beyond their means.

"Lady authors—if it can be said that there are any more lady anythings—naturally differ in their conceit from men. I have known certain Boston lady authors to become more modest after they had published successfully. Boston ladies who have become educated regard the writing of books as a minor accomplishment. Silence, as I have indicated, is, or can be made, a great power. In the hands of a Boston lady authoress, it is carried beyond the genius of a mere Boston man author.

"Almost all lady authoresses wear their confidence in their own superiority much as other more materialistic ladies wear clothes. Literary makeups are not uncommon, especially on the Pacific coast.

"Conceit in everyone is highly desirable, if not ridden too hard. Every profession has its own particular variety. Indeed, the insularity of any profession makes its own form of conceit. I know a plumber, who deals only in gold and silver plate, who is insufferable among his peers. But the plumber, like the clergyman, is restricted in his capacity to spread his conceit. In both cases the audience is too limited. Literary people have no such difficulty. At any time a Kansas author may be taken up by London. Even a Philadelphia author may become known in New York.

"The measure of literary conceit reaches its highest mark at a public dinner given to an author. In no other way can the author have such an opportunity to deprecate himself—which is often the most advanced form of conceit."

The Gossip Shop notes with pleasure that a new edition of "The House of Cobwebs", by George Gissing, has just been brought out in London. We hope this reprint heralds a Gissing "revival". We note with much interest, too, that the new volume has an introduction by the excellent Thomas Seccombe. Mr. Seccombe it was who wrote the fine pages on Gissing in "The Dictionary of National Biography". At least we think he did—the Gossip Shop never looks up anything, but just writes straight on right out of its head. "A Man of Kent" in "The British Weekly" tells us that the book is beautifully printed and sells over there at four and six. He continues:

> Attracted by the clear type, and my old love for Gissing, I immediately set to reading it once more. Alas! I fell into a dangerous mood—the most dangerous mood of all for a critic of contemporary literature. I found myself thinking that all the people who knew what writing might be were dead, and assuredly I should not know where to look for a superior to George Gissing. He comes slowly indeed into his own. He is sneered at occasionally by people who cannot understand the true proportion of things. But "The House of Cobwebs" means at least an hour of pure joy to anyone who desires it. Mr. Seccombe's Introduction is exceedingly readable and valu-

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able, and in nearly all points I agree with him. Why such a man as Gissing spent his life in such pinched and pitiful surroundings we partly understand. There is no depression in "The House of Cobwebs", and there is not a story that does not deserve to be treasured. The most pleasing is "Miss Rodney's Leisure", an exhilarating sketch of the new and very capable woman.

We would add our great esteem for the more sombre novels. "New Grub Street" is a fine book, and "Demos", we hold, is a very powerful novel indeed.

Christopher Morley recently received a letter which began so:

"You may be interested in the following: I sent a copy of 'Mince Pie' to an invalid friend in northern New York. Her attendant writes: 'I read two chapters from it to Miss M— and found it drew her thoughts off from herself and ended in putting her to sleep. If her mind continues to clear up as it has done during the past twenty-four hours, I think she will derive more pleasure from the essays."

This reminds the Gossip Shop of Burton Rascoe, literary editor of the Chicago "Tribune", and Henry Blackman Sell, until recently literary editor of the Chicago "Daily News". These gentlemen doubtless will agree that the book referred to would put anybody to sleep, but, we fear, they could not understand how it could clear up the mind of anyone. They have, these gentlemen, compiled a list of positively the three worst books. These books are: "Peeps at People", "Mince Pie", and "Broome Street Straws". But, apparently, neither Mr. Rascoe nor Mr. Sell can decide which of the three is quite the worst book in the world.

Gilbert Canaan, the English novelist, who has been for several months traveling and lecturing in all parts of the United States, left New York a few weeks ago for France, Italy, and the Far East.

A friend of the Gossip Shop writes us from Paris:

Greenwich Village has invaded the Latin Quarter in the form of a typical bohemian bookshop where you get all the books that one doesn't find on the rue de Rivoli and the avenue de l'Opera. Guido Bruno rubs elbows, of paper, with Lord Dunsany—in cloth—and they both are neighbors of Conrad Aiken and "The Spoon River"! Quite a number of the younger French writers are discovering America by means of this shop, and one is liable to meet such figures as Duhamel, Jules Romains, and Pierre de Lanux browsing through the latest consignment from the States.

"The London Mercury" runs a very interesting department of "Bibliographical Notes and News". In this feature, in a recent number of this admirable magazine, mention is made of the book lately published in London, John Murray's memoir of his father, John Murray the Third—"the inventor of what was in his day an entirely new literary form, the Guide Book; Murray's first guide was issued in 1836." The note continues: "Three years later Karl Baedeker published a *Handbüchlein* of the same districts. Baedeker, like Shakespeare, disdained to invent his own plots. Murray's eighteen European guides were the 'Plutarch' and 'Holinshed' of the German's stupendous creations."

A section of this feature of "The Mercury" is devoted to "Items From the Booksellers' Catalogues". From this source we glean a couple of facts entertaining to put into juxtaposition. A "beautifully written" letter in the hand of Benvenuto Cellini has been listed at one hundred and five pounds. And "a manuscript by a young contemporary can command as big a price

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as ten guineas". This is the sum asked for the autograph manuscript of Robert Nichols's "The Faun's Holiday", published in his volume "Ardours and Endurances".

The Gossip Shop has been reading another circular. The last one we read, you know, was that one about "a special book for women" called "The Art of Pleasing Men", which, it was said, was "highly endorsed by ministers of the Gospel". Well, we've been at it again. (This circular-reading habit is a terrible thing—it never lets you go.) This time the whole circular is devoted to a poem, and a very moving poem it is. This poem is called "The Lusitania Speaks, and Says Let the Kaiser Be Punished!" The author is Charles H. L. Johnston. The circular implies that Mr. Johnston is known to a wide circle as "Uncle Chas." We had at first thought of reprinting only a few stanzas of this poem, the best ones. But it is a curious poem—there are no best stanzas in it. To get it right you've got to have it all. Here is the poem:

Keel-hauled I held the quay, new-painted drab and gray,
All the world heard my Siren, as it hooted,
Stoked up with bunkers full, choked up with well-caulked hull,
I smiled upon my form, as whistles tooted.

I knew my might and power, I was the mermaid's dower,
Every sailor loved me, for I was undaunted,
They knew I sped and cut, they knew my churning rut,
That I left behind in inky fathoms haunted.

Two Bells! The sound came near, and out the call came: CLEAR!
CLEAR UP THE GANGWAY! for we're bound for BELLE FRANCE,
How the poor mortals hugged me! My! I felt as if they'd drugged me,
Drugged and wined me in the sway of captivating swell dance.

Out then I churned and sped; out upon the ocean's bed,
While the little tuglets drove and towed me,
Then to Newfoundland's banks, I rushed with oil-filled tanks,
While the great billows roughed and bowed me.

Past the Gloucester fishing fleet, where cod and haddock greet
Men of sinew—facing death and danger.
On through the fog-banks dim; past the wild whimpering
Of seals and gulls; of KAU—old Neptune's Ranger.

On, on, I churned and sped; on—on—with white-capped head,
Nearer and nearer came the banks of Ireland,
Then I was made to slow, just where the sea-mews blow,
Blow and strike with spuming grip the jutting fire-land.

SOFT! SOFT! The Captain cried, as past the rocks we shied,
SOFT! SOFT! beware the U boat's cunning,
CREEP! CREEP! with stealthy course; CREEP! CREEP! *your giant force,*
Must be curbed, but still be slowly running.

HA! What was that I saw, as from the wind-swept maw,
Up poked the tell-tale top of German KULTUR,
A shiver swept along my keel, a shaking that all could feel,
As from the depths emerged the steel-clad vulture.

STOP!—I could not if I would. My propeller spun, as blood
Spurts and flows through veins of human mortals,
I could not breech the blow, that was coming swift, not slow,
Aimed at my side and glowing port-holes.

CRASH! GRIND! It hit me fair, as if some polar bear
Had clawed and pawed me with his talons,
I careened to starboard then, I shook, as frantic men
Ran to the boats—the sea ran in by gallons.

DOWN! DOWN! I plunged and spumed; DOWN! DOWN! I, too, was doomed,
Doomed by the mailèd fist of far-off Potsdam.
Oh, the awful shrieks of pain that rose upon the main,
As the billows gray were filled with oil and flotsam.

To their death went babes and men, to their death within my pen,
I could not stop the craven beak that hurt us,
Down with me—with my tilt; down with me Vanderbilt.
Down to the depths the FRA ELBERTUS.

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Down where the lobsters crawl, down where
the hungry trawl,
Dragged by the lugger, skims and settles,
Down with me actors, singers; down with me
wailing clingers,
What could I do with such frail womanish
petals?

And, from my cavern of woe, where the fierce
undertow
Tide-rips and sways my sides I thunder;
"THANK GOD, THE KING OF HATE HAS LOST HIS
KULTURED STATE,
THANK GOD, AND MAKE HIM NOW DISGORGE
HIS PLUNDER!"

With the aim of aiding young women writers and artists to win recognition in their work, a New York chapter of the League of American Pen Women has been organized. It invites the membership of women fiction writers, journalists, editors, publishers, dramatic and scenario writers, advertising experts "and other professional women". Plans for a membership drive are being directed by Mrs. Ruth Mason Rice, president of the New York Branch.

Walter A. Dyer, who, by the way, is at work on a story of the life and times of Paul Revere and pre-Revolutionary Boston, sends the following to the Gossip Shop:

I want to tell you something about Henry James Forman, because it is conceivable that his new novel, "Fire of Youth", may shortly be attracting a good deal of attention. Gertrude Atherton got hold of advance sheets of it and said it should be one of the successful books of the season. Forman, who has had a varied and educating journalistic and editorial career in New York, including positions as associate editor of "The North American Review" and, for five years, managing editor of "Collier's", is now working on his own. With the war there came for him a sort of propaganda-intelligence job that sent him around the earth from Peking to Switzerland.

"After the Armistice", he says, "when the job of America seemed done and well done, many of us on the other side, in the reaction from the strain, seemed to feel a wonderful vague kind of tenderness for our home land, such as, perhaps, we had never experienced before. Our people seemed so fine and simple and candid, and in the turmoil of intrigue before and during the peace conference, our distant America looked to us like a land of archangels."

The plot and atmosphere of "Fire of Youth" were conceived in London during a period of homesickness and the book is intended to voice the longing of those thousands of Americans for the last of war and home.

"I wanted," he says, "to express something of the inarticulate love for America that was yearning in the hearts of some two million of us who were marooned in Europe."

Whether the sentiment is authentic, whether it will strike a responsive chord in these United States during a period of reaction, remains to be seen. The experiment cannot fail to be of interest, at least. Mr. Forman is the author of several books. He has also made a venture in dramatic writing. A play entitled "Prisoner of the World" was produced in Boston last summer and is now on the road.

A Bible written by hand was lately exhibited in connection with a Bible crusade in England. This huge volume, five feet, two inches in height, and three feet, six inches in width, was compiled of verses hand-written by 12,000 contributors. The King and Queen were among the contributors.

Grant M. Overton, who put the literary supplement of the New York "Sun" on the map, whose latest book "Mermaid" was published not long ago, and who has contributed a number of papers to THE BOOKMAN, asks us: "Why is it that they speak invariably of the backwoods as a 'mountain fastness' when anyone who has been in one knows it's a 'mountain slowness'?"

Gabriel Wells, who contributes to this number of THE BOOKMAN the article called "The Evolution of a Book Collector", has been for a number of years a dealer in rare books in

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New York known to collectors throughout the country.

Cecil Roberts, one of the younger English poets recently lecturing in this country, remarked shortly before he sailed for home early in March that he had never met another English poet until he arrived in New York. His publishers tell us that the full name of this young Englishman is Edric Cecil Wellesley Mornington Dalrymple Roberts.

Benjamin De Casseres writes in to suggest that there should be in THE BOOKMAN an "Ecstasy Department" as well as a Complaint Department. The editor in the other room has just opened another box of fifty Virginia plain in order the better to think this over.

From a recent number of "Punch": "'THE DRINKWATER TRAGEDY.'—This comes from dry America, but it is not the wail of a 'wet';—merely the heading of an article on the drama 'Abraham Lincoln'."

James C. Grey who wrote the article in the March BOOKMAN on Lord Fisher's volumes, "Memories and Records", is an Englishman long resident in this country. He was foreign news editor of the New York "Evening Sun" during the war, and he handled the literature and history departments of "The New International Encyclopædia" during the preparation of those volumes.

A thing which may be of interest to many readers of the recently published novel "The Moon and Sixpence" who have not read that very remarkable earlier novel of W. Somerset Maugham's, "Of Human Bondage", published in the United States in 1915, is that at the time of the writing of the earlier book Mr. Maugham had much in mind the figure Paul Gauguin whose career and character he made the basis of the leading figure, Charles Strickland, in "The Moon and Sixpence". On page 212 of "Of Human Bondage" occurs this:

> In Brittany he had come across a painter whom nobody else had heard of, a queer fellow who had been a stockbroker and had taken up painting at middle-age, and he was greatly influenced by his work. He was turning his back on the impressionists and working out for himself painfully an individual way not only of painting but of seeing. Philip felt in him something strangely original.

And on page 256 of the same book we find the following conversation:

> "D'you remember my telling you about that chap I met in Brittany? I saw him the other day here. He's just off to Tahiti. He was broke to the world. He was a *brasseur d'affaires*, a stockbroker I suppose you call it in English; and he had a wife and family, and he was earning a large income. He chucked it all to become a painter. He just went off and settled down in Brittany and began to paint. He hadn't got any money and did the next best thing to starving."
>
> "And what about his wife and family?" asked Philip.
>
> "Oh, he dropped them. He left them to starve on their own account."
>
> "It sounds a pretty low-down thing to do."
>
> "Oh, my dear fellow, if you want to be a gentleman you must give up being an artist. They've got nothing to do with one another. You hear of men painting pot-boilers to keep an aged mother—well, it shows they're excellent sons, but it's no excuse for bad work. They're only tradesmen. An artist would let his mother go to the workhouse. There's a writer I know over here who told me that his wife died in childbirth. He was in love with her and he was mad with grief, but as he sat at the bedside watching her die he found himself making mental notes of how she looked and what she said and the things he was feeling. Gentlemanly, wasn't it?"
>
> "But is your friend a good painter?" asked Philip.
>
> "No, not yet, he paints just like Pissarro. He hasn't found himself, but he's got a sense of colour and a sense of decoration. But that isn't the question. It's the feeling, and that he's got. He's behaved like a perfect cad to

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his wife and children, he's always behaving like a perfect cad; the way he treats the people who've helped him—and sometimes he's been saved from starvation merely by the kindness of his friends—is simply beastly. He just happens to be a great artist."

Philip pondered over the man who was willing to sacrifice everything, comfort, home, money, love, honour, duty, for the sake of getting on to canvas with paint the emotion which the world gave him. It was magnificent, and yet his courage failed him.

"Going out of my office one day I met in the doorway a French friend, his face full of eagerness.

'You tell me vat is a polar-bear?'

'A polar-bear! Why he's a big bear that lives up in the polar regions.'

'And vat does he do, ze polar-bear?'

'Not much of anything I guess—sits on the ice and eats fish.'

'He sit on ze ice and eat fish?'

'Yes, why not?'

'Vy not? Because I have just been asked to be a polar-bear at a funeral, and if I have to sit on ze ice and eat fish, I vill not go!'"

From "A Golden Age of Authors", by William W. Ellsworth.

Donn Byrne has been notified by the Committee on O. Henry Memorial Award for 1919, of the Society of Arts and Sciences, that his story entitled "Bargain Price" has been selected as one of those to be published in a volume from which the prize story is to be selected. Mr. Byrne's first novel "The Strangers' Banquet" was recently published. Although a popular magazine writer, Mr. Byrne refused to sell "The Strangers' Banquet" for serialization, and is now at work on a new novel.

Harry Hansen, author of "The Adventures of the Fourteen Points", has been chosen literary editor of the Chicago "Daily News". Mr. Hansen has for several years served the "News" as cable editor. He was in Paris during the Peace Conference representing the "News" and a number of other American daily newspapers.

From Lagos, Nigeria, a native gentleman (evidently a bookseller), reports the English magazine "M. A. B." (Mainly About Books), sends to a London publisher the following literary curiosity:

To the Gentleman.

Dear Sir,—With my most respectfully to write you this letter of demand your catalogue of books because I am needed of order from you when you shall allow me to do so with pleasure and I require you to satisfy me by your kindly good favourably and I Hope you shall not fail to let me get your quickly rejoinder from you by returned of mail to our coast. Kindly I require you to let me know any kind of books you get for in your bookshop or any Talismans for get knowledge or for charms or for learning and Eloquence or book of Stop-forgetting or mind memory or as six or seven book of moses or key of Solomon the king. Sometimes you may direct me to another bookseller in London I shall be very glad. Dear Sir Hope to hear from you as Early. Always faithfully yours.

The first two volumes in the handsomely printed uniform edition of the works of Henry van Dyke to appear are "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck". In a foreword to this, the "Avalon Edition" of his books, which appears in the volume "Little Rivers", Dr. van Dyke says:

This edition is named after the old house where I live,—when not on a journey, or gone a-fishing, or following up some piece of work that calls me far away.

It is a pleasant camp, this Avalon, with big, friendly trees around it, and an ancient garden behind it, and memories of the American Revolution built into its walls, and the gray towers of Princeton University just beyond the treetops.

Far have I traveled from these walls, yet always on the same quest, and never forgetting "the rock whence I was hewn". Now I come back to gather up the things that have been written in my voyages of body and of spirit.

The realities of faith are unshaken; the visions of hope undimmed; the shrines of love undefiled. And while I sit here assembling

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these pages,—an adventurous conservative,—I look forward to further journeys and to coming back to the same home.

A writer in a recent number of "The English Journal" (which is not published in England but at the University of Chicago Press, and which is the official organ of the National Council of Teachers of English) has an interesting article called "'Stunts' in Language". From this article we quote the following:

When we first read of "suffragettes", disciples of Mrs. Pankhurst, editorial writers pronounced the name as impossible as the species which it named. No one anticipated the degree to which, with the outbreak of the war, the suffix *-ette* was to run its course. It has brought us, among others, the:

farmerette	sheriffette
yeomanette	chauffrette
huskerette	Tammanette
officerette	slackerette

One even encounters a "white elephantette", a "hoboette", a "kaiserette" (of the kitchen); while one speaker, describing a stage scene, referred to "sorceresses and devilettes". Alongside this popular feminine suffix has arisen another, the origin of which is less clear. We now hear occasionally of "actorines" (usually in moving pictures), of "doctorines", of "knitterines", and of "batherines, who strive for war-conservation in their apparel". Recently a newspaper paragraph referred to "farmerette-soldierines". What is this new feminine affix? Probably it arises from the ending found in names like Arline, Josephine, Christine. Since it is jocular, it may have been helped to currency by that once popular term of approbation, "peacherine", which in turn owed something to that select variety of the peach, the "nectarine". The ending *-ine*, viewed as distinctively feminine, was perhaps extended to other words.

Those who have letters from the late S. Weir Mitchell, author of "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker" and other books, can do a gracious and kindly act which Dr. Mitchell would appreciate, by sending the letters or copies of them to The Century Company, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or to Mr. Talcott Williams, 423 West 117th Street, New York City. Mr. Williams is at work on the authorized life of the eminent physician and author, which will be published probably next autumn.

W. N. C. Carleton, formerly head of the Newberry Library of Chicago, has entered the field of bookselling in New York. Doubtless his experience will be watched with interest by many other librarians who are confronted by the high cost of living, and the severely consistent attitude of library trustees who are determined to save the money of the taxpayers of cities, no matter what becomes of library workers.

Advance rumors of the actual showing of the picture are confirmed in an unusually fine production for the screen from the novel of "Dangerous Days" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Mrs. Rinehart herself spent a month in Culver City going over the manuscript and the cast of the players.

Up to July 1, 1919, the number of titles of books about the war is estimated at from 60,000 to 70,000, with more coming every day. The number of periodical references indexed is placed at a million. A bibliography of the Great War, therefore, a task on which several libraries are working together, will be something more than a "handy volume for the pocket".

Professor Robert Matteson Johnston, who died at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on January 28, after an illness aggravated by two years' service in France, was the Chief Historian of the American Expeditionary Forces and the author of "Arms and the Race", a brief sketch of United States military history. Professor Johnston was fifty-two years of age at his death. He was born in France, educated in France, England,

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Germany, and the United States, and was a member of the English Bar. At various times he was a member of the faculties of Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, and Simmons Colleges, and at the time of his illness he occupied the Chair of Modern History at Harvard University. Two new books by Professor Johnston are about to appear. They are: "First Reflections on the Campaign of 1918", and "Twelve Months at General Headquarters".

A writer in a recent issue of "Modern Language Notes" asks: Why did Shelley choose the West Wind, and set it apart from and above all the rest in his great ode? "It is easy to understand," he says, "why wind in the abstract,—any strong, swift, masterful wind,—must have had an especial attraction for a poet of Shelley's temperament. He recognized that there was something in his own uncontrolled nature originally akin to a creature so 'tameless and swift and proud'." And so on. But while this may explain Shelley's sense of kinship to the wind, his preference for the West Wind remains to be accounted for. Then, after several pages of argument, the writer sums up this:

> To Shelley, then, the western wind had a definite character and office. Tameless, swift, proud, uncontrollable, even fierce—it was yet above all the spirit of power; the spirit that in sweeping away the old brought in the new, the wind that was both radical and conservative, both destroyer and preserver; that showed us death as but a transitional phase of life. May we not say that if Shelley had written an ode to any other wind, while it might have been equally good, it would, of necessity, have been utterly different. His words apply to this particular wind and to no other, for in this matter also,—
>
> The east is east and the west is west,
> And never the twain shall meet.

By the way, have we not caught this Shelley academician napping over his Kipling?

There have been 8,622 books published in the United Kingdom in 1919, reports "The Publishers' Circular" of London—an increase of 906 books over 1918. The London "Sphere" comments as follows:

> The strange thing is that there is a decrease in the supply of poetry, drama, and history. But perhaps it is not strange. The soldiers at the front loved to read poetry, we are told. Back here in these islands, does the world seem too squalid for poetry? As for drama, it is everywhere—why ask for it in books? History also is in the making. We are waiting for the new countries to reshape themselves. The increase is in science, technology, sociology, and above all in fiction. Of the 8,000 books, 6,000 are new books. Only 2,000 new editions. One would like to emulate one of Max Beerbohm's characters and see the survivals a century hence. Then probably there will be no books at all—only cinema films. I am told you will shortly have a cinema in every house, and Shakspere and the latest novel will be produced in pocket film form. The art of printing will disappear—photography will be all in all.

The names of G. K. Chesterton and Max Beerbohm on one book are enough to give any book a special interest. They have contributed introduction to a little book of nonsense verses entitled "Dressing Gowns and Glue" by L. DeG. Sievking with illustrations by John Nash, which, it is said, has been creating a sensation in London, and which will shortly be published here.

The news of the death of Leonid Andreyev, the Russian novelist, on the twelfth of September of last year has just come to us in this country. Andreyev, at the age of forty-eight, had many novels to his credit, and he is well known in his own country as a short-story writer as well. One of his best short stories, "Silence", is contained in "Modern Russian Classics", one of the volumes of the International Pocket Library, which is now being published.

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Rupert Hughes's novel "What Will People Say?" is to be translated into Scandinavian, for issuance by a firm of Danish publishers. Because of his enthusiasm for Major Hughes's work, Johan V. Jensen, the Danish author, asked to be permitted to do the translation, and he is now working on it.

"Ben Hur", which seems to have a fresh spurt of popularity every year, is continuing its career on the American stage. Originally presented on the stage at the Broadway Theatre in 1899, "Ben Hur" recently opened again at the Forrest Theatre in Philadelphia. Several years ago the publishers of the book arranged for a single edition of a million copies of the Lew Wallace novel, and it was promptly absorbed.

With the growing popularity in America of the books of Frank Swinnerton, particularly since the publication of "Nocturne", there has been much curiosity as to the life and habits of this English author. So the publishers of his books have compiled a booklet to satisfy the public's demands for information about Mr. Swinnerton, which they will be glad to supply while the edition lasts. This is the second in an interesting series of booklets about authors, the first of the series being about Hugh Walpole, with an appreciation by Joseph Hergesheimer. Other of these little volumes are to follow.

The Swinnerton booklet contains "personal sketches" by Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and Grant Overton, together with notes and comments on the novels of Frank Swinnerton. There is a frontispiece portrait from a drawing by R. J. Swan. From Arnold Bennett's account we learn that "Mr. Swinnerton is in the business of publishing, being one of the principal personages in the ancient and well-tried firm of Chatto and Windus, the English publishers of Swinburne and Mark Twain. He reads manuscripts, including his own—and including mine. He refuses manuscripts, though he did accept one of mine. He tells authors what they ought to do and ought not to do. He is marvelously and terribly particular and fussy about the format of the books issued by his firm. And misprints—especially when he has read the proofs himself—give him neuralgia and even worse afflictions. Indeed he is the ideal publisher for an author.

"Nevertheless, publishing is only a side-line of his. He still writes for himself in the evenings and at week-ends—the office never sees him on Saturdays. Among the chief literary events of nineteen seventeen was 'Nocturne', which he wrote in the evenings and at week-ends. It is a short book, but the time in which he wrote it was even shorter. He had scarcely begun it when it was finished."

Another descriptive essay in the booklet gives for the first time in print a very informing sketch of Mr. Swinnerton's early life, with the little known fact that the author's story is one of "success wrung from poverty, serious ill health, and unpropitious circumstances. He owes much to the interest of the friends whom his quiet, rather baffling personality never failed to win for him; but more he owes to his own ordered will which would always concentrate on the good ahead, no matter how distressing the details of material existence might be."

Interesting thing: a number of poems (not available for THE BOOKMAN) written "To W. H. Hudson" have recently come to this magazine.

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